

CHUCKLES AND GRINS

Scoring

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Net 00139

Toy Scoo



MY! BUT THAT
SMELLS GOOD!

This Copy of
Chuckles and Grins
Belongs to

.....

.....

.....





WHOO—WHOO!

After Taps

*You crawl into your bed—but hark!
A porcupine is creeping,
His quills d'rattle in the dark.
The peepers all are peeping,
And when the bull-frogs start to bark
You don't feel much like sleeping.*

*The night-wind in the gloomy pine
Its evening prayer is droning;
You hear some creature softly whine,
And two dead branches groaning;
And pleasant chills run up your spine
At Screech-Owl's solemn moaning.*

*Where half-extinguished campfire gleams
Some unknown Thing is crawling,
But soon the noises blend to dreams;
In depths of sleep you're falling. . . .
You've hardly closed your eyes, it seems,
When reveille is calling.*

SHERMAN RIPLEY.



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*There's chow in the boiler
There's chow in the air;
Smell the spuds and onion, boys,
There's chow over there.*

*Chow! Chow! Chow! in the air!
Smell the spuds and onion, boys,
There's chow over there.*

STEPHEN FAY

CHUCKLES AND GRINS

Edited by
FRANKLIN K. MATHIEWS

Chief Scout Librarian
Boy Scouts of America

Profusely Illustrated

BY

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THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

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THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

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FOREWORD

Year in and year out "Think and Grin" continues to be the most popular feature of our *Boys' Life* magazine. We say this because when we ask boys what they turn to first when they receive the magazine almost invariably the answer is "Think and Grin." They love fun in all its aspects. Indeed, it sometimes seems as if they could live for that alone. If they cannot be actively engaged in creating it they are satisfied to read about it. But fun they will have, even if it is only in a joke column.

Appealing to this instinct in its readers, *Boys' Life* has through the years printed an abundance of humorous material. It was this that prompted us to make a "Fun" issue of the *Boy Scouts Year Book*. With the best of the stories that had appeared in the magazine and the abundance of illustrations supplied by our "funny" artists, we were able to make a *Year Book* that was received at least as graciously as had the earlier books in the series.

But the *Year Book*, as its name implies, is a passing thing. Each year it is supplanted by another book. It has therefore seemed well, thanks to the kind interest and coöperation of Grosset and Dunlap, to reprint this fun book, not as a *Year Book* but as a book of humor good for all time.

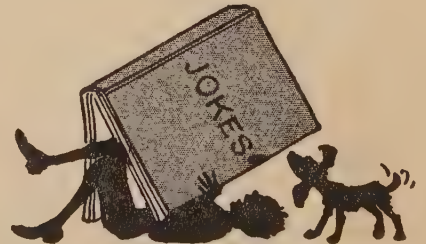
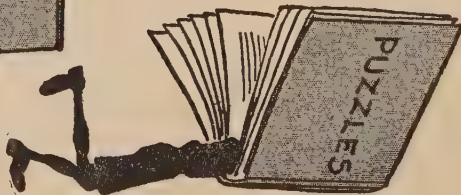
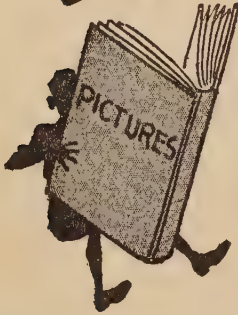
It is the hope of the editor that this book will give the boy chuckles and grins many times over.

FRANKLIN K. MATHIEWS,
Chief Scout Librarian



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Golden Dick Was Turning Round and Round!

A Mean March Wind

By Russell Gordon Carter

Illustrated by A. Conway Peyton

MARCH had come in like a freight-car full of lions. How the wind was blowing! Straight out of the north it came, accompanied by dust and dirt, bits of grass and old leaves, a newspaper or two and an occasional straw hat that had tried to "put one over" on the season. Straight out of the north, straight off the ice, straight from the land of the caribou and the Eskimo pie—and the big arrow on Dr. Pillsbury's weathervane was pointing 'due south toward the land of cotton!

"That's a funny thing now," the little old doctor was saying to his tall sixteen-year-old son. "I don't suppose you and I could manage somehow to fix it, could we, Wallace, while your ma's at town?"

Wallace gave a hitch to his overalls and looked thoughtfully at the big weathervane with its magnificent golden rooster high on top of the cupola of the Pillsbury barn, sharply silhouetted against the gray afternoon sky. He was naturally a cautious boy—so cautious indeed that his companions and even the fiery little doctor himself could not help cracking a joke now and then at the boy's expense. In fact Wallace and his chum Jim Silsby were hardly on speaking terms because of Jim's continual nagging.

"You see, Wallace," Dr. Pillsbury continued with a grin, "I wouldn't want you to climb up there and whisper in Golden Dick's pink ear that he 'doesn't know north

from south; but if we were to take a long pole——"

Wallace laughed. "All right, dad," he said; "I'll feed my hens first, and then I'll follow wherever you lead"—which was rather a bold thing for Wallace to say.

It seemed at that moment as if Mr. March Wind must have overheard, for he came tearing down upon the little house with a force that surely would have blown the tails off all the rabbits in the county had they not been well sewn on; and he seemed to laugh too as he came—a fiendish kind of laugh that somehow made Wallace Pillsbury shiver.

And just then the telephone sounded in the house, and the doctor hastened to answer it. When he returned he looked disappointed. "Hard luck, my boy," he said; "I've got to answer a call. We'll fix Golden Dick to-morrow perhaps."

Wallace fed his big flock of hens, which, without their knowing it, of course, were to pay for his first year at college, and waved to his father as the doctor drove down toward the road. Then the boy braced the chicken coop more securely, patted the sleek head of Drumstick, his terrier, and—suddenly straightened. Say, wouldn't it be a peach of an idea to fix that weathervane alone!

"By scrapiron, I'll do it!" he exclaimed. "Dad thinks I'm afraid to take a chance on anything!"

A Mean March Wind

Once a cautious boy makes up his mind to do a thing that seems a bit difficult, he doesn't need a battering-ram or any other kind of ram to help him along. Wallace had made up his mind. He made his plans as he ran to the barn. The first thing he did, on reaching it, was to carry a beanpole to the hayloft. In a few minutes he was on the roof with it, creeping along the ridgepole toward the high square cupola that supported the weathervane.

Then Mr. March Wind showed what a perfectly mean person he can be. He howled; he raved; he bellowed! He blew with all his force and then died abruptly only to rush forth again like a thousand furies. Wallace blinked and gritted his teeth and held tight. The top of that roof was no place for a nervous rabbit, even though Bunny had lived most of his life in Chicago. But Wallace was no rabbit; in fact from the way he was clinging with feet and hands he looked more like some huge spider on a tightrope—with a beanpole for balance.

Reaching the cupola at last, he straightened cautiously and, holding on with one hand, poked the pole up toward Golden Dick. Swish! Bang! The wind promptly struck it to one side and hurled it down upon the shingles. Wallace barely retained his grasp on it. Very well, he would wait right there—as the cat said when it fell down the well.

At the first lull in the wind he tried again, but, stretch as he would, he could not poke the end of the pole within two feet of the weathervane. And while he was stretching along came Mr. Wind in a well-planned surprise attack. Swish, bang, zip! Down went the pole again and this time clattered free on the shingles; and down went Wallace on his hands and knees. A little more and down he would have gone with the pole, which after

bouncing off the roof struck the top of the chicken coop and caused a panic among the ladies.

"Stuttering storks!" he exclaimed as he braced himself. "I'll say that was close!"

But Wallace Pillsbury was stubborn. The wind might vary, but not he! Having made up his mind, he intended to keep it made up until he had fixed that weathervane!

In another minute he was climbing up the side of the cupola; the thing had half a dozen rows of horizontal slats, and it was fairly easy to get a foothold. As his head emerged above the vertical side a blast of wind slapped him full in the face and brought tears to his eyes, for he couldn't very well step back. Groping forward and upward with his right hand, he seized the heavy iron base of the weathervane; then his other hand closed on it, and he began cautiously to draw himself up over the sloping top of the cupola.

A few feet above his hands were the two heavy crosspieces with the letters N, E, S, and W on the side to guide the wild ducks in autumn and the flying squirrels in spring; and at least five feet above the crosspieces rose the iron rod with Golden Dick perched on the end, stuck and helpless and not knowing which way to turn.

After a clever bit of climbing, Wallace stood with one foot on the bar marked E and the other on the bar marked W; his right hand held fast to the upright, and his left was reaching out to grasp the rooster by the tail. Then he did a foolish thing; he looked down.

Have you ever looked down from the top of the flagstaff on the Singer Building? Don't ever do it! In that brief downward glance from his father's weathervane Wallace knew that he was not meant for a steeplejack. His head went suddenly

A Mean March Wind

light; in imagination he saw himself falling like a spent rocket and dropping in on his poor unsuspecting hens. To shut out the horrible picture he closed his eyes and clung with both hands to the upright. Then his feet and hands seemed to slip all at once, and before he knew it he was half-lying stretched out upon the cross-pieces, hammered and buffeted by the wind.

The next few moments were like hours. Wallace felt as if he were half asleep in some strange narrow bed hundreds of feet in the air and if he moved or even so much as opened his eyes he should fall—down, down, down so fast that he would burn to death like the poor little meteors that become tired of heaven. In fact his right leg seemed already on fire, and it was that fact which at last caused him to open his eyes just a tiny bit. Then he gasped and opened them all the way.

His right foot had slid out beyond the E, and the letter had ripped through a worn place in the bottom of his overalls and scraped hard against his leg. But that was not the worst bit of misfortune. The cloth was fastened round the letter, and, like Golden Dick, he was stuck. In vain he kicked and pulled and struggled. The cloth was stout, and the East had him in its power.

Once he tried to hold on to the upright with one hand and reach out with the other, but the letter was too far, and the maneuver came near to pitching him headlong downward. With wildly thumping heart he drew back and clung with both hands to the upright; he had no desire to swing from one leg even if it would help people to tell which way the wind was blowing. Once he thought of freeing himself from his trousers, but several things made him decide firmly against that plan, one of which was the chill breath of Mr. March Wind. So there he sprawled,

relieving his mind by occasionally tugging at his overalls.

Gradually his head became a little clearer, and he looked round him. Off to the south lay the sleepy old village half a mile away; off to the west lay the white winding road—how he longed to see his father's returning automobile! Below sat the house, red and squat and vacant; and above him sat Golden Dick, staring at nothing while he waited patiently for something to give him another start in life.

Then the wind came swooping down with increased fury. If it had blown before it fairly ripped and tore now. It varied a little to the east too, and under the fresh violence of it Wallace could feel the cupola sway and quiver as if it must fall apart. His face was burning with the force of it, and tears were running down his cheeks—and they were not crocodile tears either. But he was no longer scared; he was angry—angry at himself, angry at the stupid bird that had to get stuck on the windiest day of the year, angry also, at the bird, whoever he was, who had invented weathervanes.

Suddenly there came the most violent gale of all. The cupola shivered as if it were cold. Then a long-drawn creak rose above the rattle of shingles, and Wallace, holding on for dear life, saw that the gale, coming from a new quarter, had somehow freed the rooster. As if to make up for hours of inactivity, Golden Dick was turning round and round and round.

Then a heavy crash sounded below, and while Wallace was wondering what it was he saw a thing that made him cry out in anger and despair: "My hens! The coop's blown over!"

The coop had done just that, and hens were running and blowing across the fields in the most marvelous manner. Wallace

A Mean March Wind

forgot to be dizzy as he looked down upon them—and saw his first year at college vanishing.

There seemed to be hens everywhere—hundreds of them—little patches of white against the green and brown of the fields; and all were running as if they had lost their heads. Now three or four would race neck and neck toward the house only to change their minds and rush off at an angle as the wind struck them broadside. Now one with the wind at its back would fairly skim over the ground toward the village only to halt and try to fight its way back, on finding itself isolated from its companions. Now half a dozen would huddle together and then race in all directions as the wind ruffled their feathers. For two years those hens had longed for freedom; now that they had it, they 'didn't know what to do with it any more than the people of Red Russia do!

And Wallace, their owner, was caught by the pants on his father's weathervane! "There goes my college education!" he said, groaning and making another vain attempt to tear loose.

And then out from the house flashed Drumstick, the fox-terrier, barking shrilly. He didn't care for the wind, but he did care for his master's chickens. He wanted his master to be educated! Ever since Drumstick was a pup he had longed to be a collie dog and herd sheep; here was his opportunity to be something just as good. His little legs carried him far out across the field to the east, where he headed off a dozen hens that were on their way to the sea coast. Back he flashed to round up another bunch that were on their way to 'Frisco—or Japan. Round and round the barn he raced, and Dick, the rooster, squeaked and turned as if to see that he 'didn't stop for a chicken dinner.

In another minute Wallace, who had almost given up all hope, spied three dark

forms running from the direction of the village; soon he recognized Jim Silsby, old Mr. McCann, the grocer, and Sam Sleeper, the village loafer.

"Jim!" Wallace yelled impulsively. "Never mind me. Get my hens!" Then he bit his lips with vexation, as a boy must who speaks to another with whom he is hardly on speaking terms.

Whether Jim heard is 'doubtful, but he stopped short and looked up. Even as far away as Jim was, Wallace saw his jaw drop. Then the three newcomers took up the chase, though first of all Jim had the presence of mind to throw open both doors of the big barn. Good old Jim!

And what a chase it was! For a long while every liberated hen seemed willing to go anywhere except into the barn. In spite of himself Wallace had to laugh. Old Mr. McCann was slightly bow-legged, and at least twenty hens escaped him via that route. If he had stood in front of the opening of the barn, it surely would have helped. But no; he insisted on running a hen down and then diving for it—too late.

Sam Sleeper was rather better; he showed that he could do other things besides loaf. He could terrify the toughest hen by running full speed at it, waving his arms and shouting at the top of his voice. He could slip and fall too in the most alarming manner, and once he made a flying tackle at a hen that had got free in a broken field and was on its way for a touchdown. The bird squirmed and wriggled in his fingers, but Sam held, foul or not—and it was first down for the hen.

But Jim and Drumstick were best of all, and it was mainly by their efforts that the flock decided finally to make tracks for the barn. And then Wallace, seeing his first year at college returning a little at a time, began to breathe more freely.



Wallace saw his first year at college vanishing

A Mean March Wind

It is true there were still a number of hens that were enjoying themselves dodging Jim and Sam and the terrier and shooting through old Mr. McCann's legs like croquet balls through a wicket, but Wallace was not interested in them; now he must get 'down—somehow. It wouldn't do to sleep there on the weathervane; the neighbors might think it strange and say he didn't appreciate a good bed.

He tried once more to reach the letter, but he couldn't do it without letting go his hands. With a mighty effort he gripped the upright hard and pulled. It was of no use; the leg of his trousers was as stout as a stovepipe. Nevertheless the act gave him an idea, for the bar, which was of wrought iron like the upright, had bent sidewise just a little. "Stuttering storks!" exclaimed the boy. "And I didn't think of it before!"

In a moment he was edging out farther on the crosspiece and had the satisfaction of feeling it bend down with him slightly. It wasn't altogether a pleasant feeling, for he was still suffering from the effect of his first glances downward, but it was satisfying to feel that he could bend the bar; then he might be able to reach the end of it without letting go the upright. He was determined to get down by his own efforts.

He edged out a little farther, and the bar bent lower. He bounced once or twice, and it sagged still more. Then, lowering his hands on the upright and grasping it a foot or so below the place where the bars intersected, he pulled with all his strength—and the East came slowly toward him. After that it was but the work of a few seconds to release his trousers from the letter.

And all the while the wind continued to blow, and Golden Dick continued to turn first this way and then that as if he didn't know his own mind. One strong

blast of wind carried on the wings of it the sound of an automobile horn, and, glancing toward the north road, Wallace spied his father's machine with two men and a woman in it.

None of the passengers had spied Wallace, however. The little doctor had stopped at the town for his wife, and they were bringing home Dr. Doolittle to supper.

"Yes," Dr. Pillsbury was saying in answer to a remark that his colleague had just made, "Wallace is a cautious boy. Sometimes I think he's too cautious for his own good. I'd like to see him show a little more spunk and daring."

"Now, Franklin," interposed the wife, "don't say that. I'm glad Wallace is careful! I don't know what I'd do if he were like some boys, always climbing trees and falling and breaking his bones. Dear me, there's that venturesome Silsby boy, for instance!"

Dr. Doolittle chuckled. "I like venturesome boys," he said.

Then Dr. Pillsbury chuckled. "Remember when we were boys? How we did climb around, though!"

Dr. Doolittle grinned reminiscently. "You were worse than a monkey; all you needed was a tail."

"Climbing and playing rough games are a good thing for a boy," continued Dr. Pillsbury. "Makes 'em strong and——"

"Franklin! Oh—oh!" It was the voice of Mrs. Pillsbury, who had grasped her husband's arm and was pointing off toward the barn, where her "cautious" son was just preparing to climb down from the weathervane.

Right then Dr. Pillsbury stalled his engine. "What in heaven's name—Wallace!"

In a flash he was out of the machine and running like a jackrabbit across the

A Mean March Wind

field, followed by the other doctor and by his wife. "Wallace!" he shouted as he ran. "Hold on! Stay right where you are! Good land!"

"Wallace!" echoed his wife in a voice barely above a whisper. "Oh, dear me! He'll be killed!"

Wallace waved his hand, bent the crosspiece back a little farther into place and started down. The wind made one last effort, but the boy's grip was firm. He scrambled safely down the side of the cupola, crossed the peak of the roof and then disappeared through the trap door.

Jim Silsby and his aides had just put the last hen to bed when he dropped from the haymow. "Wally?" cried Jim, quite as if the two had always been on speaking terms, "what in time have you been up too!"

"Oh," replied Wallace, "I've been up to fix Golden Dick. Many thanks for rounding up those hens, Jim, old scout!"

And then the little doctor, pale and wild-eyed, burst in at the door, and the

two others weren't far behind. "Wallace!" he cried. "Have you taken leave of your senses to do a stunt like that!"

"No, dad," said the boy, "but I've taken leave of that gilded rooster for good. I fixed him—or rather I tried to, and the wind did the rest. He's all right now, I'm sure."

"Wallace Pillsbury, the very idea!" exclaimed his mother. "You!"

"You!" echoed his father. "Climbing up on a weathervane! Why, when I was a boy I never——" He paused in embarrassment, for Dr. Doolittle was chuckling softly.

And just then a big dominick rooster belonging to Jake Mason, half a mile away, shot through the open door, closely pursued by the very excited Drumstick.

"Good boy!" said Wallace, patting the terrier's head—whereupon the little dog rushed forth again, determined to round up all the stray chickens in the neighborhood, no matter who owned them!



At least twenty hens escaped Mr. McCann

Gobble, Gobble, Gobble!

By Russell Gordon Carter

Illustrated by Bert Salg

EVERYONE who knew Richard Tecumseh Grant said that in spite of his somewhat sanguinary name he was the most tender-hearted fellow in the town of Amity. Like his kindly, white-haired Uncle Tecumseh, who by the way was to blame for his nephew's middle name, Richard—so the people of Amity said—had spent half his life in caring for cats that had fought and lost, for dogs that had lost and still had fought, and for chipmunks and other creatures that had carried too many chips on their shoulders. Uncle Tecumseh, it is true, once kicked a cat for helping him down the stairs quicker than he wanted to go; but Richard do a thing like that? Never. He probably would have apologized to the cat for getting in its way.

But Richard was cruel in one respect; he drove a wheezy, coughing, sputtering little Getz runabout that years ago should have joined many of its spare parts on the scrap heap.

On the morning of the day before Thanksgiving, Dick was driving his toy stone-crusher in the direction of Mr. Hollowell's turkey farm in Bradbury, a dozen miles north of Amity, and as he drove he was thinking of two things. Mr. Hollowell had promised his father a thirty-five pound turkey. Dick himself was to fetch it—that was the first and of course the more important thing. The second was the football game the next

morning; the Amity High School was to meet Bradbury Academy at Amity Oval. Dick was to play quarterback; his two brothers, Ray and Percy, were to play tackles. It would be a great game, said the sporting writers, and Amity had a fair chance to win if Dick Grant could "stand the gaff." As for Ray and Percy, they were wonders! Six feet one and six feet two, respectively, they already had been chosen as all-scholastic tackles. Wonders! Why, they were men of iron!

Dick glanced at the sky as the little Getz jolted and bumped and back-fired along like a baby tank in action. The sky was overcast; there was a bite and a sting to the air; the ground was frozen hard. Oh, it was great football weather! It was great Thanksgiving weather! He hoped that Mr. Hollowell would have the bird all cleaned and dressed for him.

Two-thirds of the way to Bradbury, Dick slackened speed as he passed through Lawrencetown. "Hello, Dickie!" shouted a high-school friend, retreating hastily to a doorway. "Where you bound with the little calliope?"

"Bradbury, for a turkey," Dick replied.

"You'll never reach it in that hearse."

Dick laughed good-naturedly; he had owned the car two years; his skin was thick. "A Getz always gets there," he replied.

"Why do you carry a machine gun?" someone else inquired as the car gave a

Gobble, Gobble, Gobble!

succession of loud explosions. "Your car is under age."

"Oh, the weak always need protection," was the quick reply. You couldn't kid Dick Grant.

Bang! Crash! R-r-r-r—and he was on his way to Bradbury.

At half-past eleven Dick drew up in front of Mr. Hollowell's farmhouse. "Goodness," said the farmer's wife, coming to the door, "you do make a noise, Richard Grant!"

"It's the cold, Mrs. Hollowell; the Getz doesn't like it. But, say, isn't this great weather!"

"I reckon the gobblers don't like it much. Come and see Trotsky—Turkey Trotsky, my husband calls him."

Dick followed her to a large pen behind the house, where, separated from perhaps a score of strutting turkeys, was the hugest bird he had ever seen. "Oh, sturgeon!" he cried. "Is that ours? Why, we'll have to roast him in the furnace! But, Mrs. Hollowell," he added in a less enthusiastic tone, "he—he's not dead."

There was no need to argue; Trotsky was alive and gobbling. Then the good woman explained. Mr. Hollowell had intended to kill and dress it, but two days ago the lumber business in which he was interested had suddenly called him north. It was too bad—yes, too bad; her husband was vexed about it.

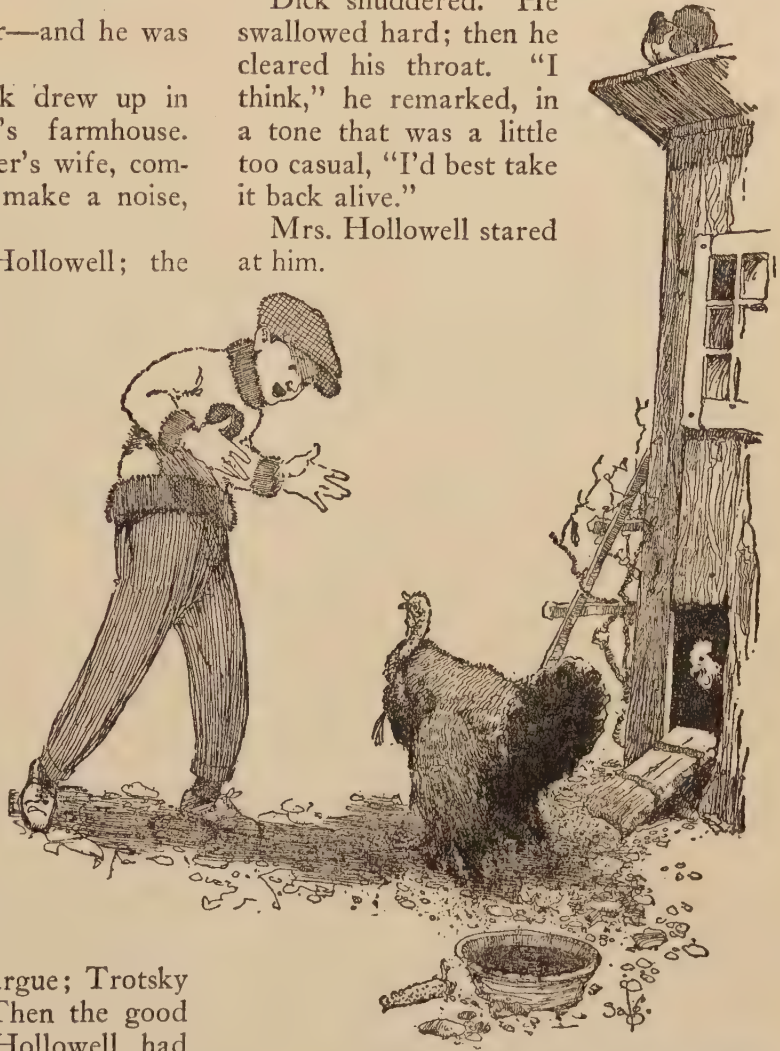
"It seems, Richard," she concluded, "that you'll have to be the one to kill it; I can't, and there's no one else."

Dick suppressed a groan. He kill a turkey!

"We've got a fine, sharp axe, Richard."

Dick shuddered. He swallowed hard; then he cleared his throat. "I think," he remarked, in a tone that was a little too casual, "I'd best take it back alive."

Mrs. Hollowell stared at him.



While she was gone Dick made his first attack

Dick moistened his dry lips. "It will be nice and fresh then for to-morrow," he added.

"Richard Grant, what ails you?" she inquired. "Take a live turkey in that little dice box of yours? Impossible! Why don't you kill it? One blow with that axe—"

Gobble, Gobble, Gobble!

Dick turned away; he was utterly miserable. "I haven't got the heart, Mrs. Hollowell," he blurted forth. "Honest I haven't."

"We'll, you'll never get it unless you kill the gobbler."

But poor Dick was in no mood to joke. From his pocket he drew forth a piece of stout cord and stepped inside the pen.

"My land," said Mrs. Hollowell.

But, after all, she was a kindly woman; she could appreciate Dick's feelings. "I'll get you a burlap sack," she said. "But do be careful."

While she was gone Dick made his first attack. The bird showed its holiday spirit by dealing him a left hook with a well-developed wing. Dick slipped and fell, and the turkey looked mean enough to have kicked him while he was down. As it was, it showed its teeth—that is, it opened its mouth so wide you could almost see where the gobbles came from. Dick tried again, and raised a lump on his hand.

He glared at the bird.

It was not Richard Grant but Richard the Lion-Hearted that made the third attack. There was a club lying in the pen; he swung it, and the turkey got it where it should have got the axe. It blinked its eyes; it staggered, and, while it was still thinking of acres and acres of green meadows, Dick rushed. In a flash he had the cord round its neck and his handkerchief tied round its beak. Then Mrs. Hollowell arrived, and between them they got the turkey into the sack. By that time the bird had recovered its fighting spirit; for the present, however, it was helpless, and Dick lugged it to the automobile, and, thrusting it into the seat beside the driver's, fastened the free end of the cord.

Mrs. Hollowell was holding her sides. "Richard," she declared, "I know I'll

d-d-d-die a-laughin' at you and that p-p-p-poor, t-t-trussed-up g-g-g-gurgle—gurgle—gobbler!"

Dick started his engine, which sputtered worse than Mrs. Hollowell. "Thank you—" he began.

But the woman interrupted him. "I—I h-h-hope you'll win the b-b-big game tomorrow."

"Oh," replied Dick, airily nudging the fluttering passenger, "I've already got the game sewed up in a sack!"

Yes, it surely was holiday weather, and Dick's spirits revived wonderfully as the Getz began to eat up the miles—it always traveled faster on the way home. At the end of the second mile snow had begun to fall—little, feathery flakes that floated lazily downward and then gathered in tiny swirls. Soon the rolling hills on either side of the road were mottled stretches of brown and white. Yes, it was holiday weather—Thanksgiving and football weather—a day to make your mouth water with thoughts of plates heaped high with juicy white meat, snowy white potatoes, rich brown gravy and golden squash—a day to bring before dancing eyes a delectable picture of cranberry sauce quivering in a cut-glass bowl, and finally mince pies with fancy crust and pumpkin pies more than the golden squash!

Dick bent over the steering wheel and peered into the dancing, swirling flakes. What a picture they made there on the winding highway—a nondescript little car racing along with a rangy, sun-browned boy at the wheel and—why, it might have been a kidnapping scene from some drama of the North! There beside the dark, stern-faced driver sat the fair captive—fluttering with fear, fighting against the cruel gag that kept her silent, glancing now to right, now to left, as if with thoughts to escape. Richard Coeur de

Gobble, Gobble, Gobble!



Crash! Bang! and Dick went over the windshield

Lion was a cruel warrior; he might at least have provided his fair captive with goggles.

"Come on," said Dick—he frequently talked to the little car—"come on, a little faster now; we don't want to be late with this bird. Ray and Percy are waiting with the axe. That's right!" He pressed a little harder on the accelerator. The Getz certainly responded. Down the long road she leaped and rattled. There ahead was Lawrencetown. "A little better now," he urged and pressed still harder on the accelerator. And then——

Crash! Bing! A deafening rattle, the squeak of hastily applied brakes, a rush of cold air—and Dick went over the windshield.

Only his football training saved him from a very serious injury—that and the fact that he landed in a thick clump of bushes at the left of the road. He picked himself up and looked back at the car. The whole left wheel had collapsed and gasoline was spreading freely over the hard road.

And there on the back of the seat, like

a symbol of fighting France, stood the huge turkey.

The gobbler had fared even better than its owner. The handkerchief had gone from its beak, and the burlap sack was hanging loosely from one foot. Only the cord round its neck prevented it from having a wonderful Thanksgiving.

Dick walked slowly back to the wreck. The little car had died hard—and noisily, as it had lived. There was genuine regret in his heart as he looked at it. "Maybe if I got a new wheel," he was thinking—and then he glared at the turkey. "But first I've got to get you home, you dog-gone bird."

It was easy enough to say that. How should he act? The turkey was ready to fight; he never could get it back into the sack alone. Of course, he might stun it again—but no, the force of the first blow was heavy on his conscience. And, anyway, he wasn't going to carry thirty-five pounds of bird eight miles the 'day before the big game with Bradbury—not he!

Well, there was one thing he could do.

Gobble, Gobble, Gobble!

With caution he untied the free end of the cord and, jerking it, brought Fighting France down from her perch on the foe's neck; the bird kicked the sack disdainfully from its foot. Fortunately, the cord was stout and long. With a look of regret at the little stone-crusher, calliope, hearse or dice box, Dick set out toward Lawrence-town. The turkey followed willingly enough.

If Dick Grant was tender-hearted he was also brave; he knew exactly what to expect from those who had spoken slightly of his Getz, and yet he walked straight toward the town. The snow was falling less thickly now, and by the time he reached the first houses it had ceased altogether.

"Hey, Jim! Hey, Eddie! O, Red! See what's comin'!" That was Dick's enthusiastic reception; the announcer was leather-lunged Larry Lucas, captain of the Bradbury football team. Dick colored behind his ears. He jerked on the tow-ropes, and the turkey choked back a gobble.

Jim Swanson, Eddie Fish and Red Nagle came running to join Larry. The four were

standing in the middle of the road. "Well, I'll be switched!" cried Larry. "It's Dick Grant! Say, pinch me, will you, Eddie?"

"Don't need to; it's Dick, all right, and he's traded his Getz for a dinner. Good bargain, Dick."

Dick grinned, and the bird helped him out with a few gobbles. Whereupon the four spectators laughed uproariously. It had almost seemed as if Dick himself had uttered those gobbles. The loud laughter attracted Grimes, the grocer; it attracted also Ripley, the tailor; Naylor, the carpenter; and Hammersley, the hardware man. In two minutes it seemed to Dick that all of Lawrence-town had left their houses to come and stare at him.

"Say, Mr. Grimes," he asked, "is there a wagon going toward Amity? I want to get home with this bird."

"Why don't you ride him?"

That was funny. How the crowd laughed!

Dick's teeth came together with a snap. You couldn't kid him about a Getz; in a car you can say something bright and then ride away before the other fellow can say something brighter. This was different. Dick strode through the crowd. They followed.

"Why don't you put roller skates on him?" called Hammersley.

"I sell 'em cheap."

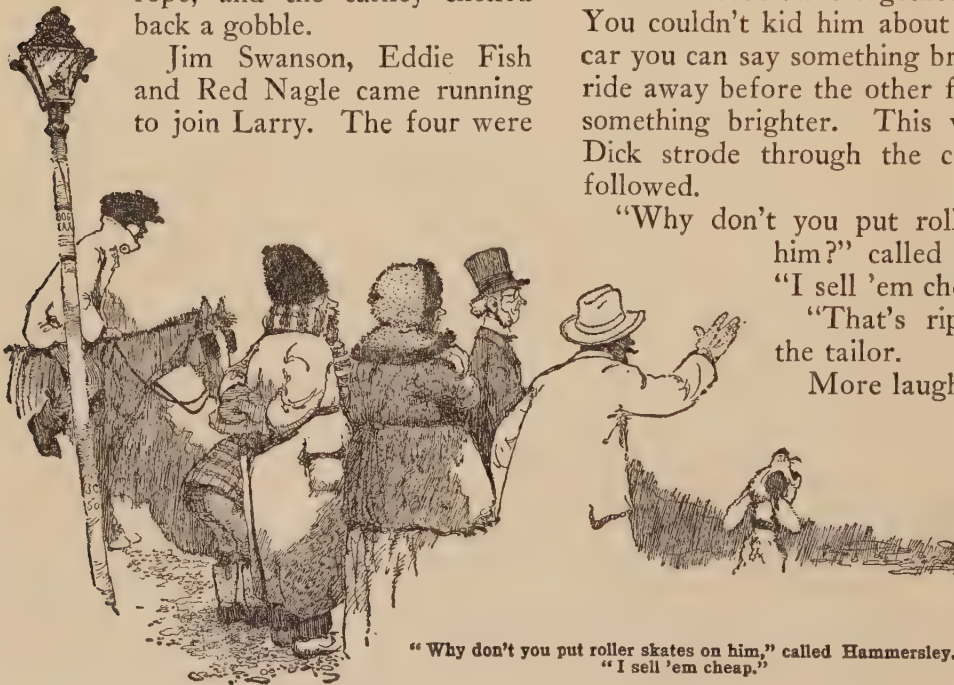
"That's ripping!" cried the tailor.

More laughter. Dick bit his lips.

"Or build a bridge for him?" suggested the carpenter.

T h a t

W a s n ' t
funny at all;



Gobble, Gobble, Gobble!

yet everyone laughed a little louder—especially the carpenter.

Larry Lucas had now got his breath; he has had time to think. "Do you know what that turkey is?" he yelled. "That's the Amity mascot! Listen, fellows, listen:

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!

Stick like wax!

Amity's goin' to get it

Where the turkey got the axe!"

Talk about striking the popular fancy. Why, in half a minute everybody knew the yell by heart. Over and over they gave it—louder each time. Gobble, gobble, gobble! You'd have thought all Lawrencetown had turned turkey! And above that vast, air-splitting uproar, Dick could hear the deep, sonorous bellow of leather-lunged Larry. How he hated that fellow! How he would have liked to jump on him and have rubbed his poor excuse for a face in the hard, frozen earth. For Dick was no longer Richard of the Tender Heart; he was that wily assassin of the wilderness—Tecumseh, and he longed for Larry's scalp!

It seemed an age before he passed through the town, and even when he was far beyond the outskirts he could hear that awful cry.

A stranger passed him on the road. "Fine bird, my lad. Taking him out for exercise?"

Dick grunted. The turkey skipped once to get into step with its leader.

The stranger grinned. "Better put rubbers on him; if he gets his feet wet he's a gone goose!"

Dick trudged along. It was growing colder, and he had several miles to go.

But all things must end. Toward evening he reached the first houses of Amity; he was tired and hungry and out of temper.

But there ahead loomed his father's house.

Uncle Tecumseh was at an upper window; his eyes sparkled in the twilight as he caught sight of the gobbler, and he seemed to lick his lips.

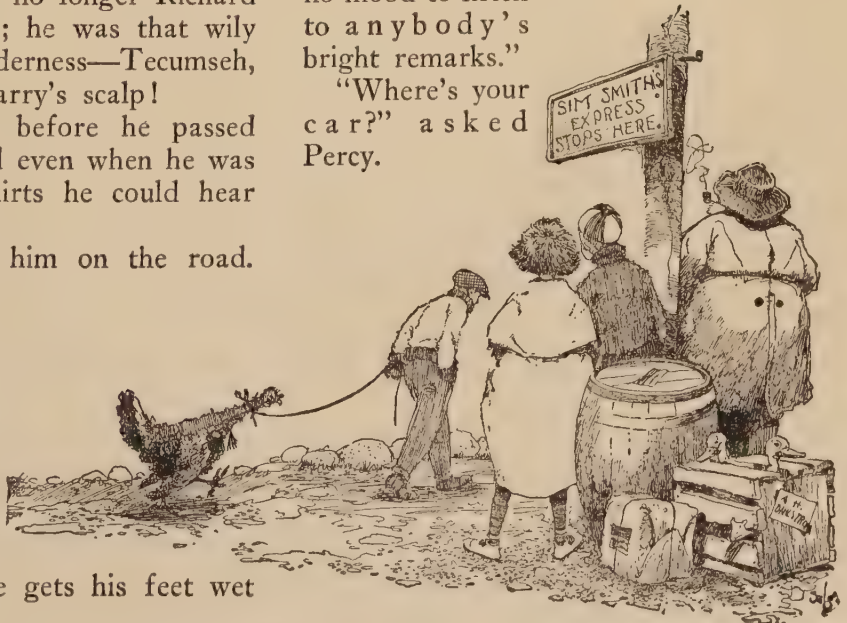
Ray and Percy were at the door of the woodshed. "Dick, you crazy idiot!" cried Ray. "What in the name of mud—"

Something in Dick's eyes checked him. "Listen here, Ray," he said shortly. "Listen here, Percy; if I hear one word out of you about this bird I'll just naturally bust you in the nose!"

That was brotherly love, indeed. The two brothers stared at him.

"I had one awful experience with this bird," Dick continued, as he tied the turkey to a ring in the wall and then closed the door. "I'm in no mood to listen to anybody's bright remarks."

"Where's your car?" asked Percy.



Gobble, Gobble, Gobble!

"I'll tell you the story at supper. Meanwhile, you and Ray had best take the axe and do your duty. I'm through!" He strode into the house and slammed the door.

The two brothers looked blankly at each other. "Gosh," said Ray; "I wonder what happened?"

"Something awful," said Percy. "Did you see his eyes? I never saw him really mad before."

At supper Dick told the story—told it truthfully and vividly.

Uncle Tecumseh's lean jaws came together with a click. "Larry Lucas said them things to you, Dick?" he demanded. "He ought to be horse-hided!"

"Why, Uncle Te!" Mr. and Mrs. Grant looked at the old man with some astonishment.

"Uncle Te is right!" cried Ray and Percy. "Just you wait till tomorrow; we'll fix Larry Lucas."

"Well," said Mr. Grant, "how about the turkey? Who's going to kill it for your ma?"

"Not I," replied Dick.

"Richard, shame on you for being so tender-hearted," said his mother.

"I'm not tender-hearted," replied Dick, firmly. "I hate that bird like poison; look at this lump it raised on my hand. But I'm through. I've done my bit."

"Well, perhaps you have," said his father, smiling. "But some one has to swing the axe. Ray, how about you and Percy?"

To Dick's astonishment, his two

brothers squirmed. Percy cleared his throat. "It's such a fine-looking bird, so big and graceful-like——"

"You know," Ray interrupted him, "to-morrow's the big game. Can't somebody else kill the turk? The coach says we ought to relax and take things easy—not have anything on our mind, you know. You understand, dad; you played football at college."

"Hm," said Mr. Grant, frowning.

"Seems to me it might be good practice for you." The frown deepened. "Well, somebody has got to do it, and let me tell you, I'm not going to play the part of executioner. Why, the idea; three husky boys like you!"

Supper was over, and the family had gathered in the living room. "Remember," Mrs. Grant was saying, "no dinner tomorrow unless somebody kills the turkey for me."

All three boys were silent. They looked at one another grimly. Five minutes later they rose and went upstairs. "Good-night, all," said Dick.

Uncle Tecumseh looked startled. He opened his

mouth to speak; then he closed it and walked thoughtfully toward the door.

Thanksgiving Day dawned gray and chill, as all Thanksgiving Days should. The stadium at Amity Oval was crowded to overflowing. The north stands were aglow with the red pennants and red chrysanthemums of Amity; pretty girls who knew nothing of football laughed and fluttered and whispered sweet nonsense into the eager ears of those who had



"Gobble, gobble, gobble"

Gobble, Gobble, Gobble!

bought their tickets. Across the field to the south swelled a sea of blue—blue pen-nants, blue hats and blue violets—the proud color of Bradbury Academy.

A cheer suddenly rose from thousands of eager throats; the sea of blue seemed tossed with storm. Then, with a violent rush, out on the field came the visiting Bradbury team, with Captain Lucas at the head.

Five minutes later the Amity team charged from the locker building, and the red stands seemed suddenly turned to living fire. Cheer followed cheer.

High among the north tiers of seats Uncle Tecumseh turned to his brother. "There's Dick! Watch him now!"

"Keep your eyes on Ray and Percy," said Mr. Grant. "Don't they look fit, though!"

Bradbury won the toss and chose to kick. The teams lined up. Just for a few moments Dick's mind went back to the turkey. It seemed funny that his father hadn't spoken of it since the night before. Wouldn't it be awful if there weren't any dinner!

Smash! The ball soared end over end. There was an expectant hush. Smack! Dick had caught the ball almost below the crossbars. A roar of voices, a zig-zag run, and he fell before the fierce impact of three blue tacklers. A quick flash of brown—a wild scramble——

Uncle Tecumseh's face went suddenly blank. The blue stands were cheering tumultuously. He looked at his brother.

"Dick fumbled, darn it!" cried Mr. Grant. "Lucas of Bradbury recovered it. Blasted luck!"

Dick had done just that. It was Bradbury's ball on the twenty-yard line. With set face he dropped back as the two teams crouched. He had fumbled—yes, and Lucas—Lucas had recovered the ball.

At that instant Dick almost wished he

were dead. And then from the blue stands came a deafening, surprising cheer:

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!

Stick like wax!

Amity's goin' to get it

Where the turkey got the axel!"

Dick's eyes flashed; he clenched his fists. Before his mind came a picture of himself as he had looked the day before, leading a turkey through Lawrencetown.

Well, by thunder, he'd show 'em! He'd make 'em sorry for that yell!

The red line was holding. On the fourth down Bradbury kicked, and Dick ran the ball almost to mid-field. After that it was fight, fight for every yard. And again Dick was not Richard the Friend of Animals; he was Grant—Ulysses S.—and he was fighting it out on the great general's grim lines.

"Well, Dick's playing a great game; I'll say that for him," said his father.

"He sure is!" declared Uncle Tecumseh. "Wow! Great tackle, Dickie!"

Nothing, nothing at the end of the first half. Nothing, nothing at the end of the third quarter.

The fourth quarter was half ended. Foreman of Amity had punted—a long one far down the field. Lucas caught it fairly and started on a wide, circling run. Suddenly two red-backed players shot free from the rest. Straight toward Lucas they sped like two red rockets. Ray and Percy were out for death! And a dozen yards behind them, like a wolf after a lamb, raced Dick.

There was a scrambled mass of arms and legs as the two red tackles struck the flying Lucas. You could almost hear the impact! The blue runner's body ploughed up the turf; from his arms leaped a brown piece of leather and bounded over and over on the ground.

Gobble, Gobble, Gobble!

Ten thousand spectators had risen like one person.

The ball was almost outside when Dick, running low, leaped upon it like a cat. Over he rolled and came up on his feet, still running. Just at that moment Uncle Tecumseh tore his pennant into shreds, and Mr. Grant threw away his new ten-dollar hat. Five seconds later the score was Amity, six; Bradbury, nothing.

Then Foreman, who was good at mathematics, kicked the goal and added a one to the six.

There was no more scoring.

Dick was telling about it that afternoon at the table, round which sat the Grant family and seven invited guests, all of whom were watching Mr. Grant carve the hugest turkey they ever had looked at. "You see," Dick was saying, "I couldn't help it that time I fumbled; those fellows sure hit me hard. But a funny thing, I'd

have gone to pieces then and there if it had not been for that gobble, gobble cheer and the thoughts of Lucas. I feel sorry for him now, but believe me, I didn't then! And the way Percy and Ray tackled him in the last quarter. O, boy! Yes, the turkey did it." He paused abruptly and looked questioningly at his father.

Uncle Tecumseh passed him a plate heaped high with white meat, squash and mashed potatoes. "Here, Dickie," he said, "put this where the cat with spectacles can't find it."

"Just a moment," said Dick, grinning. "Who killed the bird?"

"I killed it last night," said Uncle Tecumseh, rather sheepishly. "You didn't want it to die of grief on Thanksgiving Day, did you?"

Then Dick and the rest began to put the turkey where the cat would never find it.

Not in the Zoo

By Berton Braley

*If you never have heard of the Pickadoo Bird
With its somewhat rectangular shape
Which in various spots is contorted in knots
From which there's no means of escape;
And if it should chance that you've not had a
glance
At the Huckamuk building its lair
Out of scrapple and tripe and of eggs overripe,
With a trifle of lard here and there;*

*If you never have seen how the Wuh Fish turns
green
At the sound of a circular saw,
Or the way that it bloats as it timidly notes
The number of toes on each paw;*

*If you never have viewed how the Zingo gets food
By elliptical leaps from its den,
Having finished the which it retires to the ditch
And never re-issues again;*

*If you've never heard tell how the Ringalees dwell
In a cave that's constructed of glue
Where they sleep upon spikes—which a Ringalee
likes*

*Though it might mean discomfort to you;
If you've never been told, never chanced to
behold*

*These birds, beasts, or fish in the sea.
Then it's evident I'm merely wasting my time,
And you won't hear about 'em from me!*



The Return of Tom Snow

By Russell Gordon Carter

Illustrated by A. Conway Peyton

MILKMEN who work in a large city live in a different world from our own and sometimes meet with strange adventures. For them the day begins when the rest of us are snug beneath the covers. For them the spirit of the silent winter streets is no mystery; they are part of it. They pass the time of night with the shivering watchmen; they breathe a sympathetic greeting to the lonely policeman; and frequently they shy a block of wood at an overly inquisitive cat. For in the world of the milkmen there are cats—always cats. Let your dogs follow the measured tread of armies; the cats prefer the creak of wheels and the occasional musical crash of a broken bottle.

On the third day of January, Dick

Randall—one of the most modest and unassuming fellows in his class at high school—was a milkman, had been a milkman for one whole week, and expected to be a milkman for a week longer, or until the winter vacation should end, and he should return to his studies. It was no fun getting out of a warm bed at four o'clock on a frosty morning, but he consoled himself with the thought of the money that would go toward his college expenses next fall; and since Mr. Waterman, who had served route No. 2 for seven years, had to take sick, Dick was glad it had happened during vacation when he could substitute for him.

Monday morning of Dick's second week began with a series of vexations, but compared with the vexation and even the

The Return of Tom Snow

grief that one of the town's best known citizens had experienced the night before, Dick's were rather trivial. Mrs. Torrington Chester, of Lafayette Street, had lost Tom Snow, her valuable and hitherto home-loving white cat—pink ribbon and all. An open window showed how Tom had gone, but not why or when or where, and the good lady lost no time in communicating with the newspaper offices. But if Dick's vexations were not so serious as Mrs. Chester's, of which unfortunately he knew nothing, they were none the less irritating. First of all, the alarm went off an hour too soon, and he was already out of bed before he discovered that it was only three o'clock. He jumped back, pulled the covers over his head, and did not wake up till half past four.

"Jupiter!" he exclaimed and reached for his clothes. "Half an hour late!"

Buttoning his mackinaw as he left the house, he ran all the way to the milk depot to find that all the other teams had gone. In haste he hitched old Plugger to the wagon and then began to fill his wire carrier with bottles. But what with the cold, his numb fingers and the dullness of his mind at that hour, the last bottle slipped and crashed against the wheel, and the cold milk surged down the front of his coat and the leg of his trousers.

"That's no way to begin serving milk," remarked Jim, the stableman, and grinned broadly.

Dick said nothing, but drove hurriedly out of the stable. Faint streaks of pink were appearing in the east when he turned into Washington Street on the edge of the colored section. The air was sharp and penetrating. The straight silent fronts of the somber houses sent the echoes ringing as the creaking wagon bumped along behind the noisy iron-shod feet of old Plugger. The bottles in Dick's

carrier tinkled like distant sleigh bells as he raced round to the back porches in an effort to regain that lost half-hour.

He was hurrying through an alley on his way to the wagon when his foot struck something soft, and he pitched forward in the semi-darkness. With his free hand he caught hold of a low window-sill and was just congratulating himself on saving his carrier full of empty bottles, when something that felt like a thousand needles struck the calf of his leg, and he dropped the bottles with a splintery crash.

"Mah goodness! What am dat?" he heard a distant frightened voice exclaim.

Dick kicked out smartly and saw a little round white mass fly toward the street.

"Darn cat!" he said. "Look at it scoot!"

But the cat did not go far. In the middle of the street it stopped short, turned abruptly like a person who suddenly remembers something important and, sitting down, mewed softly once or twice. In the increasing dawn Dick saw that it was snow-white and had a bright pink ribbon round its sleek neck. "Scat you pincushion!" he shouted, and the pincushion retreated to the far curbstone and began to sharpen its needles on an ash-barrel.

When Dick, mourning the loss of his bottles, had driven several blocks farther, he was somewhat astonished to see the cat close behind the wagon. If he had been an old hand at the business he probably would have thought nothing of either the bottles or the cat; as it was, his mind dwelt on both, and especially on the cat, as he continued to serve his milk. It seemed a remarkably clean cat to be in that part of town; and a pink ribbon, too!

Mewing occasionally, it continued to follow him down Washington Street. Once or twice he turned, threatened it

The Return of Tom Snow

with his hand, but it came on like an evil omen. In front of Gildersleeve's paint shop he threw a stick of wood in its direction and to his relief saw it vanish into an alley.

"Good!" he said half aloud. "I believe that cat was getting on my nerves. Gee, I'm cold—and hungry, too. Giddap, Plugger!"

As he reached the end of the street and was turning into Jefferson Avenue he gave a snort of vexation. There was the cat again. Poor Dick could stand it no longer. To have to get up before the sun and serve milk on a bitterly cold morning was bad enough; to smash a dozen bottles at seven cents apiece, all on account of a stupid cat, and then to have it trail you in a friendly manner for more than half a mile was too much. "Get out of here—scat!" he shouted and threw a lump of coal.

Whereupon the cat sat down in the middle of the street and exchanged winks with Plugger. Exasperated, Dick strode over to it. The cat did not move, but looked up at his stained coat and trouser leg, licked its mouth and began to mew. He could not kick it; he had never kicked a cat in his life. So after a moment, during which he glanced sheepishly at the darkened windows several times, he walked back to the wagon. The cat got up, yawned and stretched itself and followed him.

If Dick had been his normal self—that is, if he had eaten his breakfast and were not so cold and sleepy and irritated about the bottles, he certainly would have laughed. But now it seemed anything but funny. There he was in a bleak dimly-lighted street, with not a soul in sight, and a persistent cat trying to impose its doubtful friendship on him. It seemed almost like a bad dream.

He was on the point of jumping into

the wagon when he spied another cat near a doorstep. This cat might have been born white, but now it was the color of a scrubwoman's mop at the end of a hard day. He could see the hatred flash in its mean yellow eyes as it crouched and watched the white back of the other, which sat patiently among the cobblestones, waiting for the wagon to start.

"Well," thought Dick with a certain grim pleasure, "here's where Lily-white gets it in the neck, or I'm no judge of fighters."

With bottles in hand, he watched the yellow-eyed mop slink forward with its torn ears laid back and its grimy stomach close to the ground. Then—for Dick loved fair play even among cats—he shouted and waved his arms; but the warning was too late. Like a swift shadow the mop-colored cat shot forward and in a terrible moment both were locked in a blurred gray ball, scratching, biting, spitting, snarling and rolling. Dick held his breath. Then in a sudden streak and flash both cats disappeared over a fence, and all that remained to tell of the struggle were little pieces of white fur among the cobblestones.

"Just as I thought," muttered Dick, and with a lighter heart took up his work.

It was mid-morning when he returned to the depot, fed his horse and started for home.

"Hello, Dick," his younger brother greeted him as he entered the house. "Mom's got crullers. Didn't see anything of a stray house-cat, did you?"

Dick looked at him sharply. "What do you mean? Why?"

"Mrs. Chester up on Lafayette Street lost one. A valuable one. She's offered a reward. Twenty-five dollars. Gee, Dick, I didn't know cats cost that much."

"Some do," Dick said slowly, "but they're worth it. What kind was it?"

The Return of Tom Snow

"White—pure white. Had a pink ribbon. She lost it last night. All the kids are lookin'."

Dick cast his eyes toward the ceiling and slowly whistled the opening strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Of all the fools! The cat that he had shied wood and coal at and called ugly names! Of course it belonged to Mrs. Chester, and it had been fairly begging him to take it home and claim the reward! He might have known it was out of place in that neighborhood!

He ate his lunch thoughtfully and, his mother thought, with rather more haste than usual. Then, though he longed to throw himself on his bed and sleep, he went out and hurriedly made his way to Washington Street again. There he saw any number of cats of almost every color and degree of poverty; but none were pure white and friendly and adorned with a pink ribbon. He looked at the spot where the fight had occurred, but even the tufts of fur had disappeared under the day's traffic.

Meanwhile, news of Mrs. Chester's reward had spurred the whole younger element of the neighborhood to diligent search. At the end of the day there were all sorts of rumors; it was truly remarkable the vast number of places in which people had seen Tom Snow; and it was remarkable the number of cats of all sizes, ages and color that were carried to the door of Mrs. Chester's house. But Tom himself was still a prodigal, and the next morning the anxious lady's advertisement appeared again in the newspapers. Dick served his milk that morning and watched his step in the alleys, but a mouse could have walked with as much security. For once route No. 2 seemed catless.

Tuesday passed, Wednesday came and went, and on Thursday, Mrs. Chester raised the reward to thirty-five dollars.

On Thursday evening the weather moderated, and rain fell and froze as it stuck to the ground. When he went to bed the sidewalks were like glass, and on Friday morning he awoke to find everything covered with a thin layer of snow. He made a hasty breakfast and walked to the depot. Some time later Plugger was pounding and sliding his way down Washington Street. Here and there in the snow Dick could see little tell-tale tracks, and before he came to Gildersleeve's paint shop he spied a cat emerging from beneath a porch. It fled abruptly as he approached, and he saw that it was gray-striped. Well, he'd keep his eyes open.

The tracks were becoming more and more frequent. They crossed and recrossed the street, circled lamp posts and fireplugs and disappeared into alleys. Some, straight and even, indicated a cat with a single-track mind; others, as tortuous as a three-letter monogram, suggested a cat with no mind at all. Dick smiled; some day he'd write an essay on cat tracks as indicative of character.

"Giddap, Plugger."

The old horse took several uncertain steps, then thrust his ears forward, swung his head sidewise and stopped.

"Giddap, there! What——"

Dick passed his hand quickly over his eyes. "Pink!" he said in a low voice. "Or—or am I color blind!"

For there on the top step of a low stone porch sat a cat, and—yes—it was pink! Dick's eyes were round and big. On the other end of the step crouched a gray-striped cat and a mop-colored cat, and both were glaring with frank hatred at the more vivid one. They may have been jealous, or they may have despised the color; at any rate, they showed their feelings with occasional wicked, cannibalistic snarls.

The Return of Tom Snow



Never had the residents of Spence and Linden streets had their milk delivered in such an extraordinary manner

Still somewhat awed, Dick glanced to the right and then grinned slowly, for in the alley beside Gildersleeve's shop he saw an overturned can of fresh vermilion paint. The discovery caused him a good deal of genuine relief. Then he laughed aloud as a fresh thought struck him. If a white cat with a pink ribbon will bring thirty-five dollars, how much will a pink cat——"

"By Jupiter!" he broke off. "There's a ribbon on it as sure as I live!"

Impulsively he ran forward, and all three cats flashed up the street. On the back of the pink one he saw several broad spots of white, and, leaving Plugger standing in the deserted street, he ran after it at top speed. The quarrelsome trio entered an alley, and there he lost their tracks in a multitude of others.

For a moment he stood undecided. Then, looking guiltily around, he called softly: "Here, pussy, pussy, pussy! Here, Tom!"

He waited, but heard nothing except the rattling of a window somewhere above.

"Here, pussy, pussy!" He called again, a little louder.

There was a moment of silence; then came a gruff voice: "Who am dat callin' pussy, pussy?"

Dick's face grew hot, and he turned and began softly to retrace his steps. Just as he reached the sidewalk something brushed against his leg, and the next instant he was bending over and lifting the pink cat by the shoulders. It came up with ears back, teeth bare and all four legs outstretched and he saw that both hind

The Return of Tom Snow

legs and part of the back had escaped the paint. Certainly the ribbon was pink, even if it were a good deal mussed.

Breathlessly he hurried to his wagon and, seizing an empty feed bag, thrust the extraordinary cat inside. It went down as it had come up, with ears back, teeth bare and legs outstretched, and at once gave voice to a long-drawn wail. Instantly old Plugger started forward at a fast trot.

"Whoa!" cried Dick from the back of the wagon and sprang forward to catch the reins; but they had slipped to the ground.

"Ow-o-o-o-a!" sounded from the bag, and Plugger increased his speed.

With a leap Dick struck the ground, his feet struck a patch of snow-covered ice, and the back of his head struck where his feet had been an instant ago. For several moments he lay there, half-dazed. Slowly he sat up and, rubbing his head, looked down the street. Plugger had found that he could not outrun the awful sound and had stopped.

Dick reached the wagon not a moment too soon, for just as he arrived the feed-bag flopped off and burst open on the cobblestones. He dove for it as if it had been a fumbled football, smothered it beneath his body and, with his hand, thrust the protruding head back, pink whiskers and all.

"Darn your claws!" he exclaimed, "I'll fix you." And he tied the top of the bag securely and tossed it on the wagon again.

The cat instantly set up a fearful howling and from that moment ceased only for breath. Dick fled to serve his customers. The sky was light gray now, and people were beginning to appear on the streets. Those that passed stopped to listen and look at the wagon, and some of them looked somewhat suspiciously at Dick.

Only the thought of the reward and the fact that he did not have to be with the wagon all the time kept him from opening the bag. Back and forth from wagon to house he went with his milk, and all the while the cat continued its shrill complaint.

"What you all got in your wagon?" a dusky passer-by asked.

"Cat," replied Dick over his shoulder.

"How come?"

But Dick had hurried across the street; he was in no mood to talk cat.

As the morning lengthened, the intervals between the cat's wails became longer, but the wails were none the less shrill. In the old days when milkmen summoned their customers with horns and bells the cat would have been a treasure, but now the effect only startled people and set the dogs to barking. Never had the good residents of Oak, Spruce and Linden streets had their milk delivered in such an extraordinary manner. And everyone who happened by either made some witty remark or looked as if they should like to do so. Dick's cheeks were as pink as the cat's coat, and it was not altogether from the cold. He would have liked to run on and on and never stop until he was out of hearing of the dreadful sound.

The half hour between half past eight and nine o'clock was worst of all; then the children were on their way to the grammar school on Linden street. Regardless of the reward, Dick would have opened the bag if it had not been for a terrible thought: suppose the cat should decide to trail him.

"Ow-o-o-o-a," wailed the captive.

"Must be a cat," a pale-faced urchin confided in a loud voice. "Can't it holler Ow-o-o!"

"Mrs. Chester's cat, maybe," said another with more perspicacity than he suspected.

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Dick frowned and filled his carrier. He had never felt so utterly ridiculous before in his life. All he could see in front of his eyes were hostile, smirking, grinning faces. All he could hear—while the cat was getting his breath—were hostile remarks of doubtful wit. Moreover, he had already recognized several high-school friends, among them Mary Wagner, who was on the staff of *The Jester*.

Finally with a sigh of relief he served his last customer and, jumping on his wagon, turned Plugger toward the milk depot. He chose the roughest streets in hope that the noise of the wheels would drown the noise from the bag. But it rang in his ears and set his jumpy nerves on keener edge; it seemed to strike to his very soul. He bit his underlip till the blood came. What a ridiculous fool he was! He had a good notion to drive straight for the river; then he remembered that it was frozen over.

So not without some misgivings he turned into Lafayette street, where there seemed to be a remarkably large number of stray cats, and drew up in front of Mrs. Chester's fine stone house. With the writhing, snarling bag under his arm he ran up the steps and rang the bell. A servant opened the door and, muttering something about "another cat," summoned her mistress. Dick stepped in just as Mrs. Chester appeared.

"I've got a cat here, ma'am," he said, though the information was not really necessary, "and I think it's yours, Mrs. Chester."

"My snow-white Tom!" exclaimed the woman. "Oh, I hope so!"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Dick, and then came a horrible thought. What if it should turn out to be the wrong cat! He felt the perspiration start on his forehead. But with an effort he put the thought aside and, opening the bag, disclosed the pink

head of the enraged and terrified captive.

Mrs. Chester's jaw dropped; her eyes seemed suddenly to become glassy and wild. "Why—why, that's not——"

Dick felt his legs grow weak. "Yes, ma'am," he said in a husky voice, "it's a white cat." Then, as Mrs. Chester regarded him with a look that seemed to question not only his truthfulness but his sanity, he hastened to explain. "You see, Mrs. Chester, it really is a white cat at bottom—that is, I think it must have got into paint or something."

He opened the bag and set it down, and the cat stopped its protests and began to shake itself. Mrs. Chester bent over it, looked at the soiled ribbon, then at its front feet, both of which had black markings. "Why, Tom Snow!" she murmured incredulously. "Where have you been? Where *have* you been?"

Dick breathed deeply for the first time. "I found him on Washington Street."

The cat blinked up at him, perhaps by way of thanks, and then began to try its claws on the mahogany umbrella stand.

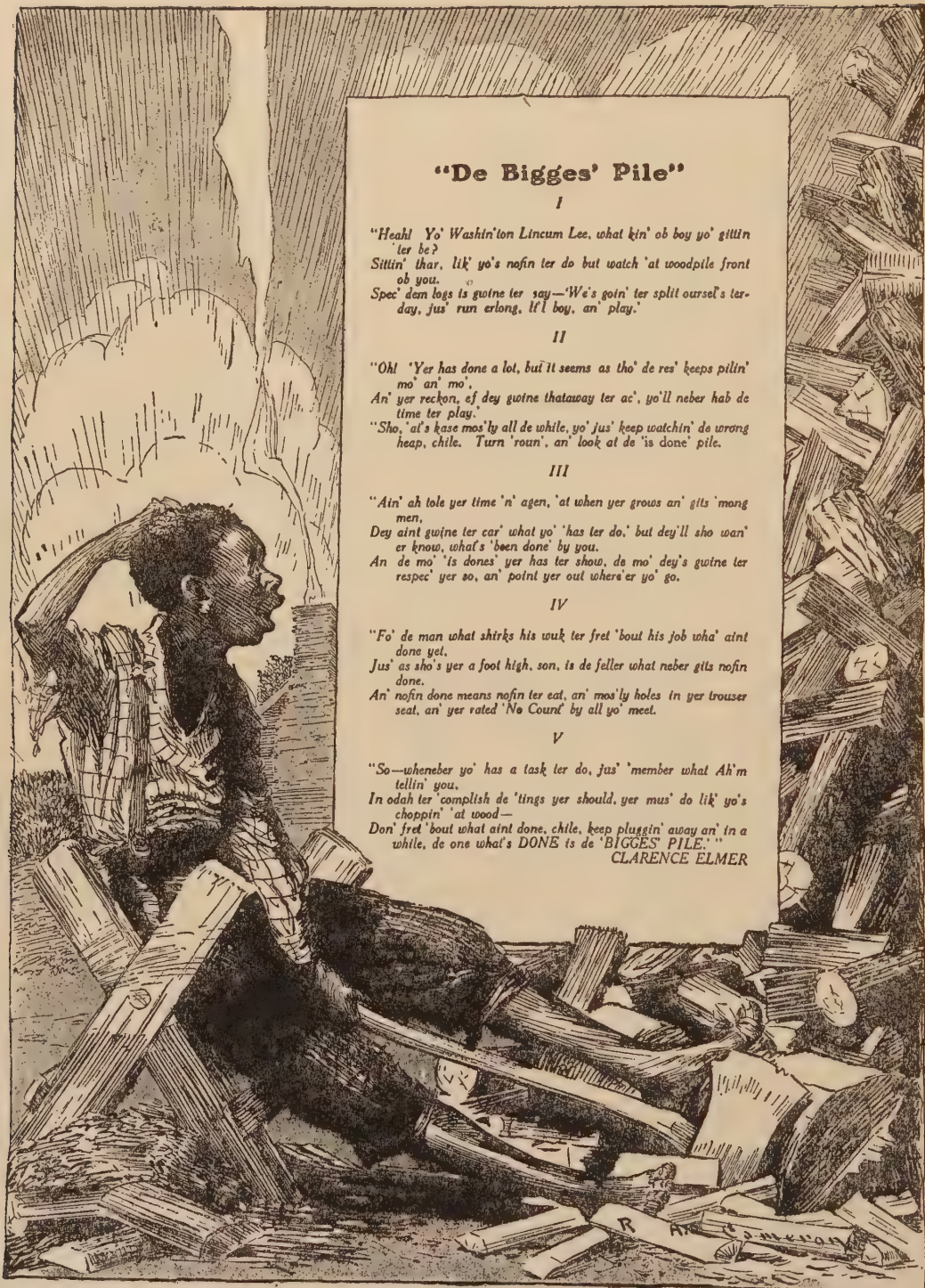
"Tom Snow!" exclaimed the woman. "You haven't done that in years. You've learned bad habits, you poor, poor fellow!"

"Turpentine will fix him all right," said Dick, thinking of the paint. "I—I must be going. My horse and wagon are outside."

"Oh, yes—but just a moment." Mrs. Chester gathered pink Tom in her arms and hurried inside. When she returned she carried three crisp ten-dollar bills and one five.

"I suppose it's easy money for you," she said, smiling; "but you're welcome to it, and I thank you. It would have been a sad blow to lose Tom."

"I'm mighty glad you've got him again," replied Dick, and never was he more sincere in what he said.



"De Bigges' Pile"

I

"Heah! Yo' Washin'ton Lincum Lee, what kin' ob boy yo' gittin ter be?
Sittin' thar, lik' yo's nofin ter do but watch 'at woodpile front ob you.
Spec' dem logs is gwine ter say—'We's goin' ter split oursel's ter-day, jus' run erlong, l'l boy, an' play.'"

II

"Oh! 'Yer has done a lot, bui' it seems as tho' de res' keeps pilin' mo' an' mo'.
An' yer reckon, ef dey gwine thataway ter ac', yo'll neber hab de time ter play.
'Sho, 'at's kase mos'ly all de while, yo' jus' keep watchin' de wrong heap, chile. Turn 'roun', an' look at de 'is done' pile."

III

"Ain' ah tole yer time 'n' agen, 'at when yer grouas an' gits 'mong men,
Dey aint gwine ter car' what yo' 'has ter do,' but dey'll sho wan' er know, what's 'been done' by you.
An' de mo' 'is dones' yer has ter show, de mo' dey's gwine ter respec' yer so, an' point yer out whers'er yo' go."

IV

"Fo' de man what shirks his wuk ter fret 'bout his job wha' aint done yel.
Jus' as sho's yer a foot high, son, is de feller what neber gits nofin done.
An' nofin done means nofin ter eat, an' mos'ly holes in yer trousser seat, an' yer rated 'No Count' by all yo' meel."

V

"So—wherever yo' has a task ter do, jus' 'member what Ah'm tellin' you.
In odah ter 'complish de 'tings yer should, yer mus' do lik' yo's choppin' 'at wood—
Don' fret 'bout what aint done, chile, keep pluggin' away an' in a while, de one what's DONE is de 'BIGGES' PILE.'"

CLARENCE ELMER

Just Born Lazy

By Homer Croy

Illustrated by Bert N. Salg

IF there is one thing that a boy hates to do, it is to *work*. Most boys are born lazy—and then have a relapse. I have watched boys in regard to work and they are a queer bunch. It is interesting to see the changes that come over one of them. At about the age a boy puts on pants for the first time, he simply *aches* to work. He is too young to be of any real assistance, but that doesn't hold him back—it just makes him pine to get in on things. When a boy of this age sees his father driving a nail, nothing in the world will do him but that he must help—and he is of about as much help as a third thumb. He begs his father for a whack at the nail; his father tries to send him away, but the boy sticks to his side. He pouts, he pleads, he begs, he spills a few tears. At last his father gives him the hammer and Tommy is happy—now he can work. He takes hold of the hammer and *bang!* goes his father's finger. Tommy finishes thumping the nail, but the nail never goes straight; it is pounded and bent sideways until it is

as crooked as a fish hook. The father pulls the nail out and looks at the dented place in the wood.

"You run on and play, Tommy—that's a good boy. Have a nice, long play."

But Tommy doesn't run. He moves off with a speed that would make a snail look like a jack-rabbit. In a few minutes he is back—drawn to the spot as a mouse is to a hunk of cheese. He stands off a

few yards looking on; he makes a step forward. Then another. His father is sawing a board. He watches his father's hand moving back and forth. Nothing in the world will do Tommy but that he must saw, too. He edges closer; his fingers

twitch—he wants to get hold of that saw handle.

"Pa, can I saw the next board?"

"No, Tommy, you run on and play."

But Tommy doesn't want to play. He is at the work age.

"Pa, just let me saw a little."

He begs and he wheedles, and finally gets his hands on the saw. He begins to



Just Born Lazy

pull and haul. When he has finished the board looks as if it had passed through a Kansas cyclone. It would make an inch-worm dizzy trying to follow it. The board is ruined—the only place that it can be used is on a doghouse and then the dog wouldn't want his friends to catch him at home.

Time passes and at last Tommy is of an age when he can do real work. Then a queer thing happens. Science has never been able to explain it; learned men have given it up in despair. As soon as Tommy reaches the age where he can be of real help he loses all interest in work. He hates it like castor oil. There are just two things in the world that he wants to do—eat and play. And the only reason that he wants to eat is so that he can play. Tommy is now husky—he can do a lot of work, *but the great work-urge has died in him*. It has not only died but been buried under six feet of sod. His mother asks him to bring in a bucket of water and he grumbles worse than if he was going to have a molar pulled. His father tries to get him to saw up some wood for the kitchen stove and

Tommy almost decides to run away from home—he just simply can't stand such persecution. His sister wants him to help bring up the lawn swing from the basement and he thinks the world has gone to smash.

Tommy now has the "spring fever." He gets it in the spring; at thought of work a slight shiver runs over him, but the family think that as soon as summer begins he will be all right. But when summer comes Tommy hasn't recovered; in fact, he shows a slight setback. Fall comes and he still has it; winter comes and hope pounds high. Maybe he will be able to throw it off—he makes a manful fight. He thinks that in a few more days he will feel like working. Next week—yes, next week he will begin. His parents begin to quiver with excitement. Give him three more days—two more days. The big time has come. Tommy has won a splendid victory. To-morrow he is going to work; he gets up early, but it has turned warm. Tommy has the spring fever again. . . . That is the reason it is called "spring fever"—it comes one spring and lasts till the next.

And the pains Tommy will go to to get out of work! At the mere suggestion of "work" he begins to feel sick at his stomach and has a slight headache. His mother wants him to rake the yard.

Monday she begins talking about it and Tommy promises to rake it the next morning. But Tuesday Tommy has a pain in his head, or in his stomach, or maybe it is in his back or knee-cap—he isn't ex-



The great work-urge has died

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actly certain. He just simply can't work to-day. He'll do it Wednesday—he says, but Wednesday he forgets all about it; his mother reminds him, but he has his lessons to do. If he doesn't do those lessons he'll get into a peck of trouble . . . and so another day goes by.

Thursday he is up bright and early—this is the big day. The sun is out; the birds are singing; the whole world smiles; there is nothing to keep him from work—so the family think. But they don't know Tommy. He can't find the rake. Something has just naturally gone and gobbled it up. His mother goes to the woodshed—there it is before his eyes. Tommy is astonished—somebody must have slipped in and put it there while his back was turned. But it is too late to begin to-day—to-morrow he will clean it up. Yes, to-morrow. Then something queer happens.

On the very next morning—Friday—when he is to go out to work he discovers a sore on his thumb. He ties it with a rag and goes around with a face as long as a yardstick—until it is too late to do any work. In an hour the sore is well. Two days later he can't tell which hand it was on.

Saturday morning comes and it is raining. Tommy is as happy as a robin in plowed ground. But does he show it?



No, indeed. He makes his father and mother think that he is simply *suffering* to get out and polish off that yard. The harder it rains the more he suffers. If a regular goose-drowner comes, his father and mother have to beg him *not* to go out and rake the yard.

By Sunday morning it is 'dried off and he wants to get the work over with. He simply *pires* to rake the yard, but he has to go to church. It's strange—the very morning he quivers to do the work he has to put on his good clothes and go with his parents. Nobody has ever been able to explain that.

Monday morning comes, but the great work-urge which has encompassed him so completely for two days has passed away; he can walk through the middle of the yard and never once think of leaves. The only leaves he can think of have printing on them.

Tuesday morning comes. His parents think that there is nothing to keep him from descending upon the yard; he hasn't an ache or a pain; the sky is cloudless; every yard in the block has been raked; people passing by are beginning to point. The whole family is excited—Tommy is actually going to work. The family gather on the porch to witness the dramatic event. Tommy puts on his old clothes and goes to the woodshed, but he can't find the rake. His mother comes out and it is hanging on the wall before his eyes. With the basket in his hand and the rake over his shoulder he marches to the far corner of the yard. The rake reaches out, it opens up a path and Tommy sees the green grass growing. He plops himself down on the ground and begins to dig up the grass roots. All of a sudden he has developed a passionate interest in botany. He pokes among the roots; he chases ants; he examines a worm. At last, he fills his lungs, he spits

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on his hands, the rake moves out. There is a noise; he stops, pricks up his ears—a band is playing; a procession is coming down the street. He gallops off. . . .

The next day his father hires a colored man to rake the yard.

Then all of a sudden Tommy changes. He does more work than two hired men—so long as he doesn't think it is work. The difference is that he must call it play. He waits until the hottest day of the summer comes along and is seized with the idea that he must dig a tunnel. The mercury is trying to climb out of the thermometer; the cows are panting; the chickens have their feathers raised and the dogs look like bellows; the men come in from the fields. The only thing moving is Tommy—he's as busy as a hay tender. He picks

out a clay bank—an ordinary dirt bank won't do—and gets an old tin can and a spoon and lies down on his stomach and goes after it. The dirt is so hard that it would rip a dog's toe-nails off, but Tommy

thinks it's fine. He burrows like a gopher; the dirt flies—he is having a wonderful time. He is busier than an ant on a hot stove-lid.



He begins to build a house in the top of a tree

At last, his mother calls him and tells him that he will have to do a little digging behind his ears. His face looks like a rubber balloon when somebody sticks a pin in it, and when his mother finally squeezes out the cloth and begins to do a little excavation of her own, he groans worse than a threshing machine with a wet bundle in the cylinder.

"You're takin' the skin off en me," he bellows. "I'm never going to get anything done as long as I live for always havin' to wash behind my ears."

But the worst blow is yet to come. His mother tells him to go out and bring in a bas-

ket of cobs. He looks as if he was going to be shot at 'dawn . . . life simply isn't worth while . . . nothing but work, work, work, no fun at all—just slave, slave, slave. He picks up the basket as

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if it weighed as much as a corner-stone and starts for the barn. At last he comes back—an inch at a time; he drops the basket behind the stove and flops down on the sofa . . . plumb tuckered out.

The next morning he will be out digging in the clay bank as lively as a chipmunk. Then suddenly one day he gets tired of that and drops the spoon and tin can. The next time he sees them they are rusted till he hardly knows them. He now begins to build a house in the top of a tree—especially if it is a particularly high and slippery tree and offers a good opportunity to him to break his neck. He loves it, he dotes on it, and he works till he drips like a shower-bath . . . he is having the time of his life. And then his mother calls him to mind his baby sister and he comes down with his face looking like a snow-storm in the Alps. So long as it is the *kind* of work that he wants to do he'll work like a fire department answering a third alarm, but if it isn't something he *wants* to do it would take one of those slow motion pictures they photograph growing plants with to show him turn over his hand. Yes . . . boys are queer. . . .

But that is nothing to worry about—it doesn't mean that Tommy is going to be a Weary Willie. It is only a passing phase in his development. He will outgrow it. When he reaches maturity he may be the hardest working man in town. It is just a part of his process of growing.

But, as Tommy gets older, if he doesn't want to take hold and do his share, if he

wants to loaf in the pool room, idle around the depot waiting for the train to come in, and hang around the garage listening to the men tell stories—if his life's greatest ambition is to light a match with his thumb-nail—then get out your handkerchief. The time for moisture has come. Tommy is teetering in the balance. He may go up and he may go down; he may be somebody and he may be a dud. He is like the cocoon that the silkworm grows in. For a long time it lies in the sun and grows; then after a time it begins to squirm and wiggle and tries to free itself from its shell. If it doesn't show a little interest—if at the proper time it doesn't begin to stir things up on its own account—then it is a dead one.

Boys are much the same way. They are all born lazy, they hate the sight of work worse than the secretary-bird hates the sight of a snake, but finally the time comes to change. They must throw off their shell, they must get ready to take part in the big work of the world. The difference between boys is how long they are lazy. If a boy stays lazy, if the real work-urge never descends upon him, then pity him. You will never get to vote for him for President. As high in life as he will ever get will be president of a peanut stand; he will be called to Washington only when his wife's relatives get sick.

It's all right to be born lazy, but be careful about the relapse. A relapse is a bad thing, but a double relapse is worse—there's nothing left them but to decide on the flowers.

Bugs in the Game

By William Heyliger

Illustrated by Francis J. Rigney

FRITZ MULLER came to me a little while ago and said, "Cap, there's a fellow just moved into the flats around the corner. I bet he can lick that red-headed guy that chased you——"

I told Fritz to shut up. I was sick and tired telling that I wasn't afraid of that red-headed guy. Anyhow, I was in a hurry to get home that day I met the red-head, and any fellow in a hurry will run into his house, won't he?

"You ought to see this fellow," said Fritz. "I bet if we had him on the football team he'd score a touchdown every time he wanted to."

Maybe so. But no fellow is ever going to play football for the Blue Stars while I'm captain unless I'm sure I can lick him in a pinch. 'Cause why? 'Cause I know all about those big fellows and what they can do. And anyway, how are you going to have discipline on a team if the right-half can hit you one in the eye any time he doesn't like what you tell him?

Two years ago we had a dandy chance to win the junior championship. We were neck and neck with the Cherry Hills of the Fourth ward, and we weren't afraid

of the Arrows, who were third. A bunch from the First ward was last.

That gang from the First ward had the letters L. P. H. T. P. on the sleeves of their jerseys. The letters stood for Little Potatoes Hard to Peel. Some name, wasn't it? The funny thing was they didn't win a game. Maybe it was a bad year for potatoes.

When the season ended, we were still tied for first place with the Cherry Hills. Alderman Mooney, who put up the cup said——

"How about it, boys? Play it off or pull straws?"

I looked around. There were six of our fellows present and only three Cherry Hillers.

"Play it off," said I. "We're not afraid of those four-flushers from the Fourth ward."

Well, the Cherry Hillers were pretty sore, but they didn't dare start anything with the odds against them. But afterwards when they got down to the corner and got ready to run, they yelled that they'd whang us when they got us.

We went back to our block. We knew that those Cherry Hills might whang us, because they were one mighty tough crowd.



"Want to play, Bugs?" he asked

Bugs in the Game



Every time you were downed a dozen pairs of shoes left their trade-mark on you

"Why didn't you pull straws?" said Hog-fat Murphy, our center.

"And have them know we were afraid of them?" I demanded.

"That's so," said Hog-fat. He scratched his head in the place where he had the scar from falling downstairs with snow on his feet. "Well," he said, "we've got five days before the game and we ought to practice every day after school."

Shike Miller, our right end, said how could you practice if you didn't have a team to practice against? And then Nanny-goat Jones, our fullback, said we ought to ask all the kids in the neighborhood to come out and play against us. We called him Nanny-goat because that's how he laughed.

"You can't practice against kids," I said. "They're too little."

"Let them have thirty on their side," said Nanny-goat. "That ought to even it up. Three kids weigh as much as a big fellow."

Well, we invited all the kids to come out, and Nanny-goat took all the credit. I told him if he was trying to be captain not to forget what happened the last time we had an argument. After that he gave the credit to me.

Next day, right after school, we went down to the lots next to the high wall of

the cracker factory. I had left our football with Spanish Mackerel and had asked him to take good care of it because it was the only football we had. His real name is Mr. Mackerel, and he's our school janitor who takes fellows down to the principal's office for "interviews." When I came back to him for our football, it was sticking out of a barrel of furnace ashes. I didn't say anything, but you can bet I'd never let him mind eggs for me.

Well, we went down to the lots. About a million kids were waiting and they all wanted to play. We couldn't start the practice because Googly Anderson, our left tackle, had not shown up. By and by he came along and said he was late because his mother was washing and had sent him to the store for ten cents worth of starch.

Those kids had about forty-two fellows on the line, and about one hundred and ten in the backfield. Every time you were downed a dozen pairs of shoes left their trade-mark on you from your highest hair to your lowest toe. Hog-fat said it was fine practice because the Cherry Hills couldn't do any worse to us than that—not with the referee looking.

We had been having this kind of practice ten minutes when Googly Anderson's sister came along and said his mother

Bugs in the Game



"I thought the football lot was

wanted to know where was the starch. Then we found that Googly hadn't gone to the store yet, and he found that he had lost the ten cents. Googly went home looking scared, and we knew he wouldn't want to play football any more that day.

"Good night!" said Hog-fat. "There goes our practice. We got to have eleven fellows."

"Can't we put somebody in Googly's place?" said Shike Miller.

"Not unless there's a big fellow around," said Hog-fat.

We saw a big fellow—an *awful* big fellow—sitting over near the sidewalk. He had a hatchet face and eyes that looked as though there was nobody home. You know the kind of fellow I mean.

"Can't we ask that guy?" said Hog-fat.

"I'd sooner use my brother Arthur," said Nanny-goat.

"Huh!" said Hog-fat. "Your brother's only four."

"I know it," said Nanny-goat.

Hog-fat said if Nanny-goat tried to spring any jokes on him he'd paste him one. I said I was captain here, and that if there was any fighting to be done I'd do it. That's the beauty of having fellows on your team you can trim. So they shut up, and after a while Nanny-goat said, "Well, if Hog-fat wants him, let him go ask him."

"I don't know his name," said Hog-fat.

"Call him Bugs," said Nanny-goat. "He looks it."

We could see that Hog-fat wasn't in love with the job, but he didn't want to back out because it was his own plan. He started to walk over, and Nanny-goat said, "What's the matter with your legs?" and then he walked faster.

"Want to play, Bugs?" he asked the big fellow.

"How do you play it?" the fellow asked back.

"Hog-fat said he meant *football*, and when the fellow said he'd play, Hog-fat brought him over to us.

"Hello, Bugs," said Nanny-goat just as though he'd lived on his block and knew him. The big fellow said, "Was this guy calling me Bugs or is that the name of this game?" and I said, "You don't mind being called Bugs, do you?" and he said, "No; not unless somebody calls it to me too often." And just about that time Nanny-goat lost the power of speech.

Well, the game started again. It didn't take us long to find that you could put all the football Bugs knew into a flea's ear and still have room to tell what you thought about Googly for losing that dime. The line would charge, and about five minutes later Bugs would come tear-

Bugs in the Game



trying to get out of the United States "

ing along like a kid on his way to spend five cents for candy. Once about forty fellows broke through him, and he just turned his head to see where they were going. Oh, he was some player! Hog-fat, who had attended a lecture by a doctor, said that Bugs in the game was just as bad as bugs in your body.

By and by Bugs said maybe it would be better if he played with the kids for a while. Nanny-goat pulled my sleeve and said, "Let him; it will be a circus." Hog-fat said, "It won't be practice if we have only ten players," and Nanny-goat said, "Do you call *this* practice?" So we told Bugs to go ahead. We were pretty sore, this being Monday and the game coming Saturday, and we wished we had Googly alone for about three minutes.

Just as we thought everything was all right for a while, the kids let out a howl and said they didn't want Bugs. Then they thought it over and said they'd take him if we let them rush the ball.

"Give it to 'em," Nanny-goat whispered. "Maybe Bugs will rush."

So we gave them the ball, and sure Bugs rushed. Shike Miller tackled him and tumbled him on his ear.

"It's a cinch," said Shike. That seemed to encourage Nanny-goat and he said, "Come on; everybody get in on this."

You can bet we all got in on it. On the next play six of us caught Bugs and

tried to rush him down the field. I was one of the six, and I thought that there had been an earthquake and that the football lot was trying to get out of the United States. Then I saw Hog-fat sitting down and spitting out what was left of a tooth.

"Great game, isn't it?" said Bugs.

Hog-fat said nothing. He didn't look as though he was going to get excited about the next play.

The kids lined up, but we went down the field for a conference, and Nanny-goat said, "That was an accident." "Sure, it was," said Hog-fat; "go in and get him," and Nanny-goat said, "Are you coming in," and Hog-fat said, "Nothing doing; I may need some teeth when I'm an old man," and Nanny-goat said, "You ought to live to be old if you get out of a scrimmage every time a guy musses you," and Hog-fat said, "I'll muss *you* in about a minute."

"Cut it out," said I, "or I'll whang somebody."

You can bet they cut it out.

Then Nanny-goat said, "Let us stand him on his head this time," and Hog-fat laughed and said, "Go to it, children. I think I'll rest a while."

So we lined up with only nine fellows in the game. And Bugs looked at us with the nobody-home look, and when they gave him the ball he rushed.

I think the whole nine of us got him.

Bugs in the Game

We did stand him on his head—for a minute. Then things began to happen. This time, instead of just trying to get out of the United States, the lot tried to take a trip around the world. When my head got clearer I found that I was still in the lot, and so were Shike Miller and Nanny-goat and the others. We were all dumped on the ground except Nanny-goat, and the big fellow had Nanny-goat and was swinging him around like a dumb-bell, and Nanny-goat was yelling fit to kill himself.

"We ought to stop that," said Shike.

"That's right," said I, "we ought."

But we didn't feel well enough to stop anything just then, and Shike said, "In about another minute I'll be ready to take a fall out of that guy if he don't let Nanny-goat go."

Well, the big fellow *did* let Nanny-goat go. He sailed him away as though he was a cucumber with arms and legs, and when Nanny-goat fell he looked like a cucumber that's been busted. He just lay there and stared up at the sky as though he had never seen it before.

"How about some more football?" said the big fellow.

"Not—not just now," said Shike.

Bugs looked at us, and after a while I remembered that hole in my stocking and looked down to see if it had grown any bigger. When I looked up again Bugs was walking away. Nanny-goat sat up slowly and felt himself all over.

"Say," said Nanny-goat, "I guess we made that fellow mad."

"No," said Shike. "Did we?"

Bugs was out of the lot and was disappearing around a corner. Just then Hog-fat gave a squeal.

"Say," he cried, "he's getting away with our football. See it under his arm?"

"Maybe we can go around and ask for it," I said. "Where does he live?"

Nobody knew.

"We can't practice without a football," Hog-fat said, and Nanny-goat said, "You invited him in the game," and Hog-fat said, "Stupid, you wanted me to." And then Shike said, "If we don't practice, the Cherry Hills will wallop us."

I was the captain and it was up to me to do something.

"Go after him, somebody," I said. But nobody did.

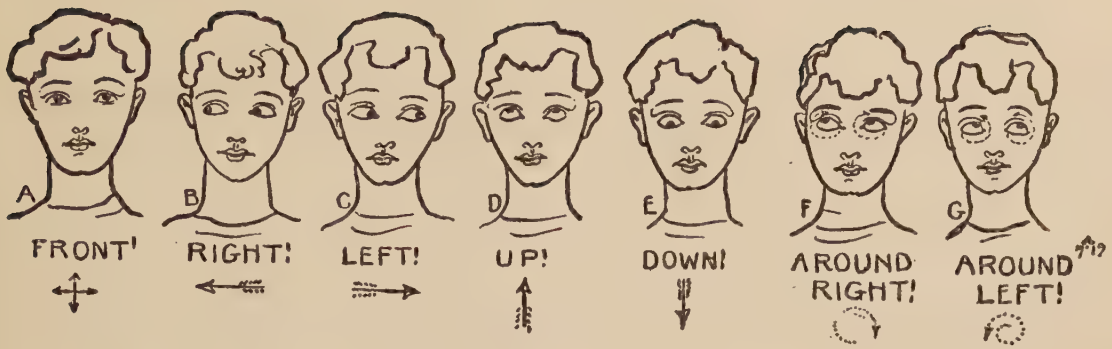
Well, we tried to practice with an old derby hat, and with a pair of Googly's pants tied into a ball with strings, but it wasn't right.

The Cherry Hills beat us, and when we left the field we noticed Bugs sitting with the Cherry Hills and laughing something awful.

On the way home Hog-fat said, "I bet the Cherry Hillers sent him down to get our football so we couldn't practice," and Nanny-goat said, "Who was the boob who wanted him in the game?" and Hog-fat said, "You're as big a boob as I am for starting the funny work," and Nanny-goat said, "I couldn't be as big a boob as you without having my mother send for the doctor to see what ailed me."

Well, that got Hog-fat mad and he said, "I've got a mind to take a crack at you," and Nanny-goat said he wasn't big enough, and I thought that somebody ought to be tanned for all that had happened to us so I let them fight, and that's how Hog-fat got the second scar on his head.

It wasn't until the next day that I thought of Googly and the starch he was sent for and the ten cents he lost and how this started all our troubles. Then it was too late to do anything to Googly because he was in bed with the leg he broke when he slipped on a banana skin while running to break the news to Hog-fat's mother that Hog-fat had a new scar on his head.



The Squirm Dance

By Dan Beard

Illustrated by the Author

Scouting recognizes the fact that a boy should have an all-around development, but thousands of scouts live in the cities, big cities which were built by business men with no idea of any other use than business purposes, with no reference to the existence of young people, hence it is necessary to have setting-up exercises and other calisthenics.

But with eight years' supervision of boys in camp, the writer has discovered that although the ordinary calisthenics and setting-up exercises are splendid for the development of the muscles, nevertheless, there is a lack of the right sort of exercise to make the limbs and muscles supple. This was impressed upon his mind by the recollections of the unconscious exercise in squirming that he and his playmates had on the banks of the old Licking River. The boys did not squirm for exercise, they did it for fun, and in the squirm dance which follows the description of the "slippery" you must do it for fun also, the more fun you have

the more good the exercise does you, but I know you want to hear about the "slippery" first.

Gee whizz! but it was hot!

All the insects, birds and boys knew exactly how warm it was, and many even rejoiced in the torrid temperature. The great river was shrunken until its wide banks enclosed it like a misfit garment. In front of the pontoon bridge, made of coal barges, which spanned the river, a dust colored sentinel marched up and down. The yellow clay mud of the banks had dried in the sun and shrunken, making a network of deep cracks which divided the sun-baked clay into sections like the tiles of a well-laid pavement.

Where a group of willows shades the steep banks, a party of barefooted boys made a path to the water by removing the dry cakes of mud from the bank and exposing the damp understrata of clay in a direct line down the steepest grade of the bank. When this task was accomplished, the fellows stripped themselves of

The Squirm Dance

all their garments, and then, filling some old canvas haversacks with river water, they carried their dripping burdens to the top of the path and poured the contents over the moist track, a work they continued until they had a track of slippery wet clay about twenty feet long ending at the water's edge; and presently a string of naked boys was coasting down the bank. Each boy as he climbed, dripping and laughing from the river, brought with him his haversack filled with water to pour on the slide.

Concealed by a fringe of cottonwood trees, on the high clay banks, thousands of men were sweltering in the steady dry heat of their canvas city, up over the brow of the hill, which might have been mistaken for a deserted camp had not the regular mechanical tramp of the sentinels on their well-worn paths proclaimed military life and discipline.

Presently the monotonous walk of the sentry on the pontoon bridge was checked, and a corporal with the relief put another man in the sentry's place. But the expressionless countenance of the first sentinel changed as soon as he was dismissed by the corporal and something akin to a smile creased his weather-beaten face as, with gun at right shoulder shift, he blithely marched up the sun-dried bank and disappeared over the top.

Presently the boys on the river were startled by a wild whoop, and looking up in alarm they saw a hundred or more soldiers charging down the bank. Quickly scampering out of the water, the urchins rushed for their clothes but, before they had time to pull their shirts over their wet backs, they discovered that the soldiers were unarmed and, furthermore, that they were wildly throwing off their own clothes. They were soon transformed into a hundred bearded frowzy-headed naked savages who crowded

around the boys and their playground just as wild to have some fun as we were.

The boys' sport was new to the Northern and Eastern-bred soldiers and the first one to get on the "slippery," instead of carefully seating himself as he should have done, stepped on the wet clay with his bare foot, the foot instantly shot out from beneath him and the man went sprawling; in his efforts to save himself he pulled others after him, these in their turn clutched the legs of their nearest comrades and to the intense delight of the astonished urchins, a ball of yelling, squirming humanity glided with the speed of an express train down the steep bank and plunged into the river.

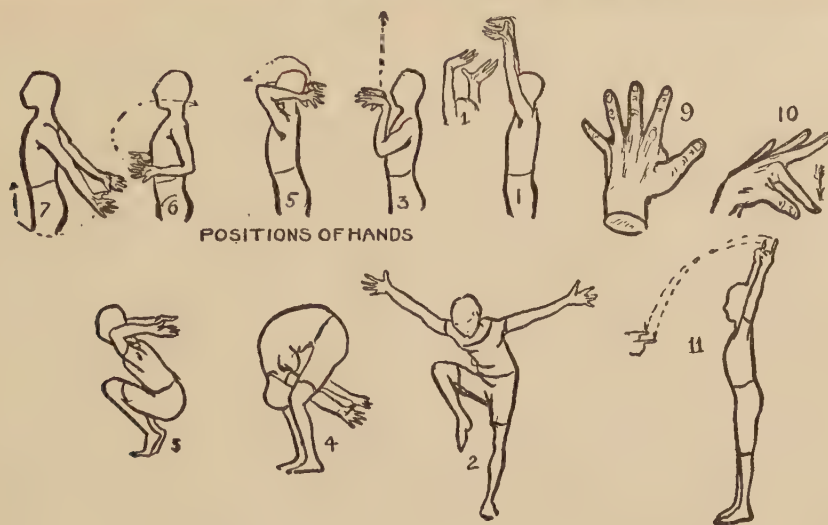
Following the example of the boys, each soldier returned from his slide with some sort of make-shift vessel full of water to pour on the "slippery," so that the latter grew in length, gradually creeping higher and higher up the bank until a concave hollow, three feet wide and sixty feet long, marked the path first made by the boys.

Now then, this squirming on a slippery was one of the best exercises in the world! It developed those boys all over. But as very few boys have slipperies to squirm on, the writer has invented a squirm dance and also an eye drill that scouts may practice and pull off at some council fire as a surprise for the scoutmaster.

THE EYE DRILL

This drill will improve your eyesight and help to correct any tendency toward incomplete focusing of the eyes. You must remember that the eye is a round ball held in place by four muscles; if one of those muscles is a little stronger than the others, it pulls the eye in its direction and throws it out of focus; therefore, if we exercise these muscles systematically

The Squirm Dance



we are bound to give more or less equal strength to all four muscles.

TROOP—ATTENTION!

Line up, and at the command of "Eyes—Front!" look straight ahead of you. Now then

Eyes—Front! (Fig. A.)

Eyes—Right! Turn eyes to the right without moving the head. (Fig. B.)

Eyes—Left! Turn your eyes to the left without moving your head.

Eyes—Front! Assume position A.

Eyes—Up! Roll the eyes up as far as you can. (Fig. D.)

Eyes—Down! Roll the eyes down without bending the head. (Fig. E.)

Eyes—Front!

This next move is the most difficult. At the command of "Around Right," look down to the left corner of your eye, roll your eye around to the right until you look down to the right corner of your eye, and then up till you look up to the right corner of your eye, still looking up roll the eye up to the left corner again. Practice this in front of a glass, then at the command

Around—Left! reverse the operation.

Every morning stand in front of the glass and give yourself the eye drill; in a short time you will be able to see further, to look quicker and to be more alert than your companions.

Now for the squirm.

In the diagram H you will note two lines, one made with crosses and dashes and one with dots and dashes; this represents the two bands of scouts entering the council grounds for a squirm, or "snake dance."

We will suppose that the 'dash' and 'dot' represent the Antelope Stockade and the dash and cross the Beaver Stockade; you will now see by reference to Diagram H that the Antelopes enter and turn to the right, that the Beavers enter and turn to the left; when they meet, the Beavers pass the Antelopes on the inside and circle round (Diagram J). After making a circle once or twice at the command of Line—Right and Left! which had better be given by signal, the Antelopes turn first to the left and dodge the Beavers, who turn also to the left, and then the Antelopes turn to the right and the Beavers turn to their right; as the bands

The Squirm Dance

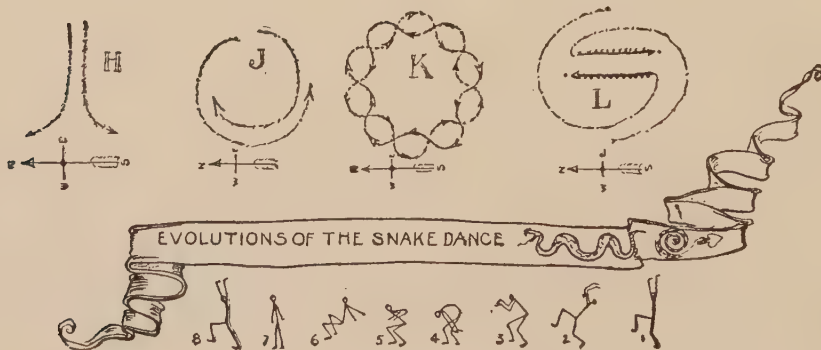
are going in opposite directions, this causes them to weave in and out, as in K.

All the time they are also doing the squirm, Figures 1 to 8. They do the squirm with their hands, their arms and their bodies. First they hold their hands as in Figure 9, with all fingers extended, then they bend in the thumb, folding it in on the palm of the hand, immediately extending it again and bending down the first finger, Figure 10; extending that again they bend down the second finger, and so on. They also twist their arms around right and left, see Figures 6 and 7, and they contort their bodies, Figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. These motions should all be made by the dancers simultaneously.

When the boys have danced long enough to become winded, the Antelopes must come around the circle at the command, and line up, facing the Beavers, as in Diagram L; then the Antelopes hold out their hands, with the index fingers ex-

tended, as in Figure 11, and the Beavers hold their hands up over their heads, with their index fingers extended, as in Figure 11, and at the command of "Fingers Down!" the Beavers bring their fingers down quickly, and the ones who strike the fingers of the Antelopes receive credit marks; the ones they miss get no credit mark. This movement is repeated with the sides reversed. The dancers circle round again, as in Diagram 11, and at the command of "Scouts Squat," settle down cross-legged, around the camp fire.

To dance this properly the council should have a tom-tom or Indian drum of some kind to beat in order to give time to the dancing. A bass drum is excellent for this purpose, but I have known real Indians to have some of their party repeat "tom-tom-tom" at regular intervals to punctuate the song or dance when they gave an impromptu performance without their tom-tom drum. The snake dance, however, goes best to real music.



A Knight in Motley

By Arthur Edwards Chapman

Illustrated by Henry Pitz

WACE, son of Featherbrain, jester to the good knight Cerdic of Moorsdale, was fallen from grace. The cause of it all had been but slight: a too presuming jest at an inopportune moment when the good knight was in somber mood and little inclined for trifling. The wrath of Cerdic had descended upon the unhappy fool's head—and the whip upon his back—and he had been banished from the castle in temporary disgrace.

'Twas not the smarting of his scourged shoulders, however, that was responsible for the expression of gloom that overshadowed Wace's broad, none-too-personable face as he shuffled aimlessly along. No, 'twas not this, for he recked little of the physical discomfort. It was his heart that was sick—sick at the thought that his fooling had brought a cloud to his lord's face when he had tried so hard to bring a smile.

But there was another thing that troubled the jester. The fact that he had been dismissed from his lord's presence, not to come nigh him again that day under threat of further punishment. To be cast out from the castle into the cold, bleak countryside was in itself surely bad enough. But within the castle was a scene of bustle and preparation, the heat of roaring fires and the odors of cooking viands that brought water to the mouth.

A wonderful feast was being made ready, Wace told himself ruefully, for Ralph, Baron Hyrst, the Fighting Abbot of Brandaux, was coming that day to honor the castle of Moorsdale with his presence. A great ox had been slain and was roasting over the roaring flames for the entertainment of the knight's household, and much ale and sack was to be served out. For the abbot there was daintier fare—roast peacock, which would be ushered into the banquet amidst a great fanfare of trumpets, all decked out in the glory of its plumage; choice red salmon and toothsome lampreys and like tasty dishes such as seldom came the way of a simple fool, but which by the favor of his lord he was sometimes permitted to partake on occasions like these.

Wace's mouth watered again as he pictured these things, for he had a great weakness for the sweets that fell from his master's table to him by reason of the privileged position which he occupied. His face grew more gloomy as he shuffled onwards, leaving the open spaces and plunging amidst the bare trees of the forest on the fringe of which the castle of Moorsdale was built.

A quaint, forlorn figure was Wace the Jester. A little, undersized fellow, yet broadly built and seemingly no weakling for all the shortness of his stature. He was clad in parti-colored doublet and hose of red and yellow, and on his head,

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great beyond the proportions of his small body, was a high-crowned cap, decorated with many tiny bells that tinkled musically with his movements. About his neck was fast soldered, so that it could not be removed except by cutting, a metal collar which bore the inscription: "Wace, son of Featherbrain, is the born thrall of Cerdic of Moorsdale"—the badge of his servitude.

All suddenly, as the jester continued his aimless course, there came floating to him through the leafless trees that encompassed him a noise of combat—shouts, oaths and the rasp of steel on steel.

As the jester halted there, the clash of arms and the sounds of conflict continued; but to Wace's sharp ears they seemed to be growing less furious as though the combatants were wearying—or becoming fewer.

Removing his cap, the jester stuffed it carefully into the front of his doublet so that the tinkling of the bells might not betray him. Then he commenced to creep cautiously forward, bending low. Presently, through the leafless branches of the forest trees,

he caught a glimpse of struggling human figures, but by reason of the network before him he was not able fully to distinguish what was toward. Wherefore he

edged nearer until he was able to peer between the branches into the small open space beyond.

The signs of a desperate encounter met his gaze. Lying about in ominous silence on the ground were the motionless forms of some half-dozen men-at-arms, their deathly quietness telling its own dread story.

Held firmly in the grip of four evil-visaged soldiers, who wore a livery differing from that of the fallen men, was a tall, well-built man of fifty years or thereabouts. His body was encased in chain mail, but his surcoat had been torn from him and lay crumpled and shredded at his feet so that the device could not be seen. His head was bare of covering, and his face, strong and not unhandsome, was stern and creased in

anger as he glared defiance at the armor-clad figure of a knight who sat astride a noble war horse, staring down at him with an evil, twisted smile on his dark face.



A wonderful feast was being made ready, Wace thought, ruefully

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As the jester beheld the captive he scarce was able to repress a gasp of amaze, for he recognized in the knightly figure the fighting Abbot of Brandaux.

Clear was it to Wace what had happened. The abbot, journeying to the castle of Moorsdale, had been ambushed by the underlings of this dark-faced, triumphantly-leering man upon the great war-horse. And he Wace knew only too well as one Sir Fulke de Maltroit, a neighboring baron whose manor adjoined that of Cerdic of Moorsdale,

The abbot, realizing that he could not free himself from the four lusty rogues who clung so hardily to him, ceased struggling and contented himself with staring scornfully at his captor and the score or so men-at-arms who lurked behind him.

"And so," the abbot said, "the most noble Sir Fulke comes out into the open and adds to his uncountable misdeeds the crime of sacrilege!"

Fulke de Maltroit flushed darkly at the words. Then he restrained his anger and laughed harshly.

"By my honor," he laughed, "I had not counted on *that* to surprise thee!"

"Honor!" repeated the abbot. "Honor! The word cometh evilly from thy tongue! I had known thee to be vile; but for this offense shalt thou indeed pay heavily to the church!"

"Ah, but," taunted De Maltroit, "the church must first deliver its reckoning!"

The abbot's face paled with anger at the reference to the evil knight's power. He knew only too well that even were he free it would be no easy task to bring De Maltroit to book, for the baron was well known to be much favored by the renegade Prince John.

Realizing all this, the abbot waxed more wrathful and struggled mightily with his captors, seeking to throw them off

that he might hurl himself upon De Maltroit.

"Oh, thou cunning traitor!" he cried. "Truly thou art brave to taunt one whose arms are held fast. If thou still hast anything of knightliness I charge thee to set me free here with a good sword in my hand and I will serve my reckoning on thy craven body!"

Evil Sir Fulke laughed again in his captive's face, and slowly drawing off his gauntlet he deliberately flicked the abbot in the face with it.

"That for thy insolence!" he sneered. "But thy challenge I may not take up—for thou art more of value alive than dead!"

The abbot went first white and then red with the force of his passion, and wrestled strongly to free himself. And so fierce were his efforts that the men-at-arms had perforce to summon more of their companions to their aid to hold him.

But Sir Fulke heeded naught of this, With a light, tuneful air rising to his lips, he turned his steed's head about and rode slowly along the forest track, while the men-at-arms followed in his wake, bearing with them in their midst the impotently raging figure of the fighting Abbot of Brandaux.

Wace the Jester, from his place of hiding, watched the going of Sir Fulke and his prisoner; but not until the party had disappeared entirely from his view, and the sounds of their progress died into the distance, did he venture to rise.

When at last he did get to his feet his big, ugly face was creased in thought, and his bright eyes gleamed with a strange excitement.

For Wace was considering deeply those things that he had seen and heard, and his thoughts ran in strange channels. He did not, as most men would have done, think

A Knight in Motley

of hastening to Cerdic of Moorsdale to seek aid for the captive abbot: the memory of his disgrace was too fresh for him to entertain the idea of returning.

"The abbot is my lord's invited guest," he said, aloud in his thin, high-pitched tones, stooping to recover a reddened sword that lay at his feet, "and when he comes not my lord's disappointment will be great."

He raised the sword and swung it skillfully about his head as though to test its balance, the while his face expanded in a wide smile of satisfaction and anticipation.

"But if," he continued, ruminating, "the poor fool is able in his folly to outwit the wiser Sir Fulke and win freedom for the abbot, then will Uncle Cerdic be put in good humor once more. And, perchance, the unhappy fool may be restored to his lord's favor—and that of the toothsome Sir Peacock!"

Pausing only to remove a small dagger from one of the dead soldiers and conceal it within his doublet, the gallant fool set out, following closely the beaten track. With the long sword resting upon his shoulder, he shuffled along with his short, rapid strides, his massive head nodding queerly to and fro as he went.

In this fashion he came at last nigh unto the edge of the forest, close by which he knew stood the castle of the wicked Sir Fulke.

With much of caution he approached the fringe and peered forth across the rolling sward that stretched before him.

Some four hundred yards distant a gray, frowning pile reared itself against the sky. The drawbridge was raised, and no sign of life met the jester's eye, nor did sound come to his ears.

Behind those walls was held the abbot, Wace told himself, and his face wrinkled in perplexity, for how he was to obtain

an entry to the castle he was not able to imagine. And yet if he were to liberate the abbot he had to get there. Ah, if only he had wings like Sir Peacock, he thought, some slight possibility of success there might be; but how a poor fool, even though armed with sword and dagger, was to force the stone walls of this great castle, he could not think.

"Truly was Wace, son of Feather-brain, born into the right calling!" he muttered bitterly. "No more perfect fool ever wore motley!"

'Twas as he brooded thus uncertainly that he suddenly became aware of a new sound that he had not hitherto noticed. It was the heavy falling of steel upon timber, crashing ringingly and echoing through the bare trees of the forest.

Doubtless a woodman engaged upon his task of cutting fuel for his lord's use, Wace reflected, and almost mechanically began to creep along in the direction whence the sound came.

For perhaps fifty or sixty yards the jester stole with the soft-footedness of a fox, while the noise that lured him on became louder, and to it was added the occasional hum of coarse voices.

Drawn up by the edge of the wood was a clumsy ramshackle-looking cart with a dreamy mule between the shafts. On this cart was piled a great quantity of cut logs and dried brushwood. The woodmen were, judging by the sound of their chopping, some little way off amidst the trees.

Moving carefully, Wace at last found himself looking upon the men from behind a screen of evergreen shrub. They were bending over a fallen forest giant, busily dismembering it of its branches with strong blows from their sharp-edged axes. But they were not ordinary woodmen, Wace observed. They were men-at-arms, and he noted with a sudden



The three men-at-arms rushed upon the Abbot

A Knight in Motley

lightening of his heart that they wore the livery of De Maltroit.

Swiftly the jester's brain was working, and the solution to a seemingly unsolvable problem came to him. His face broadened in a grin of relief, and he felt that he could have danced with jubilation over his plan.

There was little time for him to waste, however, if he were to put his plan into action, for now the two men-at-arms had ceased their work and were beginning to gather in bundles of wood which they had hewed.

Now was the time to act, Wace whispered to himself as he began to edge silently away.

Darting back to where the clumsy cart stood, he quietly began to draw aside the wood from one corner. Scrambling into the space thus cleared, he pulled the branches over him so that he was completely covered.

Only just in time was he, for barely had he concealed himself than the two men-at-arms emerged from the forest, bearing their burdens on their backs. Flinging the wood on to the cart so that it formed a further covering for the hidden jester, they began to lead the mule towards the castle.

Presently the jolting of the cart came to an end, and Wace heard one of the men give a loud hail which was answered from behind the castle walls. The draw-bridge slowly descended with a great rattling of chains and a clattering bump. Then the cart moved forward once more and the bridge rose behind it.

Wace heard the men-at-arms pass a coarse jest with the guard at the bridge as the cart rumbled past with a great complaining creaking of its clumsy wheels. Finally it drew up and came to a standstill, while a sudden fear oppressed Wace—a fear lest the men should seek to

remove their load of wood and so discover his presence.

But his fears proved to be ill-grounded, for none of the brushwood covering was raised from over him, and no rough hand reached down to drag him ruthlessly from his refuge. Instead came the gruff tones of one of the men:

"'Twill take no harm to be left here, comrade, while we slake our thirst."

The other muttered an agreement, and then came the crunch of their heavy feet across the rough courtyard into the distance.

A great sigh of relief heaved Wace the Jester at the going of the two men-at-arms. To his ears came the faint sounds of many voices raised in carousal; a burst of ribald song and coarse laughter; and now an angry outcry and a fierce oath from nearer at hand.

Cautiously the jester raised himself, and, lifting up the branches that covered him, cast about him to see in what manner of place he was.

The cart had been left in the courtyard of the castle, drawn up alongside an inner moat that surrounded the great keep. The courtyard itself was deserted; but from the small guardhouse at the main gate opposite the keep came loud voices raised in angry disputation. The voices, so far as Wace was able to judge, of some three or four men. It was from the keep itself that the greatest sounds of revelry drifted, and the jester felt a great satisfaction as he realized that the knight and his followers were well occupied.

With a swift glance around, Wace slid from the cart to the ground. A rapid darting movement carried him across the bridge and into the shadow of the arched doorway.

From somewhere in front of him the noise of revelry continued unabating. Holding his sword carefully, he stole si-

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lently along the stone passage and presently found himself in a second that ran at right-angles across the end of it. The walls of this second passage were hung with heavy tapestries, and it was from a partly concealed doorway directly opposite Wace that the raucous voices of the merry-makers issued.

On tip-toe the jester glided up to the half-parted hangings and peered through. He found himself gazing into a great hall, about one end of which were sitting or lying some three score lusty knaves in various stages of sobriety.

While the jester gazed upon the scene the clomp, clomp of heavy feet ringing on the stone paving of the passage at his right hand burst suddenly on his ears, and a thrill of fear ran icily down his spine. The hum of voices was added to the tramping feet, coming every instant louder and nearer.

In alarm Wace glared fearfully about him, seeking that place where he might hide himself ere the newcomers should discover him. As the footsteps drew closer he darted swiftly round the corner into the entrance way. Creeping between the heavy hangings and the dusty walls, he pressed his little body into as small a compass as was possible, holding his very breath lest it should betray him.

He heard the men coming along towards him, conversing together in low tones, and, his curiosity overcoming his fear, he cautiously parted the tapestries slightly so that he was able to look upon them.

One of them, he knew by the harsh tones of his voice, was De Maltroit, and as the pair came from out the dimness of the passage into the light that streaked through the open doorway, he saw that Sir Fulke's companion was one Sir Brian FitzBrian, a roving knight of whom many evil tales were told, and whose

treacherous nature had won the opprobrium of all true knights.

" . . . 'tis so, by my hilt!" Wace caught De Maltroit's words as the two passed by. " . . . 'tis so, by my hilt! As rich a pigeon as ever came my way for the plucking!"

"Aye," answered FitzBrian; "and stubborn though he be our treatment will squeeze some of the fat from him, that I'll vow!"

And he laughed unpleasantly.

"This chance which we are now going to offer him shall be his last," De Maltroit said, and his voice became fainter as he passed on. " . . . and then if he listens not to reason . . . ah, then!"

The words, sinister words, trailed off in a faint chuckle, and the sound of the knights' footfalls receded along the passage.

All a-tremble with excitement, Wace moved softly from behind the hangings and with infinite care looked around into the left-hand passage. The continued clamor from the great hall assured him that De Maltroit's followers were still fully employed, and taking courage from the sounds and the absence of movement elsewhere, he slid noiselessly into the murky passage along which the two knights had disappeared.

Presently the narrow way turned abruptly, and a flight of stone steps rose sharply before him. At the top of this ascent were revealed, by a faint beam of light that entered through a narrow loop-hole, the figures of Sir Fulke and his companion.

Then, turning suddenly in the half light, they vanished from the jester's view.

Slowly, cautiously, Wace began to climb the stone stair, pausing with each tentative step to listen for any sound that would warn him of the approach of

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danger, until, after what seemed an age, the climb was achieved.

Then he found himself in another narrow passage. In the wall at his right was a little arched doorway, covered on the inside by hanging tapestries. From behind these hangings voices proceeded, and Wace, approaching on tip-toe, ventured with no little trepidation to part the curtains where they joined the wall and peer through the tiny space.

There, securely bound with ropes to the foot of the bedstead, was the abbot, while standing before him with their backs half turned to the jester were De Maltroit and Sir Brian FitzBrian.

As Wace the Jester gazed upon this scene De Maltroit spoke.

"Thou hast been treated with gentleness till now," he said. "But remember well that there are deep dungeons below and pretty playthings which my knaves love well to handle!"

The abbot faced him without fear, and his lip curled slowly in a smile of contempt.

"Why waste thy breath longer, Sir Knave?" he asked quietly. "The church's treasures shalt thou never have—and for this outrage the church will make thee pay!"

De Maltroit interrupted him.

"Enough, enough," he said. "This comedy hath proceeded far enough." His tones rang with a cruel, steely hardness. "While the light lasts thou shalt remain here. And think well on thy plight, for if thou dost not pass thy word for the ransom we demand thou shalt taste the deepest dungeon and the persuasive powers of my varlets!"

With this sinister promise, De Maltroit swung about abruptly on his heel and strode towards the doorway, followed by FitzBrian.

As Wace, watching from behind the

curtain, saw them moving towards him he darted quickly back into the gloom of the passage away from the stair.

The two knights emerged slowly and, in close converse, began to descend the stair, not noticing the jester.

In a fever of impatience Wace waited there until they had passed from sight. Then all a-quiver with a delighted eagerness he passed again to the entrance to the bed-chamber, and, parting the hangings, strode boldly into the room, his long sword resting upon his broad shoulder, a wide smile of triumph on his ugly face.

As the abbot beheld the dwarf who had come upon him thus unexpectedly, a low cry of amaze escaped him.

"What miracle is this?" he exclaimed. "What brings the fool of Cerdic of Moorsdale here?"

"I have braved many perils to aid thee, father," Wace began proudly as he severed the captive's bonds with a few skillful cuts of his weapon.

"Thou hast put thy head into the lion's mouth alone and unaided?" questioned the abbot incredulously as the cords fell from him and he stretched his cramped limbs.

"Aye, verily."

"Then, truly, art thou a perfect fool! And yet, withal, a brave and devoted one!"

The abbot was silent a space, gazing upon the dwarf thoughtfully.

"And art prepared, bold fool," he said at length, "to make a bid to overpower the guard and dash for freedom?"

For answer the jester raised his long sword and placed it in the abbot's hands. Then sliding his fingers into the front of his doublet, he drew out his dagger and tested its point with his thumb in grim satisfaction.

"Lead on, good Father Abbot," he said shrilly. "I be but a fool—but this



A flight of arrows hissing and whining

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my dagger is sharper than the wisest man's wits!"

At this, taking the sword, the abbot strode from the chamber and out into the passage with a boldness that made the jester's eyes to open wide with awe as he followed noiselessly.

Silently and watchfully the pair glided down the stone steps, and any slight sound they might have made was drowned by the uproar that came from the great hall below.

They reached the lower floor, and with silent tread stole past that danger zone in safety and undetected, reaching the passage that led to the courtyard. There was no sign of anyone but from the guard-house came the sounds of harsh voices raised angrily.

"One swift dash across the open ere they can observe us," said the abbot to Wace. "Thou wilt lower the bridge while this good blade holds the knaves at bay. . . . Thou understandest?"

"Aye," muttered the dwarf, and carressed his keen dagger with his thin fingers. "Then come!"

Across the courtyard the abbot sped with great strides, the jester hastening at his heels. Past the guard-house they darted and up to the gate ere any noticed their coming.

As the jester seized the chain by which the drawbridge was moved and began to pull upwards upon it, shouts of surprise and alarm came from the guard-house and out stumbled three men-at-arms.

"Hasten! Lower the drawbridge!" cried the abbot to Wace, and, planting himself firmly, he raised his sword on high.

The three men-at-arms rushed in upon the abbot, aiming wild blows at him. Down swept the abbot's blade, catching one of the men so shrewdly upon his steel cap that he was laid senseless. Seeing

this, the other two separated and while one assailed the abbot from the front, the other began to creep round warily to take him in the rear.

The one who attacked the abbot seemingly had not imbibed so freely of the liquor as had his companions, and he fought fiercely and with some little skill so that the abbot's attention was perforce distracted from the other knave. This fellow had succeeded in getting behind the abbot and was raising his weapon to strike him in the back.

It was like to have gone hardly with the abbot then had not Wace perceived and recognized the danger. With a loud, shrill cry the jester leapt, his dagger upraised in his hand. As the man thrust clumsily at the abbot's undefended back, Wace's slender blade found his throat, and with a little gurgling cry he collapsed limply and lay still.

As the jester turned again to the gate in haste, loud exclamations of enquiry and consternation arose within the keep, and out into the courtyard came pouring uncertainly the retainers of De Maltroit, some of them carrying weapons which they had hastily snatched up, but the majority of them unarmed and befuddled with overmuch ale and sack. Above their clamor sounded the roaring of Sir Fulke demanding to know what was amiss, and presently the knight himself emerged. At his heels followed FitzBrian, sword in hand.

A great bellow of rage issued from De Maltroit as he saw his captive battling there before the gate, while the dwarf tugged manfully with all his power at the drawbridge chain.

"Bestir thyselfs, knaves—fools!" he raved. "Seize me yon pair!"

And snatching a sword from a nearby soldier he began to run across the courtyard, while the men-at-arms, recover-

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ing themselves somewhat, surged forward in a body.

"Hasten—the bridge!" the abbot cried a second time, and with a cunning thrust laid his opponent low.

But the dwarf had already done his work, and with a great rattling the bridge descended, leaving open the way to freedom.

Pausing not an instant, the fugitives fled across the bridge and out into the open beyond, while behind them, raging mightily, tore De Maltroit, urging his men on with threats and curses.

All suddenly, as the abbot and Wace drew nigh the forest, a knight in full armor, and mounted on a great war-horse, burst from amidst the trees, and at the same instant a company of archers who were behind him, at his command, bent their bows. A flight of shafts flew hissing and whining above the fugitives' heads to find many a billet amongst De Maltroit's men-at-arms.

In dismay the knaves faltered, and then, turning tail, fled in confusion to the castle despite the wild ragings of their lord. Even FitzBrian evidently had no stomach for further fighting, for he also retreated, leaving Sir Fulke standing there, his awful rage forcing him on: prudence urging him to fall back to the protection of his walls.

Then as he saw the mounted knight galloping hotly towards him he shook his sword in the air, and, with a shout of defiance, swung on his heel and fled towards the castle.

The mounted knight made a great effort to overtake De Maltroit, but he was too late. Sir Fulke disappeared through the gate, and the drawbridge began slowly and noisily to rise just as Cerdic of Moorsdale—for such the knight was—drew rein at the edge of the moat—baffled.

Seeing that his enemy had escaped him, Cerdic, with an exclamation of disappointment, turned his steed about and rode slowly back to where the abbot and Wace had found safety.

"A murrain on the false knave!" Cerdic cried angrily. "He hath escaped us!"

"The debt can rest for the nonce," the abbot said quietly, leaning upon his sword, "since I and this bold fool of thine have won safety once more. Truly, good Cerdic, thy coming was right opportune. What miracle brought thee to our aid?"

"Nay, no miracle, my lord abbot, but the gallantry of one of thy men who, though sorely wounded, did drag himself to Moorsdale and warn me of thy peril."

"Yet would thy coming have been in vain," the abbot murmured softly, "had it not been for the folly of thy jester!"

And he thereupon spoke of all that Wace had done, and of his great bravery.

"By my hilt!" cried Cerdic in amaze when he had heard. "His folly I knew full well; but that such a brave heart beat beneath his motley I had not realized!"

He turned to Wace. But that noble fool had sheltered himself behind the abbot's great form, and from that refuge he looked out with doubtful eyes upon his lord, and his fingers strayed with painful recollection to his shoulders.

Seeing the motion, Cerdic of Moorsdale burst out into a great laugh.

"Nay, thou poor fool," he laughed, "fear not, for thy presumption hath already been forgiven thee. Thou art indeed a faithful knave and shalt be rewarded well for thy work of this day."

At the hearing of this, and the sight of his lord's smiling face, Wace the Jester came forward with light steps, his ugly face expanded in a broad grin of pleasure. For now that he was restored to his

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lord's good graces he cared for naught—
but one thing.

"Gramercy, Uncle Cerdic," he grinned,
dancing restlessly on his toes, "but I want
no reward from *thee*——"

"What, knave——" began Cerdic with
some anger.

"But if," went on the fool unheeding,
"thou canst prevail upon the exquisite Sir
Peacock to look with favor upon the poor
fool——!"

And his little eyes gleamed longingly,
while he licked his lips in anticipation.

Tough Luck!

By The Cave Scout

*I ask you square—please tell me HOW
A chap can serve his country NOW!
Why, things to-day are much too tame
For glory and undying fame!*

*For war, it seems, will be no more,
There's no wild country to explore—
The chance is slim, it seems to me,
For one who would a hero be.*

*The Colonial fellows got a thrill
By chasing Redcoats DOWN a hill,
And dodging arrows shot from trees
By painted Aborigines!*

*But no new Boone or Buff'lo Bill
Can pages of our history fill—
Those days are gone forever more,
And I've no chance—it makes me sore!*

*Why, even back in sixty-two
Were lots of things a boy could do;*

*He had a chance to fight and save
The nation, and to free the slave.*

*And some boys had a bully day
With Dewey at Manila Bay,
And some in Cuba had some fun
By putting Spaniards on the run!*

*And my big brother had his chance
With Pershing over there in France;
But my chance—shucks! It's just no good,
With Kaiser Billy sawing wood.*

*And NOW they tell me—gee, the nerve!
They tell me NOW that I can serve
By learning HOW to tie a knot
Or cleaning up a vacant lot!*

*I want a chance to show my sand!
I want to fight to beat the band!
I want—Oh thunder! What's the use!
Oh, why can't something big break loose!*

The Initiation of Sport

By George G. Livermore

Illustrated by R. A. Cameron



The Owl leaped violently upon the Animal

THE Owl leaped violently upon the Animal, toppled him over upon the divan, planted a knee on his chest, and belabored him over the head with a pillow.

"I got it! I got it!" he cried as a beatific smile overspread his angular features.

The Animal, with a half-smothered grunt, heaved him off and sat up, smoothing his hair.

"Got them, I should say," he replied, running a finger around inside his collar and twitching his tie straight. "What's the matter with you, anyway, Owl? You're more foolish than usual."

"Foolish like a fox this time, old son," the Owl answered as he drew a lump of hard, white candy known as a Gibraltar from his pocket.

"Here, gimme half," said the Animal, catching his arm just in time.

Reluctantly, the Owl, by the aid of the poker, broke the candy in two, incidentally cracking a tile on the hearth in the process.

The Animal popped his portion into his mouth and curled himself up on the divan, darting shrewd glances at his companion from his steel-gray eyes.

"Now, what's all the riot about?" he asked.

"Sport Scully."

"What about him? Been winning a bet from the doctor?"

"Maybe, I don't know. What 'do you think of him, anyway, Animal?"

The Animal ran his fingers through his tousled red thatch. "I dunno," he remarked. "He's a great bird, all right. I used to think with his wanting to bet on everything, and general talk, that he was the biggest loud mouth that ever hit Sweetwater; but, gosh all hemlock, Owl, he always makes good. That's what keeps me guessing. Remember how he said he could swim half a mile with his clothes on, and when the Clown thought he'd call his bluff, he went right over to the lake and did it. Only that broker ankle kept him off the football team."

"Is he on the level?"

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The Animal reflected a minute.

"Well," he said at last, "that stunt he pulled on Hollis was pretty near the limit; but then he always claimed Hollis had rooked him on some deal or other. I dunno, I dunno, Owl."

"Young Manners, who rooms with him, claims he's a prince," said the Owl, "and the teachers all like him; and he sure is one corking athlete."

"I know he is," replied the Animal, "if only he wouldn't talk so much about what he can do, and offer to bet with everybody on anything. He's fresh for a new boy."

"Question is," interrupted the Owl, scratching an ear, "do we want him in the Clan?"

"Hum," replied the Animal; "we do and we don't. That's what we have been trying to find out since last September."

"I've got a way to find out."

For a few minutes the boys whispered together, and then the Animal rose.

"That might do," he said at last; "but I am always a little afraid of your schemes, Owl; they sound all right, but usually there's a kick to them that is anything but pleasant."

"Will you speak to Sport in the morning?" asked the Owl.

"Not on your life!" retorted the Animal. "Farmer Richard's apples were enough for me; my beautiful blond head has carried several gray hairs since that charming little episode. Let the Clown do it. I'll play this game from the bench."

The next morning after chapel, Sport Scully sauntered slowly down Spring Street, pleased with the world in general, and particularly so with one, in his estimation, of its most important inhabitants, to wit, Edward D. Scully. He was that morning rather more pleased with himself than usual, for, with marvelous finan-

cial acumen, he had managed his last allowance check so well that, although it was the last day of the month, he still had two quarters in his pocket, and the happy knowledge in his mind that his semi-weekly letter from his mother would contain a check.

The Clown, spying him from the other side of the street, ambled over and touched him on the shoulder.

Sport spun on his heel.

"Why, how's the blooming boy this beautiful fresh morning?"

"Morning isn't all that's fresh around here," replied the Clown sadly; "but never mind the weather, Sport, come on over to the park, I want to talk to you."

The boys turned from the slab stone sidewalk, through an open gate into the little village park or green, as the townspeople called it, and seated themselves on a wooden bench.

Sport carefully pulled up his trousers so as not to mar their knife-like creases, swung one knee over the other, and yanked his plaid cap over his left eye.

"I'll bet you three strawberry mashes at Gus's it rains before night," he said.

The Clown did not reply, but gazed thoughtfully at the cast-iron statue of a soldier in the uniform of '61, who gripped his musket desperately as he glanced over the peaceful village toward the Bemis Knitting Mill, from whose tall chimney a plume of greasy smoke curled lazily up into the morning sunshine.

"Isn't it awful what misdirected gratitude will do?" he said at last. "For half the money spent on that atrocity, the town might have erected a decent-looking monument."

"Huh," said Sport. "I'll bet they got it cheap."

"Why do you always want to bet on everything?" asked the Clown.

"Why, out where I come from the

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fellers bet on everything," replied Sport, hitching his trousers higher so as to show in all their glory his purple silk socks clocked with yellow.

"Well," said the Clown, "it isn't done at Sweetwater; by new boys, at any rate. Sport, you're fresh. How do you expect to get on here with all the loud-mouth stuff you are forever shooting off?"

"By my beauty and athletic ability," replied Sport good-naturedly. "I'll bet you a pound of Eddie's fudge I make the team."

"Can it, will you?" growled the Clown. "I came here to talk to you, not to make bets."

"I'm waiting."

The Clown stared at him. "Sport," he said, speaking fast and scowling furiously at his companion as he talked, "you've been here two months. Which crowd do you like best? Answer me straight out."

"The Clan," replied Sport. "You fellows are the best little doers in the school. You lead, the other crowds imitate."

"Would you like to join us?"

"Yes."

"All right; we like you, Sport, even if you are fresh, only first you've got to prove you've got nerve."

"I'll bet I've as much as any of you. If you want me to prove it, bring Slippery Elm down back of the gym; he's the best scrapper you've got. I'll tackle him."

"I don't mean that kind of nerve," replied the Clown. "We know you've got sand; but what we do want to know is whether you've the kind of nerve necessary to work in on our various schemes."

"I'll try anything once," replied Sport cheerfully. "Just gimme a chance, that's all."

"That's just what we are going to do. Look here."

As the Clown talked Sport's smiling countenance grew graver and graver.

"So that's what I'm to do, is it?" he said when his uneasiness could no longer be controlled. "Collect money from the people in Franklin supposedly for the benefit of a wounded soldier's hospital and turn what funds I get over to the Clan. That's pretty near the limit."

"Well, I told you we wanted to find out whether you had nerve. Besides, we sha'n't keep all the money, the hospital will get some of it."

"I know; but my brother lost a leg in France, Clown. This is a pretty raw deal you are putting up to me."

"Oh, well, of course, if you want to quit before you start, why, all right," replied the Clown, rising and looking down at his companion.

"Who said anything about quitting," retorted Sport, with some heat. "Just let me have a minute to think this over, will you? And say, Clown," he added after a minute's hesitation, "is there really any such hospital?"

"Sure," replied the Clown; "the Inter-collegiate, run by funds collected and subscribed by college and prep school men."

"All right, then, I'll do it," said Sport, and a grim smile twitched at the corners of his mouth as he held out his hand.

The Clown hesitated, then gave him a half-hearted grip.

"Here, you'll need these," he said, handing over some papers, "to prove to people you are authorized to collect the money."

Sport glanced through the papers rapidly and stuffed them into his pocket.

"How much am I supposed to collect?" he asked.

"All you can get," replied the Clown. "I don't expect it will be much; forty or fifty dollars at the most."

"Forty or fifty nothin'," snorted Sport. "I'll bet I get a hundred."

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"There you go wanting to bet again," said the Clown dolefully. "Cut it out, for the love of Pete. You are to report Thursday morning after Chapel in the Owl's room, that's all. Of course, you understand you are not to mention this to any one, and you are to work faithfully all three afternoons; no stalling. Remember!" And he walked rapidly away.

For some minutes Sport sat on the bench punching holes with his heels in the little strip of turf that bordered the walk. Then he rose and, cocking his cap at an even more insolent angle, sauntered off to the Post-office, where he found the expected letter from his mother. He looked at the check for forty dollars which she had enclosed, and then did what was for him an astounding thing; instead of rushing across the street to the Sweetwater National Bank to get it cashed, he folded the check up, slipped it back into the envelope, and trudged up the street to Morgan Hall, where he roomed on the

top floor with young Manners. There he cached the letter and check in a bureau drawer.

After luncheon he took the first car for Franklin, studying on the way over the descriptive circular of the hospital which the Clown had given him. As the

car rattled through the outlying portions of the town, Sport's courage began to ooze away, and visions of expulsion from school and a trial in the county Court, with the state prison looming hideously in the background, danced before his eyes. He got off at the square without any definite plan of how to begin his task, which grew more loathsome with every minute. In truth he felt for all the world like a criminal.



He noticed a policeman in front of the house

"I'll walk out to the end of the street and try each door on the way back," he muttered with an air of trying to excuse himself for putting off his disagreeable work.

As he walked he thought over what he would say, and the more he thought the

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faster he walked, so that in a few minutes, when he looked up, he was astonished to find he had covered ten blocks.

Sport took a long breath. "Here goes," he said to himself as he plunged across the street for a factory door.

But Sport did not reckon with the appeal of his errand at its full worth, for hardly had the diminutive office boy disappeared behind the door marked private when old man Timmins beckoned to him from the doorway.

"Sit down, young man," rasped the old gentleman. "What's this? Intercollegiate Hospital for Wounded Soldiers? Hum."

"Yes, sir," said Sport, hating himself more than ever. "Run, you know, by funds raised by preparatory schools and colleges."

"Hum! hum!" grunted the old man, rummaging about in the top drawer of his desk. "Got a boy over there now," he said at last, drawing his check book to light. "Among the first to go. Enlisted with the regulars and got a commission last summer."

He scratched diligently for a minute. "Here," handing Sport a check.

Sport glanced at it. "Why, sir," he stammered.

"What's the matter?" asked the old man. "Want more?"

"Oh, no, sir. I thought it was too much."

"They can have the whole works. Now get out, I'm busy"; and the next minute Sport found himself on the sidewalk, with a check for seventy-five dollars in his hand.

Another glance at the check brought back some of his confidence, for it was made payable to the hospital. He tucked it away in his pocketbook and crossed the street to an Italian shoemaker.

The Italian glanced at the papers Sport showed him. "Licka da Kaiser," he mumbled through a mouthful of shoe nails.

"No! No!" said Sport. "For wounded; see," and he limped realistically about the tiny shop.

"Sure licka da Kaiser," replied the Italian, diving under his waxy apron and thrusting a rumpled two-dollar bill into Sport's hand.

Sport gave him a receipt, at which the Italian looked without interest, and dropped on the floor beside him.

He entered every door all the way to the square, and from a goodly portion he emerged with checks or money; for Franklin from its population of six thousand had sent over four hundred men to the colors, and any appeal for soldiers met in most instances with a hearty response. To be sure, many of the contributions were in the shape of small checks or bills. The native Americans being inclined to make the checks payable to the Hospital, the foreign born handing over cash; and it was a dazed Sport that late in the afternoon climbed on the Sweetwater car with \$135 in checks and forty-eight dollars in cash in his pocket.

That night he sat with his algebra spread on his desk before him, his mind not on unknown quantities, but on the very well-known question that he was already deep in trouble, with the prospect of worse to come.

"If only I hadn't been such a fool as to promise the Clown I would work faithfully for the allotted time," he muttered to himself as he ran his fingers through his hair. "I have already collected more money than they ever expected I would. It would be a cinch to stall for the next two days."

"What's the matter, Sport?" asked his roommate, laying his book aside. "If

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you're hard up, old son, I can help you out. I got my allowance yesterday, and I only owe about half of it. Will sixteen dollars do you any good?"

Sport stood up and jammed his hands into his pockets. "That's mighty decent of you," he began. "This is my funeral. I went into it with my eyes open, and I'll have to stand the gaff."

"Oh, I see," replied young Manners, for, having two older brothers who had been at Sweetwater, he had been reared from infancy in the traditions of the school and its clubs.

Sport wrinkled his brow in thought. "Tell you what you do," he said at last. "You hang on to that sixteen dollars until Thursday. I'll need it then if I need it at all; and if I do need it I'll borrow."

As Sport the next afternoon got off the Franklin car at the foot of Consumption Hill to walk up to the school, the Owl appeared very mysteriously and joined him.

"How's the busy little solicitor these days?" the Owl asked.

"Fine!" replied Sport. "It's a great life if you don't weaken."

"Sure. I suppose you got as much as ten dollars by now?"

"You can suppose all you want; but let me tell you right now, Owl, I'll bet you a knitted tie I raise over two hundred."

"I don't bet, young man," replied the Owl, somewhat startled; "that is, not with first-year boys," he hastily corrected; "but if I did, I should say without hesitation that some one not so many miles away was speechifying through his *chapeau*."

"All right, wait till Thursday morning and I'll show you."

"That's what we will be in my room for, right after Chapel. Don't forget to come, will you?"

"Not much chance of that," Sport muttered as the Owl strode off.

That evening the Clan held a meeting in the Animal's room, with Sport as the chief topic of conversation.

"He wanted to bet me a knitted tie he'd raise two hundred dollars," said the Owl for the third time. "Now, what do you think of that?"

"Why, he's bluffing, of course," replied Slippery Elm. "'Tain't likely he'll get more than twenty-five."

"I don't know; he's a game duck," said the Animal, shaking his head; "and, you know, Owl, I'm not over enthusiastic about your schemes. Remember Richard's apples?"

"Not likely to forget them, am I, with you around?" replied the Owl dolefully.

"Gee, if he does raise that much, he's a wonder," interrupted the Clown. "I think we can use him. Would be a pity to let such ability get away from us."

"Well, he can talk Pop Smith to a standstill," Skeeter Robinson chimed in; "and, believe me, that's going some. We never should have sent him on this errand. We'll be the joke of the place."

"I like him," said Antidote Jones. "Seemed pleased, did he, Owl, when you asked him how much he'd raised?"

"Cockier than ever, wanted to bet right off the bat."

"I'm hungry," said the Clown. "Let's go down to Gus's. They're on you to-night, Slippery. You got a check to-day."

"Yes, come on," they chorused, and the meeting broke up in a rush for the door.

Sport found his last afternoon of soliciting the worst of all. He had left Sweetwater without an umbrella or raincoat, for there was not a cloud in the sky when he boarded the Franklin car. But before he reached Franklin, a cold mist came down from the mountains, bringing with it a dismal, dripping rain, into which Sport descended at the main square.

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He walked to the residential district, and turned down Forest Street, stopping at each house. Perhaps because of the weather he found many persons at home, and the fact that he was soon soaked, together with his exceeding dislike of his work, soon put him in a thoroughly unpleasant frame of mind.

At one house a gracious old lady insisted on his remaining to have afternoon tea with her. Tea and castor oil to Sport were only to be considered in the same category of misery; and, to make matters worse, when he had finished she slipped some bills into his hand, "for the dear boys," as she called them, and asked if he could not give him notes of introduction to several friends who lived near by.

As he descended her front steps he noticed a policeman loitering along the sidewalk in front of the house, and remembered having seen the same man several times that afternoon.

He turned to flee back into the house; but the maid had closed the door, so summoning up his courage, he walked down the path, whistling, to show an air of utter indifference.

The policeman met him at the gate. "You the young feller that's been soliciting for the Intercollegiate Hospital for wounded?" he asked.

"Yes," gulped Sport, already feeling handcuffs upon his wrists.

"Here," said the policeman, a wide smile spreading over his jolly red face, and, diving under his coattails, he produced a five-dollar bill, which he handed to Sport. "Got a son over there with the Army of Occupation," he continued as Sport wrote him a receipt.

The next morning after Chapel he hurried to the Owl's room, where he found the Clan already waiting for him.

"How much did you collect?" asked the Owl before he was fairly inside the room.

"Two hundred and seventy-three dollars."

"I didn't ask how much you would like to have collected, but how much you did collect?" replied the Owl.

"Two hundred and seventy-three dollars; and now you are all here I want to tell you that you are a fine bunch of crooks. Collect money for a hospital for wounded soldiers, and then keep most of it yourselves.

Well, you aren't going to, that's all. I've raised enough money to balance the cash you can keep. You'll have to turn in the checks made payable to the hospital; and let me tell you I wouldn't join this crowd for anything; and, what's more, I'm going out now and tell the whole school. The only reason I took on this job was to see if you are crooked. I found out, all right."



He finished by pulling the checks and money out of his pocket and slamming them down on the table

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He finished by pulling the checks and money out of his pocket and slamming them down on the table.

"Now you can all go to blazes!" he cried belligerently and started toward the door.

The Clown slipped in front of him.

"Get out of my way," yelled Sport, doubling up his fists; but before he could strike Slippery Elm grabbed his arm.

Sport resented the interference of Slippery and with a roar of anger twisted and squirmed out of the other boy's grasp, turned and piled into him. Nor did he stop when the Animal and several others plunged into the fracas. For five minutes a rough and tumble squabble was in progress to the imminent peril of the furniture. Presently the squall blew over.

"Who said we were going to keep most of the money?" panted the Clown delightedly as he got to his feet.

"You did yourself," came the angry reply. "You told me the hospital would only get part. Let me go or I'll lick the

first one of you I catch alone."

"Oh, this is beautiful! Beautiful!" exclaimed Antidote Jones rapturously. "He isn't wise yet."

"Look here, Sport," said the Owl, and he stopped and pinned the little gold triangle pin of the Clan to Sport's vest. "The Clown told you the hospital would get part of the money; that's right, it will. It gets all but thirty cents, your car fare to Franklin, which they told us to deduct as expenses."

The Owl held out his hand, and Sport sheepishly grasped it.

"Here's the grip," continued the Owl. "You're a full-fledged Clansman now."

"Well, I'll be gosh whanged," Sport exploded, while the boys joined hands and circled about him shouting. "He's a Clansman! He's a Clansman now!"

When they stopped Sport turned to the Owl, who was gravely shaking hands with himself. "Say, Owl," he said, "I'll bet—no, I won't. Oh, come on down to Gus's. They're on me."

First Down!

*Sixteen, fourteen, seven, two!
Duck your head and plow right through!
Hear the umpire's whistle blow——
Final down, and two to go!*

*Coaches said, "You'll surely muff
If you try that grandstand stuff;
Follow interference better,
And you'll be a real go-getter!*

*Signals say I'm going to take it;
Now's my chance—I've got to make it!
Dig your toes in, that's the trick;—
(Ready for that old fake kick).*

*Snap it, Benny, 'atta kid!
Fool 'em? Well I'll say we did!
Crash!.....I guess they got me then!
What? Hooray!——First down again!*

SHERMAN RIPLEY

A Good Turn and a Return

By George G. Livermore

Illustrated by Judy Collins

THE Animal, clad in a turkish towel, stood in the bathroom doorway, regarding his roommate with a perplexed air.

Pup McEwen sat hunched up in his desk chair, pawing a solemn looking volume with one hand and with his other making notes in a loose leaf blank book which lay before him.

"Good night!" muttered the Animal in disgust, as he reached for a wet sponge, which he hurled at his roommate with disastrous results to an unoffending alarm clock on the mantelpiece.

Pup never shifted his position.

Seeing that his bombardment was useless and as there was no more ammunition within reach, the Animal skipped across the hall into his bedroom and slammed the door.

"Gee!" he exploded as he hurried into his clothes. "He's a queer one. Here I've been rooming with him a whole term, and so help me I don't know what to make of him yet. He's a regular fellow in everything except American History, and on that he's a nut."

He finished dressing and stamped out into the study where, tip-

ping an avalanche of books out of an easy chair, he settled himself comfortably in its depths, threw his legs over an arm, and shouted "Pup!"

Pup McEwen looked around dazedly and, becoming aware for the first time of the Animal's presence, beamed happily upon his roommate.

"Glad you've come in, Animal," he said cordially. "Who was Ambassador to Italy under President Cleveland?"

"I don't know," replied the Animal shortly, "and neither do I know the first names of all of John Hancock's wife's cousins, but if you can keep your nose out of that history long enough to listen, I'll tell you one thing I do know."



With disastrous results to an unoffending alarm clock on the mantelpiece

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"Eh, yes, why, of course," mumbled Pup as he bent his head over the desk once more.

"No, you 'don't," shouted the Animal, and grabbing the book from under his roommate's hand he promptly sat down upon it. "Now, see here," he continued. "I'm going to talk to you for a few minutes and I want you to listen, and if you think about history or anything else except what I'm saying I'll lick you." After which belligerent statement the Animal glared fiercely at his roommate, who regarded him with a trifle more interest than formerly.

"Are you going to run the relay against Hull?" the Animal asked.

"I hadn't thought of it."

"Well, you think of it right now. I'm captain of the track team and I want to know."

"I'm not in training."

"Rot! you're always in shape. You can go out on the track to-morrow and run the three ninety-two seconds faster than anyone else in school. If you run we can beat Hull, and have a chance to win the meet; if you 'don't we're licked. What are you going to do?"

For a minute the Pup gazed dreamily out of a window, watching two English sparrows who were squabbling on the bare branch of a maple. Then his eyes turned to his desk, and rested lovingly upon his notebook.

The Animal fidgeted about in his chair.

"No," said Pup at last. "I can't run."

"Why not?" demanded the Animal angrily.

"American History."

"History!" replied the Animal, "why, you know more history than anyone else in the world. You know so much the Doctor has to sit up all night studying to keep up with you. History!" he ended with a scornful snort, "you poor ham,

you know more about it than the man who invented it."

"Really, I don't," responded the Pup with becoming modesty. "I'm awfully weak on Shays's Rebellion and the Tenth Amendment. No, I won't run," and he hunched his chair nearer the desk and bent over his notebook.

"Did you hear me say Hull would lick us if you didn't? What's the matter with you anyway?"

"History," replied the Pup, absent-mindedly, as he bent over his notebook.

"History! you traitor," howled the Animal and rushed from the room lest in his anger he commit murder.

Half an hour later, as he was leaving the Doctor's study, the latter stopped him on the threshold. "If McEwen should run the relay, you would enter the six hundred, I suppose?" he asked.

"No, sir," the Animal replied. "I'm a relay man, no good at anything else, and, as it is, I'm the slowest on the team. We can only enter two men in the six hundred, Elm and Watson are our best."

"Then you won't enter yourself at all?"

"No, sir."

"It's your senior year, too," the Doctor mused. "I know how you feel. I broke an ankle in my senior year just before the Yale game."

"I don't mind," the Animal said, "that is, if we beat Hull. It's for the school. You will ask him to run, won't you, sir?" he pleaded.

"I have no right to try to influence him if he 'does not want to run," the Doctor replied. "Good night."

When the Animal had gone, the Doctor settled himself in his big chair and picked up a book, but his eyes kept roving from the print to a faded photograph that hung above the mantelpiece. A

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photograph of a football team, in which he saw himself sitting in the front row in civilian clothes with a bandaged foot thrust stiffly out before him.

"It's for the school," he muttered as he walked over and stood beneath the picture. "Loyalty like Thomas's is a fine trait, and, although I'm not quite sure, I feel as though self-sacrifice may count as much in the making of a man as perfect marks."

After his history recitation the next morning, the Pup returned to his rooms, where he wandered listlessly from the study to his bedroom, and then back again. On one of his trips he opened the lower drawer of his dresser and drew forth a crumpled running suit, which he held in his hands for a few minutes, smoothing out the wrinkles, and noticing a rip in one of the shoulders. He laid it on his bed, and poked about in his closet until he found a pair of spiked shoes, which he caressed almost lovingly as he laid them beside the suit.

Then he resumed his pacing back and forth, back and forth, until he finally came to a stop before his desk, upon which lay the latest book on Constitutional Government, which had come in his mail that very morning.

He seated himself at his desk, and skimmed through the pages of his latest treasure. Then, he laid the book aside and took up a history, turning to the chapter on the debates between Lincoln and Douglas; but even the stirring words of those intellectual giants could not hold his attention, and he crossed to the window to look down upon the oval, bathed in the sparkling sunshine of a mellow February day.

He wanted to win the history prize for the third time and he knew that if he took the time to run he would surrender his chance to his rival, Greenleigh, who

was already pressing him close. And, yet, he could not fail the school and his mates who were eager to win the meet.

"I'm going to run, not because I want to, but for the school," he finally decided.

That afternoon when the Pup, clad in his running togs, appeared on the track behind the gym, the Animal almost wept tears of gratitude upon his neck, and even old Mike the trainer gave forth approving grunts as he saw the new addition to the squad swing round the track with the smooth distance-devouring stride of the natural runner.

"Aisy, aisy, me boy," he cackled, as the Pup finished his fourth lap with a burst of speed that left his mates as though they were standing still. "Too much is enough, y' are a bit soft yet, and I'll not have ye laming yerself the furst day out. Come over to the gym wid me now, till I give ye a bit of a rub."

After a shower and a rub down from the skillful hands of old Mike, the Pup, his skin glowing and his lungs gulping in great draughts of the clear crisp air, hurried back to his room, with a savage determination to make good the precious minutes wasted on the track.

But the school had heard the news that Pup was out for the relay team, and the school, or as much of it as had no four o'clock recitations and could squeeze its way into his room, was there to greet him.

At first he was inclined to be vexed for he felt that history demanded his undivided attention until supper, but a saving sense of humor, and a new and pleasant feeling that he was now, in the school's eyes at least, of some importance, soon thawed his reserve, and in a few minutes he was joking and laughing and assuring the skeptics that Sweetwater was going to win the meet.

That evening the wily Animal locked

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the study door and withdrew to his bedroom, leaving the Pup, who, refreshed by his exercise, attacked the Tenth Amendment with a savageness that boded ill for Greenleigh.

Each afternoon the Pup raced his way about the track and each evening, while the Pup burrowed in his beloved history with a new zest born of wholesome exercise in the open air, the Animal guarded the study from interruptions.

One evening a series of timid but persistent knocks on the study door finally brought the Animal from his lair, with wild threats upon his lips, which froze to silence when he saw Greenleigh the shark standing outside in the hall.

"What do you want?" growled the Animal.

"Please, Thomas," stammered the frightened Greenleigh. "For next to the Doctor he held the Animal in reverent awe. 'Please let me speak to McEwen.'"

"Not on your life," replied the Animal, barring the doorway with a brawny arm. "Not a soul comes in here evenings. Don't you know," he continued, jerking a thumb toward the Pup who was blissfully trudging through the icy waters of the Mississippi lowlands with George Rogers

Clark, utterly oblivious of his caller, "don't you know he's studying?"

"I only wanted to speak to him a minute," Greenleigh pleaded.

The Animal gazed down at the funny little figure and hesitated. Finally he dropped his arm. "All right," he said, "I'll allow you three minutes, and if you don't get out then I'll throw you through the window. I won't have the Pup bothered."

Greenleigh seated himself on the edge of a chair.

"McEwen," he said, fiddling with his tie.

Pup looked up from his book.

"Oh, hullo, Greenleigh," he replied cordially. "What is it?"

"Why — er — McEwen. It's like this, you see," Greenleigh began and then stopped from embarrassment.

"What's like this?" inquired the Pup gently, while the Animal glared a savage disapproval from the doorway.

Greenleigh drew a long breath and plunged ahead.

"Why, you're going out for the relay team. I realize what it means to you to give up the time to it; and I just wanted to say if you'll tell me how many hours a day you spend on history, I'll agree to spend a like amount, no more."



"Not on your life," replied the Animal, barring the doorway

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The Pup reached out a big hand into which Greenleigh timidly put his small fist.

"That's mighty white, Greenleigh," he said, giving his small visitor a hearty grip, "But I can't let you do that."

"Good sport," muttered the Animal, approvingly.

"I wish you'd let me, Pup," Greenleigh pleaded. "It don't seem fair for me not to, and I just heard Mr. White is giving an additional prize this year besides the \$50 in gold. A real relic of the Revolution, a gun, or pistol, or something like that, I guess, no one really knows just what, but it's well worth having."

"I want to win, Greenleigh, but you 'do your best and I'll do mine, we'll let it go at that."

"I'm sorry you can't see it my way," said Greenleigh. "I wish you'd let me."

"No," replied the Pup. "I'm much obliged all the same. Good night," and he turned to his desk.

The Animal walked out into the hall with Greenleigh.

"You're a good sport," he said, gravely, "but don't come here again until after the meet. I don't want the Pup's head filled up with a lot of thoughts about what he may lose. I can't understand why anyone would be so nutty over such a thing as an old gun, even if it were in the Revolution. Now if it had been a pair of Arthur Duffy's spiked shoes; but an old gun. Say, by the way," he continued, "why did you make that offer to the Pup? You want to win that relic, don't you?"

"You bet I 'do," replied Greenleigh, "but he's doing it for the school. I can't run. I tried until Mike told me I ran like a sewing machine, in the same place too long, but I thought Pup might run better if he knew I wasn't taking advantage of him."

"I see," said the Animal. "Drop in once in a while after the meet. I'll be glad to have you," and Greenleigh, almost bursting with pride, trotted down the stairs.

Each afternoon the Pup whizzed around the track, making better and better time, until on the afternoon he ran his time trials, he clipped a full second off the school record for the three-ninety, and even old Mike grew hopeful over the chances of winning the meet.

At last the day came for the squad to leave for Boston, and the school gathered about the "gym" steps and roared its confidence in a Sweetwater victory, while the team scrambled into the old barge which was to carry them to the station.

Then, "The Hills," Sweetwater's majestic anthem, swelled forth from three hundred lusty throats. The horses lurched forward, and the team was off. But at the foot of the driveway, the Pup with a startled cry hurdled over the legs of his team mates, and dropping off the back steps of the barge, streaked across the muddy oval, dashed up the steps of his dormitory, and disappeared within.

The members of the squad gazed dumbly at each other in astonishment, while the Animal, ugly thoughts of a last-minute desertion filling his mind, followed his roommate with a howl of rage.

Before the Animal had half crossed the oval, the Pup shot out the door and tore back to the barge, with the Animal puffing indignantly at his side.

"Say, what's the matter with you, anyway? Want us to lose the train?" the latter gasped when both had scrambled aboard and they were once more under way.

The Pup reached under his coat and drew forth a book. "I forgot my history," he replied sheepishly, while the squad roared.

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The great hall in Boston where the meet was held was jammed with a cheering, yelling, singing mass of spectators before the members of the various teams had left their dressing rooms to warm up. The seats on the floor beside the track were filled, the balcony was packed, and the huge stage was a seething mass of boys, Sweetwater at one end and Hull at the other, hurling defiance at each other across a narrow passageway; and to add to the gayety, a military band in one corner was blaring forth popular airs.

After a few last words of advice and encouragement from old Mike, the Animal led his team up the wooden stairs and out upon the main floor of the hall, where its appearance was greeted with a roar from the Sweetwater cheering section, which was answered by a volley of cheers from the Hull crowd when its squad romped out of another door and under the direction of its captain began to warm up.

"Gee, they're a lively looking bunch," the Animal growled to old Mike as they stood together watching their rivals.

"Look at that whale over there putting the shot. He can do 40 feet, they say. Hull is sure of a first there and another in the pole vault."

"I'm afraid they are," replied Mike, "but I'm a Dutchman if we don't beat them on the track. That American History roomie of yours will show his heels to their best," and then he hurried away to Slippery Elm, whose ankle supporter needed adjusting.

Numerous other schools besides Sweetwater and Hull had entered teams, but they were smaller institutions, and at the most hoped to pick up only a few points, although some of them had men on their squads who in some of the events were liable to wreck the hopes of the two larger schools.

Hull walked away with the shot put and the pole vault, and, to make matters worse, also won a first and third in the hurdles; while an up-state high school uncovered a sprinter in the 40-yard dash who won a first from Slippery Elm in an eye-lash finish.

Sweetwater's hopes were revived somewhat, however, when Lob Watson captured the three hundred, and Slippery Elm with Antidote Jones at his heels won a first and second in the six hundred; and Mucker Mahan, to the surprise of all except crafty old Mike and the Animal, who had been secretly grooming him for this one race, breezed home in the van of the half milers.

Hope in Sweetwater hearts died almost as soon as it was born, for Hull took a first and third in the mile and again forged to the front, with only the relay races to run.

"What's the score? What's the score?" shrieked the Owl, who with coat and vest off, his necktie hanging under one ear from a wilted collar, had, with the antics of a whirling dervish, been pumping a steady volume of cheers from the Sweetwater crowd. "What's the score?" he howled again through his megaphone at the Animal.

"Hull 38, Sweetwater 27," growled the latter as he led his team to the dressing rooms where they were to rest until their relay race.

"Looks pretty bad," Slippery Elm mumbled to old Mike a few minutes later, as the trainer was kneading the calves of his legs with a powerful liniment that seemed to sting the tired muscles into life.

"No, not so bad," Mike replied with a final poke that made Slippery wince. "Win the relay, make the fastest time of the day and break the record, they're allowing three points for the fastest time

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and five for the record, that together with the five for the race would give us 40 against Hull's 38.

"Ready, Sweetwater!" an official bel-
lowed down the stairs, and the relay
team, throwing off bathrobes and sweat-
ers, swept up to the track, their spiked
shoes biting into the
wooden treads with a
rasp that bespoke deter-
mination.

At the crack of the
starter's pistol, Lob
Watson
leaped into
the lead, and
running beau-
tifully and
with fine
judgment,
handed over
twelve pre-
cious yards to
Antidote
Jones, the
second man
on the team,
who promptly
lost this ad-
vantage much
to the dismay
of the Sweet-
water sym-
pathizers.

Slippery Elm, running
third, started on even terms
with his opponent, but before
the first lap was finished the
blue and white of the Hull
runner had forged two yards in front, and
on the next lap the distance had widened
to six yards with Slippery running dog-
gedly, putting forth all his strength, but
handicapped by a football ankle that was
rapidly giving way under the pounding of
the hard wooden track.

"We're licked," said the Animal to
old Mike as they watched Slippery and
his opponent swing into the final lap.
"That bird will beat Slippery by ten
yards, and the Pup can never get that
back from their captain. How's the
time? Looks pretty fast."

M i k e
glanced at his
stop watch
and whistled
"They'll
break the
record."

"Precious
lot of good it
will do us
though," the
Animal re-
plied, as the
distance be-
tween the
Hull runner
and his team
mate wid-
ened, slowly,
to be sure,
but neverthe-
less steadily.
"Too bad
Slippery has
that ankle,
we'd have
won."

Into the
home stretch
came the run-
ners, Slippery
Elm laboring

along a good eight yards behind his op-
ponent. Eight awful yards they were to
the Sweetwater crowd, for the Hull cap-
tain, who was prancing impatiently about
the finish line, awaiting the touch of his
team mate, was the fastest relay runner
that had ever won the blue and white.



He felt the red worsted break across his chest and fell
into the arms of the Animal

A Good Turn and a Return

Spat! The Hull runner slapped his captain's hand and the latter was off like a shot scurrying around the first turn like a scared rabbit, while the Pup waited age long seconds for Slippery Elm to touch the hand he stretched behind him.

At last it came. A glancing slap on the forearm and the Pup with three jumps reached the first turn while Slippery Elm, sick with knowledge of the hopeless task he had set his team mate, staggered off the track, sharp stabs of pain shooting through his strained ankle.

"A hopeless lead," thought the Pup, "to try to overtake;" and then a savage determination to catch that flying figure came to him; the thought that he had sacrificed his chance to win the White Prize to run this race, spurred him on, and he settled into his swinging stride, sweeping by the finish line eight yards behind his opponent.

"Run! You can get him, Pup," the Owl howled at him as he flashed by and a chorus of mingled shouts and cheers assailed his ears as he straightened into the stretch on the second lap.

The Hull captain, who had been saving himself, confident that his commanding lead could never be overhauled, was now awake to the danger of those drumming footsteps that seemed to be coming nearer and nearer, and he uncorked a beautiful sprint that again widened the space between him and the flying Pup.

The Pup never slackened, and the distance between him and the Hull runner again began to narrow, gradually at first, then a little faster until only five yards separated the boys as they raced by the stage at the end of the second lap.

Down the first stretch the runners flew, the Pup gaining slowly, but always gaining; they rounded the second corner into the short stretch, and the Pup began to gain more rapidly. Up and up he crept,

until the bobbing blue jersey was only two strides ahead, and the crowd, thrilled with his fight against tremendous odds, was almost delirious.

"Here's where he gets him," the Animal shouted to old Mike.

"Not if he's wise," replied the canny old trainer. "He won't risk a spill on that corner."

As if in obedience to old Mike's words, the Pup swung back of the Hull captain and rounded the corner into the home stretch one stride behind.

At the end of the straightway a red line stretched across the track and the Pup, his lungs almost bursting from the terrific strain, gathered all his remaining strength for one last desperate spurt.

Little by little he gained, inches at a time it seemed, but the Hull captain, running magnificently, fought him off, and the finish line was only a few yards away.

Could he win? The crowd was on its feet yelling like mad, all except the Hull adherents, hoping for the almost impossible. Nearer and nearer loomed the finish and then, just as the Pup drew abreast of his antagonist and the race seemed destined to end in a tie, one last tremendous drive carried him inches to the front. He threw up his arms, felt the red worsted break across his chest, and fell into the arms of old Mike and the Animal who lifted him off the track, as the Sweetwater crowd poured down from the stage and, led by the wild-eyed Owl, swirled around him in a delirium of joy.

"The record by two seconds, Sweetwater wins the meet," announced the scorer, and the Sweetwater crowd, with the Owl brandishing his megaphone, volleyed forth cheer after cheer.

A week after the relay race the Pup called at the Doctor's study to borrow a history, and, as he was sitting alone, his

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host having excused himself to answer the telephone, he picked up a book that lay on the table and began to turn the pages.

As he ran through the leaves, a printed paper slipped to the floor. Picking it up the Pup saw that it was a school history examination. Thinking it an old one, he began to read the questions. The first was, "State the causes leading to Shays's Rebellion and the consequences resulting from this attempted uprising."

The second read "Explain fully the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution."

"Geel!" muttered the Pup. "I'm glad this is an old one. Those two questions would have floored me at the start." Then his eye roved to the bottom of the sheet and, to his horror, he saw that the paper was dated three days later, the day on which the history examination would be held. Then he heard the Doctor say "good night," and the click of the telephone receiver as it was dropped.

The Pup slipped the examination paper between the leaves of the book and laid it on the table. A few minutes later he left with the history he had wanted, and the Doctor sat in his big chair with a puzzled frown upon his face, for the Pup had replaced the history examination in exactly the opposite way in which the Doctor thought he had left it.

The Pup spent three wretched days wondering what he ought to do. If he told the Doctor he had inadvertently read the examination paper, the Doctor would change the questions, and he was almost letter perfect on all the other possible ones.

Then, too, Greenleigh was exceptionally strong on both Shays's Rebellion and the Tenth Amendment. If the questions were changed it would not be fair to Greenleigh.

Finally, he determined upon his course of action.

When he entered the room in which the examination was to be held he thought the Doctor looked at him rather strangely as he handed him his paper.

He went to his seat, wrote his name at the top of his paper and then sat with folded arms watching little Greenleigh scribbling away. "Of all hard luck," he thought. "I have won the White Prize two years, and I could have beaten Greenleigh this time if I hadn't gone out for the relay team; even that would have made no difference if I hadn't been unlucky enough to see that examination paper. It's rotten luck; I did want to win."

He slumped down in his seat and sat staring steadily before him until an hour had passed. Then he handed his paper in at the desk, but the doctor called him back.

"What's the meaning of this, McEwen?" he asked.

The Pup explained, and when he had finished the doctor said with a smile, "I understand, and I applaud your good sportsmanship. You will pass the course, for you have done splendidly in your daily work, but I shall have to flunk you on this examination."

The Pup nodded and went out.

Washington's birthday at Sweetwater is different from any other holiday and is quite the biggest single day of the entire school year. A battle of the Revolutionary War was fought almost on the school grounds and Washington himself, while on the way to Cambridge, is said to have eaten luncheon under the ancient elms that stand like sentinels on each side of the entrance to the campus.

After luncheon occurs the distribution of scholastic honors and prizes in Memorial Hall, first and foremost of which in importance is the White Prize for American History.

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Never before had the Pup sat so listlessly in Memorial Hall while the names of the prize winners were announced. On both previous occasions he had been in a flutter of nervous excitement, dreading lest after all he had been beaten in his struggle for the White Prize. This year there was nothing to be excited about; he knew he had lost.

Name after name of prize winner was called, each receiving its due share of applause. Finally Mr. White rose.

"The White Prize for excellence in American History," he read, "won by Charles Greenleigh."

The Pup led the applause and tried to look happy as Greenleigh made his way to the stage and received \$50 in gold and a powder horn that had been carried at Bunker Hill.

But Mr. White, after congratulating Greenleigh, on the excellence of his work, did not sit down as was his custom. Instead, when the applause had stopped, he turned to the Doctor, who handed him a sword.

"For some time," continued Mr. White, "I have been considering giving on this day a souvenir of Washington to the Sweetwater boy who by his acts dur-

ing the school year has shown a self-sacrifice, a strict regard for truth, and a loyalty that is in keeping with the noble example set us by the Father of our Country. I, therefore, take great pleasure in giving this sword, once carried by Washington, to the boy who first sacrificed his chance of receiving the American History prize in order that the school

might win the indoor meet, and then when by chance he learned what the questions were on the examination paper, did not tell the Doctor he had seen them, knowing that if he told the questions would be changed to the disadvantage of his closest rival, and refused to profit by what he had learned by turning in a blank examination paper. Will Walter McEwen please come forward?"

In an instant the school was on its feet yell-

ing its approval, while the Pup, blushing to the roots of his fair hair, made his way to the stage.

"Gosh, a real sword of Washington's! Thanks!" was all he could stammer, but the trustees were content, for in his shining face they saw, as he reverently took the relic, all the best in American youth for which Sweetwater stands.



"A real sword of Washington's! Thanks," was all he could stammer

The Owl Puts One Over

By George G. Livermore

Illustrated by Judy Collins

"HEY, Animal! Oh, Animal, you up there? Stick your head out!" Owl Hayward stood in the driveway before Morris Hall and bellowed toward a corner on the third floor.

The Animal, christened Harold Thomas, was sitting at his desk studying Cicero's Orations with a copy of "Treasure Island" in one hand and a hugh slab of mocha cake in the other. As the Owl's call smote upon his ears he got up, and marking his place in the novel with a slip of paper, he dropped the remains of the cake into the top drawer, locked it, slipped the key in his pocket, and then called back in a weary voice, "Come on up, Owl!"

A minute later the door opened and the Owl's head followed by his body entered the room. With customary thoughtfulness he picked out the most comfortable chair and collapsed into it, his long thin legs sprawling out before him.

"Animal, what do you think has happened?" he began excitedly, cocking his head on one side and peering through his big round spectacles.

"I don't know, unless vacation is to be reduced. There has been some talk of it," replied the Animal dejectedly, from the window-seat where he lay curled up with his head pillowed on his arms.

"It's nothing to do with vacation. Tug Wilson was caught cribbing his Latin exam this morning."

"What!" shouted the Animal sitting up straight.

"Yes, Bud Parker saw him copying his translation out of a trot."

"The dirty swine, to pull a trick like that under the new honor system. He'll be fired, though, that's one consolation. Bud reported him, of course?"

"Sure, he had to, he was monitor; but Tug lied up and down and crosswise, and swore Bud was mistaken, and as no one else saw him, the Doctor had to let him off although he must know he is guilty. That isn't all of it, either, Animal," he continued; "he is going to run for class marshal and all the senior societies are backing him. What do you think of that?"

"Think! It's the rawest yet. Society politics have been getting worse and worse ever since our 'prep' year, but this is the limit. The idea of their daring to run Tug after he has been in such a dirty mess. And the worst of it is that they have enough votes to elect him."

"Not unless I say so," said the Owl blandly.

"You! What have you got to do with it?"

"Everything," answered the Owl, "if you will help me."

"How much will it cost?"

"Nothing!"

"Not a cent?"

"No!"

"Well," said the Animal, "I sure would

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like to get a shot at Tug. What's your plan?"

The Owl got up, untangled his legs, and crossed over to the window-seat where he sprawled down beside the Animal.

"Out-vote him," he whispered.

"Fat chance," grunted the Animal.

"It can be done, though."

"How?"

"Listen!"

For ten minutes they whispered, their heads close together; then they rose and solemnly shook hands, the Animal exclaiming, "Owl, you're a wonder. We'll put this over sure, and end the term in a blaze of glory."

That evening, promptly at eight o'clock, the Owl tapped on the Animal's door and was admitted. Inside he found Fresh Fish, Slippery Elm, the Clown, and Slats Whitney. The Animal had gathered the clan.

The Owl, who if not carefully watched, was liable to take violent flights in oratory, stalked to the center of the room and after nodding to the others, tucked one hand in the breast of his coat and assuming a Websterian attitude, began—

"Gentlemen, we are gathered here this evening for a noble purpose—a most worthy and righteous purpose. For what we are to accomplish, countless future classes will bless and revere us. Gentlemen, have I your permission to explain?"

"Oh, cut it, Owl, can the flowery stuff," said Fresh Fish, who was lying on the window-seat with his head pillowed affectionately on the Clown's stomach.

"Yes, never mind the trimmings—give us the dope," came from Slippery Elm, the varsity half-back.

The Owl raised his hand for silence. "Gentlemen, you know as well as I that the societies are the greatest curse of our

beloved brain factory. They run all school affairs, elect all class officers, captains, and managers, and even go so far as to dictate the make-up of the different teams. It's time they were squelched."

"Spoken like a true patriot, old son," said Slats Whitney, balancing a ruler on his chin with an air of great dignity, "only, how are you going to do that little thing?"

"Fight them over the election of Tug for class marshal, and I have found a way to beat them."

"How?" came in chorus, as they crowded around him. The Animal alone grinned and tried to look wise.

"Stand back! Give him air!" he said; "the Owl has sure put one over this time."

The Owl perched himself on the edge of the table, his long thin legs dangling almost to the floor. He cocked his head on one side, and peering at them with quick glances through his big thick spectacles, began rapidly:

"You fellows probably know there is a school rule which reads 'All bills contracted by a student must be paid if presented before the end of each term. The failure to pay such bills will result in the immediate dismissal of the pupil.'"

"Sure we know that," interrupted the Clown, "but that rule is never enforced because bills are never presented until the opening of the new term. The trustees only incorporated it into the school regulations to please old Peter Prindle, who they hoped would leave the school a lot of money."

"Well," said the Owl, "what would happen if a lot of bills were presented before the end of the term?"

"Gee whiz!—a wholesale slaughter," said Slats Whitney remembering sundry unpaid accounts of his own.

"Of course," replied the Owl.

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"Yes, but what has all this got to do with licking Tug Wilson?" remarked Fresh Fish.

"Wait a minute, give him a chance," said the Animal, "his idea is beautiful."

"Come on, spill it, Owl," said Slippery, "we have waited long enough."

"My plan is this," said the Owl. "There are ninety-eight members of the senior class, forty-eight of whom are neutrals and fifty of whom are society men. Forty of the neutrals can be relied upon to vote against Tug; the other eight are crabs or bootlickers and will have to be made to do their duty."

"Yes, but that's only forty-eight votes if you get the eight crabs. The society crowd will all vote for Tug and they have fifty votes," said Fresh Fish, snapping a rubber band at the Animal.

"Well, they won't all vote for Tug. Here's where I come in," continued the Owl, "there is hardly one of the society members of the class who will be able to pay his laundry bill this term before leaving for home. Now as school agent of the Weston Steam Laundry, I know that this time the bills are going to be sent out before the term closes—not after."

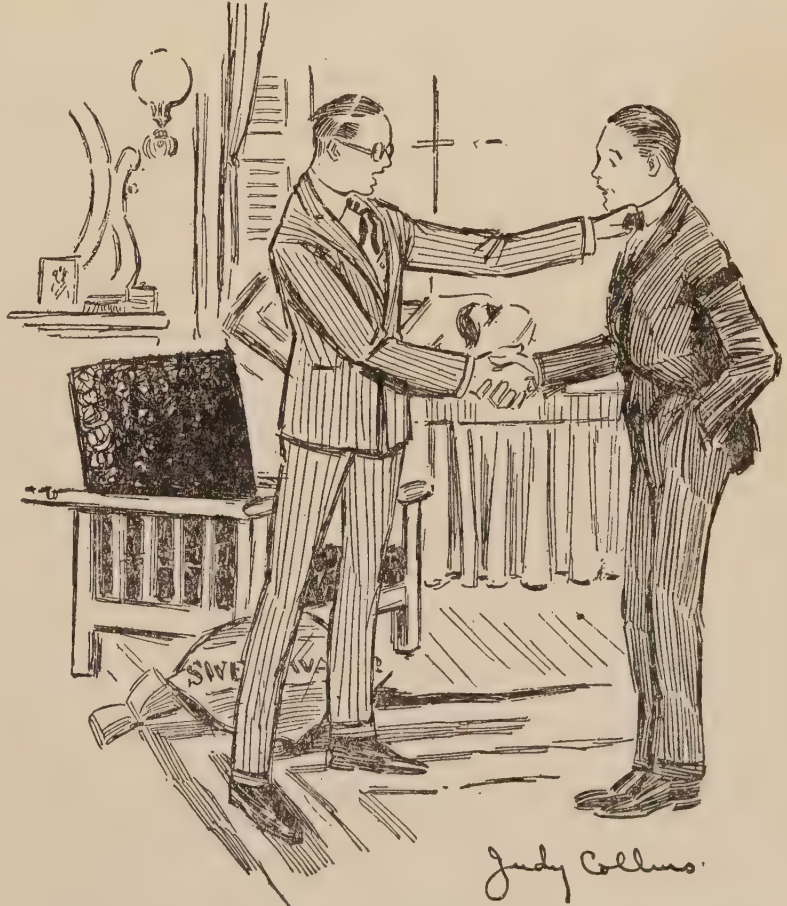
"This will raise a great howl of protest but the majority will be helpless. After we have let the class stew for a few days in their helplessness we will spring Rube Sawyer as a candidate for class marshal, and let it

be known that if he is elected the bills will be held over until next term."

The crowd fell on the Owl with howls of delight. They slapped him on the back, and the Clown gravely salaamed before him three times, exclaiming, "Oh, great and wise Owl!"

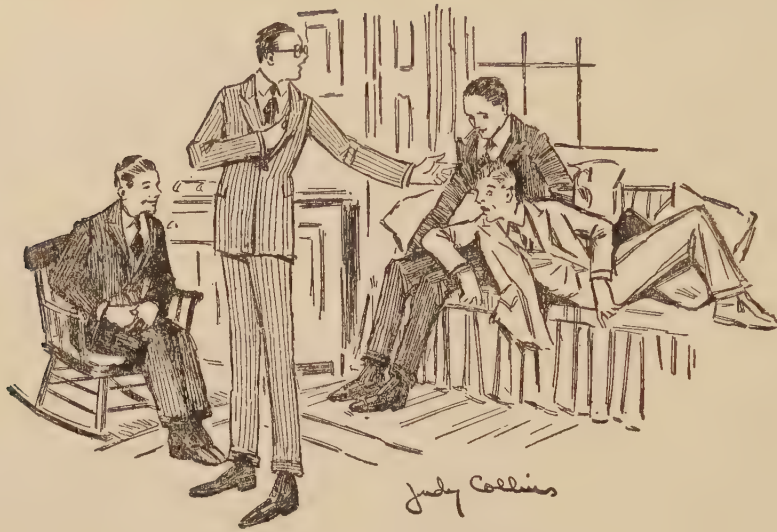
"Great idea," said Fresh Fish, "we will tell them that if they vote against Tug their bills will be held over. Fine!"

"No, nothing of the sort," interrupted the Owl. "I will get Eddie to say that if Tug is licked the bills will be redated. It will look better coming from the owner of the laundry; and in this way we will make every senior who can't pay his bill not only vote against Tug but try to per-



"Owl, you're a wonder. We'll put this over sure and end the term in a blaze of glory"

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"Oh, cut it Owl. Can the flowery stuff"

suade the others to do likewise so as to save his own neck."

The boys gazed at him in admiration. Such subtlety was beyond their power of invention, but when explained they could see the beauty of it.

"You're sure Eddie will do it?" asked the Clown.

"He has already promised."

Slats Whitney then seized a sheet of the Animal's best notepaper and drew up the following:

PURITY PARTY

Object the Suppression of Control of School Affairs by the Senior Societies

Charter Members

Slippery Elm	Pres.
The Owl	Treas.
The Animal	Vice-Pres.
Slats Whitney	Sec.
Fresh Fish	} Executive Com.
The Clown	

The organization having been accepted without a dissenting voice, Slippery Elm as president called the meeting to order.

"Mr. President," said the Owl, "as treasurer of the Purity Party, I want to state that it will be absolutely necessary for us to raise a small amount of money to pay the expense of the second mailing. Eddie won't pay for mailing ninety-eight extra bills."

There were groans from the Animal and the Clown, whose total wealth was represented by a lone nickel. These protests were shortlived, however, when the others agreed that it was only right to stand the extra expense. Accordingly, the Owl as treasurer took up a collection.

"Gentlemen of the Purity Party," he said when he had counted the money, "we now have \$2.85 in the treasury, with an additional 50 cents pledged by the Clown. This sum is ample for our purpose. No other collection will be taken."

The last part of this speech evoked sighs of relief from the Clown and the Animal; and then the meeting broke up.

After the others had been gone long enough so that there was no chance of any returning, the Animal unlocked the

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drawer of his desk, dragged forth the piece of mocha cake, and dividing it, gave half to the Owl.

"Owl," he said between bites, "can you put this over?"

The Owl nodded. "No doubt of it," he replied.

"We shall be suspected by the society bunch," said the Animal meditatively, licking the last trace of the cake from his fingers.

"Well, what if we are? I'll be the one who will have to stand the most abuse because I am agent for the laundry. But whatever they say, they won't be able to claim we did it because we were sore at not being society men ourselves. There is not one of us who has not refused several bids to join, and the whole school knows it. Besides, I think the Doctor and the faculty will really appreciate our little joke, and I do not look for trouble in that direction. I should like to run Slippery against Tug, but it would never do to put up one of our own crowd. We will nominate Rube Sawyer, and, as the society bunch like him less because of his independence than any one in school, he will be an awful bitter pill for them to swallow."

"Yes, it's fine! Beautiful!" said the Animal. "But are you sure Eddie won't crawfish on the bills when the class runs to him and threaten to give their business to the Elite Laundry next term?"

"Eddie won't welch," replied the Owl; "Eddie will stick. He don't like Tug any better than we do. Now I've got to beat it and plug up on my Latin, Animal—see you to-morrow."

That 16th of April will long be remembered at Sweetwater Academy. After chapel in the morning the school went to the post-office as usual in the fifteen-minute period before first recitations. Contrary to custom, every member

of the Senior class received a letter, in the corner of which was printed in black, bold-faced type, "Weston Steam Laundry." Thinking it some new advertising scheme on Eddie's part, the boys opened their letters with languid interest until they saw what was inside. Then they were galvanized into instant action, for staring each cruelly in the face was his laundry bill for the entire term. A dozen groups of wildly excited boys soon formed, and every one tried to make a speech at once, with a result like the Russian revolution. The consensus of opinion, though, seemed to be that Eddie was a sneak, a miser, that he ought to be lynched and his laundry burned to the ground.

Into the midst of this uproar the Owl sauntered, his hands deep in his trousers pockets and his round flannel cap perched on the back of his head. Instantly he was surrounded by a crowd of angry boys, who waved their bills in his face and demanded "what the blazes Eddie was trying to celebrate?"

The Owl grabbed a bill that Peanut Bates held under his nose, and glanced at it. "He's done it," he groaned.

"He sure has," said Peanut, who was furious. "More than likely you put him up to it, Owl," he continued.

The Owl gazed at him reproachfully. "Peanut, will you ever achieve common sense?" he said. "Don't you see, you poor, benighted fathead, that I would lose all my trade if I pulled such a stunt?"

"You did it, all the same," wailed Peanut. "I know you did."

"You're crazy, as usual," replied the Owl, cheerfully. "Next thing you know the squirrels will get you."

"Look here, Owl," exclaimed Tug Wilson, shouldering his way through the crowd, "What do you know about this?"

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"Two weeks ago," replied the Owl, "Eddie told me he was going to send the bills out this term instead of waiting until after vacation. I told him that he would drive all you fellows to the Elite, but he said he couldn't help it."

"That's all right, too," said Tug. "But if Eddie is so crazy to raise money, why didn't every one in school who trades with him get a bill instead of just the seniors?"

A look of triumph overspread Tug's somewhat heavy features when he asked this question, for he was sure he had the Owl cornered; but that wily youth was more than a match for his slower-witted antagonist.

"You forget, Tug, that the least important class in the school from the business man's point of view is the senior. He has only a few more weeks in which to do business with us, whereas with good luck he can count on trade from the 'preps' for five or six years."

"That's so," said several boys together, and then the bell rang for first recitations, and the indignation meetings broke up.

After luncheon the clan gathered in Slippery Elm's room in West to perfect their future plan of campaign.

"There goes the committee now," said the Owl, who was looking out the window; "and a fine bunch of diplomats they have chosen—Tug Wilson, Fido Burgess and Bull Lord—not one of them can keep his temper for five minutes under fire."

"What will Eddie say to them, Owl?" asked Slippery.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Eddie has gone to New York for a week—went last night. They will see Mrs. Dumpsey, and she will tell them that in Eddie's absence I have charge of all his school business. Then I will be raided."

"What will you tell them when they come to you?" asked the Clown.

"I'll just kid them along. Now I am going over to my room so as to be ready for those beauties when they return."

Half an hour later the committee knocked on the door of Owl's room and were admitted.

"It's all right, Owl, old boy," began Tug as soon as he was fairly in the room.

"That's fine," answered the Owl dolefully. "I don't know what's all right, but I am glad something is."

"Why, about the laundry bills."

"Oh, you mean you have come to pay yours?"

"No! No, of course not. We have come from Mrs. Dumpsey, who told us you have charge of the school business while Eddie is away."

"Yes, I believe he did say something of the kind before he left," admitted the Owl.

"All right, then, call in the bills," interrupted Bull Lord.

"Oh, I can't do that," replied the Owl. "I wouldn't dare interfere."

"Come on, Owl, be a good sport," urged Fido Burgess; "we'll all stand back of you. Eddie will get his money first of next term, as he always has."

The Owl was enjoying himself immensely. It was seldom that the president of one of the senior societies deigned to call on a neutral; but to have the presidents of the two largest in his room at once, asking a favor from him, was balm to his feelings.

"No, I can't do that," he said finally, with a sigh; "at least I can't promise now. Come around to-morrow after lunch—by that time I may see my way clear."

There was nothing left for the three emissaries to do but to get out, which they promptly did; cordial to all outward appearances, but boiling inside.

The Owl Puts One Over

The rest of the afternoon the Owl was visited by angry boys, singly and in groups, who wanted to know why he didn't make out a new set of bills, when Eddie had left all matters in his charge. To these he explained that his decision would be made on the following day. He also received bids to join all six of the senior societies. The Owl was having a beautiful time.

Toward evening his callers became so numerous that he fled to the Animal's room, where he remained until the lights-out bell rang, his supper consisting of half a mince pie and a bottle of birch beer smuggled in to him by Slat's Whitney and the Clown.

The next noon, Tug, Bull Lord and Fido Burgess came to his room. To them he gravely announced that he had sent a telegram to Eddie asking instructions, and said he would notify them as soon as he received a reply. He showed them a copy of his message, for he knew that the first place they would seek information was the telegraph office.

In the evening he held his final council of war in the Clown's room.

When the clan had gathered and Slippery Elm had called the meeting to order, the different members of the Purity Party made their reports, all much alike

and to the effect that the class was nearly ready to explode with curiosity and indignation.

The Owl listened with a smile, growing wider. "Fine! Fine!" he exclaimed when Slat's told how even the faculty knew that something unusual was going on and was beginning to investigate.

"Now, I tell you what I want you fellows to do to-morrow morning. Help

along the news that I sent a night-letter to Eddie demanding that the bills be recalled, and that I expect him to reply before noon."

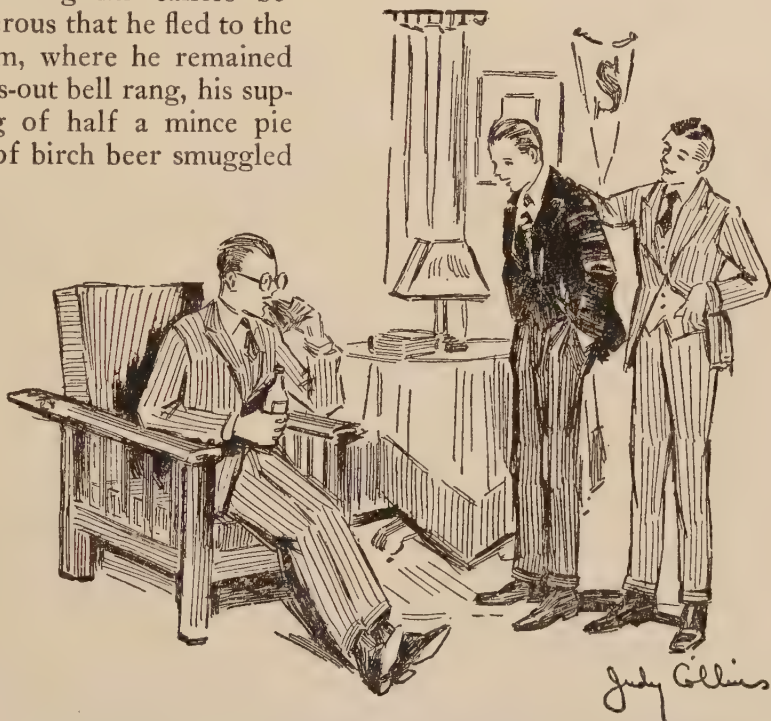
"When will he reply?" asked Slippery.

"Some time in the morning, but it will not be delivered until the class meeting has started. I

have fixed that with Seventy. I caught him stealing candy from Gus the other day, and he will hold up the telegram until the class is assembled."

"You're sure Seventy won't double-cross you?" asked the Animal. "Seventy would commit murder for a quarter or a box of cigarettes."

"I have Seventy just where I want him—another complaint and Judge Bruce will send him to the reform school, and he



His supper consisted of a half a mince pie and a bottle of birch beer smuggled in by Slat's Whitney and the Clown

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knows it. No, sir, Seventy will deliver that message like the model messenger boy he isn't."

"Everything is all right then," said Slippery, "and that being the case we had better go to bed early for we will have some day to-morrow, with the class meeting and going home for vacation."

The next morning the Seniors who considered it beneath their lordly dignity to hurry were the first to assemble in chapel, and when the Owl came in later with the rest of the school every head in the class was turned in his direction, and every expression of hope faded like poppies before a frost when he shook his head sadly at them and slid into his seat as the bell stopped ringing, and the Doctor cleared his throat for the morning prayer.

When the boys came trooping out after the short service the Owl was besieged from all quarters.

"Any answer yet?" shouted Peanut Bates in a voice that could have been heard a block. "Hasn't Eddie wired?"

"What news, Owl?" came from all sides.

"Nothing has come yet, boys. I will let you know as soon as I hear. I won't keep you waiting." And with that they had to be content and let him go.

Later in the morning Tug Wilson and several of his society mates came to the Owl's room to pay their bills with money they had raised nobody knew how. They were followed at irregular intervals by other members of the class, mostly neutrals, who somehow had scraped up the necessary money. All together, they made only a corporal's guard of the entire vote, and the Owl, who had allowed for this in his crafty calculations, smiled blandly as he receipted their bills.

By noon the demoralization of the class was complete. Most of the boys had spent the morning in wild efforts to

borrow money from friends who had none, and with expulsion facing them unless their bills were paid before they left for home they were almost frantic when the gymnasium clock struck one—the hour for the class meeting.

From custom, and because of the chance that they might meet someone who had money, the class as a unit poured into the assembly hall, and seated itself in the long low benches carved with the initials of old classes dating back for forty years.

Fido Burgess, class president by the grace of society politics, lost no time in calling the meeting to order.

"Gentlemen of the senior class, we are assembled to-day for the purpose of electing a class marshal, class poet and prophet. Nominations are in order."

Doggy Barker, a member of the Marrow Bones, rose. "Mr. President."

"Mr. Barker."

"I wish to place in nomination that sterling athlete, a man who has always striven for the welfare of his schoolmates and whose first thought it always for the good of his class and the honor of Sweetwater. Mr. President, I give you the name of Mr. Wilson."

The Owl, who was sitting beside Slippery on one of the wide window seats, grunted, "Of all nerve, to make such a speech after that cribbing mess. They deserve everything that's coming to them."

Doggy sat down amid great applause and cheers from the society members. Then Bull Lord rose and seconded the nomination.

A long-legged, bespectacled youth with high-water trousers timidly proposed the nomination of Russell Sawyer, familiarly known as the Rube. There was frantic clapping on the part of the neutrals and dead silence from the society side of the hall.

The Owl Puts One Over

Peanut Bates was nominated for prophet by the societies, and the Clown by the neutrals; and for class poet Skeeter Robinson, of the Marrow Bones, and Squirrel Warner took up the gage of battle.

As the nominations were seconded, Fido Burgess wrote the names on a blackboard at the back of the platform, and then called upon Slippery Elm, Bud Parker and Blat Henderson to pass and collect the ballots.

The time for action swift and dramatic had come, the Owl thought; so stealthily drawing a handkerchief from his hip pocket he waved it out the open window behind his back. From the corner of his eye, he saw Seventy, who was leaning against a lamp post at the corner, start toward the building with a yellow envelope in his hand. A minute later he pushed open the swinging doors and was advancing into the hall calling "Telegram for Hayward!"

Peanut Bates tried to snatch the message out of his hand; but Seventy was too quick for him, and ducking under his arm handed the envelope to the Owl, who opened it amid dead silence.

With great deliberation, he unfolded the message, glanced at it, took off his spectacles, wiped them, put them back on his nose, studied the paper—then the class exploded.

"Hey, Owl! What's he say? What's the dope? Read it! Hurry up! Read it!"

He held up his hand for silence.

"Gentlemen of the senior class," he began, "this is a most peculiar message and one that is embarrassing for me to read aloud."

"Come on, Owl, quit your kidding," shouted Bull Lord, elbowing his way through the crowd, and snatching the paper from his hands, he read the mes-

sage aloud before he understood its full meaning.

"Advance date on bills to next term if Wilson is defeated for class marshal. Tug played me a dirty trick his prep year."

"Eddie."

That was the message and it was enough. For a minute there was dead silence; then an angry murmur rose from the society cohorts who all along had suspected the Owl, but who realized their helplessness. The neutrals were quick to see that Eddie's telegram meant Tug's defeat, and howled with satisfaction.

Tug was boiling. He started toward the Owl with his fists clenched, but Doggy Barker pulled him down into a seat and held him there. Doggy had the sense to know his man was beaten, and that a row would be useless and only delight the rest of the school.

"Be quiet, you ass!" he hissed holding the struggling Tug down on the bench. "Can't you see the Owl has got us licked on the election? You can't do any good by fighting him; and if you start anything Slippery Elm will whale you and he is the best boxer in school. I've a plan for getting back at the Owl. Listen, will you?"

"No, I won't listen! I'll belt him one—no matter what happens."

"Grab his other arm!" said Doggy to the boy on the right of Tug, and when each of them had an arm so that he could not rise, Doggy continued, "Now see here, Tug, it won't get you anything to start a fight. We'll get back at him this way—every society man will give his laundry to the Elite next term. That will cost the Owl almost \$100, and I happen to know he is relying on the money to help him start college in the fall. You're beaten, Tug, but we'll get the Owl and get him good."

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Somewhat mollified by these soothing words, Tug allowed himself to be restrained; and demands becoming general from the neutral side of the hall that the voting proceed, Fido Burgess was obliged to call the meeting to order and have the ballots distributed. A few minutes later when the tellers had completed their work, he announced in a mournful voice that Rube Sawyer had received seventy-six and Tug Wilson twenty-two votes.



"Grab his other arm," said Doggy to the boy on the right of Tug

Then strangely enough the neutrals elected their candidates for prophet and poet, and their victory for the first time in the history of Sweetwater was complete. Evidently the class was under the impression that Eddie wanted only neutrals elected and the class as a whole was in no position to take chances.

Doggy Barker and Tug Wilson were the first to leave the hall and, as they came down the front steps they found Hi Howard, proprietor of the Elite Laundry, standing on the sidewalk in front of the building. He was the one person above all others they wanted to see and they almost fell on his neck in joy.

"Want to make some contracts for next term?" asked Doggy.

"Sure, I am always ready to take orders, boys."

"All right, then, you take your order book and stand right here, and we will turn all the society business in the Senior class over to you," said Tug.

For the next ten minutes Hi was surrounded by the society members of the class, and when he finally looked up with his pocket full of orders and caught sight of the Owl standing serenely on the top step, a smile spread over his round good-natured face, and his little deep-set eyes twinkled merrily.

When the Owl came down the steps and passed Doggy and Tug he grinned amiably at them.

"Wonder what in thunder he thinks is funny about this?" muttered Tug.

"Well, he won't think it so funny when he loses all this business next term. He'll smile on the other side of his head then," replied Doggy.

"I hope so! I hope you're right, Doggy, but that bird gives me the

The Owl Puts One Over

creeps. You never know what he is up to."

The boys departed for home that afternoon, some angry, some delighted, and all relieved from the fear of expulsion.

Late in the afternoon the Owl, whose train did not leave for the south until eight o'clock, was scuffing along the gravel drive in front of the Doctor's house. The door opened and the Doctor called from the porch, "Come up here a minute, John."

The Owl walked slowly up the walk wondering what the Doctor wanted—something about the laundry bills, he supposed, but so far as he knew he had broken no rules.

"John," said the Doctor when he came up the steps, "I was glad to hear that Sawyer was elected class marshal."

A great weight was lifted from the Owl's mind.

"But," continued the Doctor, "I was sorry to learn that all the society boys in your class have transferred their business to the Elite Laundry. That will make quite a difference in your income next term. By the way," he added as an

afterthought, "who is the Elite's agent at school?"

"I am, sir. You see, Eddie recently sold out to the Elite, and Hi—Mr. Howard I mean—kept me on as his school agent. He gives me my commission on all orders secured at the school no matter whether I get them, or they come directly from the boys."

The Doctor chuckled. "By any chance, John," he said, "was it your idea to have Mr. Howard standing before Assembly Hall after the class meeting broke up?"

"Yes, sir, it was."

"John, what time do you leave for home to-night?"

"Eight o'clock, sir,"

"Senator Sims," said the doctor, "an old friend of mine, will be here to dinner this evening. He comes up for reelection this fall and will have a hard fight on his hands to win. Won't you dine with us at half-past six? I want the senator to meet you. William can drive you down to the station afterwards."

"Thank you very much, sir. I shall be pleased to come," said the Owl, ambling down the steps, grinning from ear to ear.

Play Ball!

By Edmund Leamy

Play ball! And the flash of the leather.

Play ball! And a wallop and clout.

Play ball! And the roar from the bleachers.

Play ball! And "That's three and you're out!"

Was ever command more compelling?

Was ever a cheerier call?

Than the wild and uproarious, shouted and glorious—

Play ball!

Play ball! And three men on the bases.

(Now, batter one sure, mighty whack!)

Play ball! And "That pitcher's a tough 'un!"

Play ball! And an echoing crack.

Then round like a flash of oiled lightning;

Four runs is the total, that's all!

Wild screams and glad cheers, howled gibes and mad jeers—

Then—Play ball!

Play ball! It is something to think of

When the diamond and play-field are done.

Play ball when you're out in the work world

And there's little of laughter and fun.

The old cry will drive you, compel you

To fight when you think you must crawl;

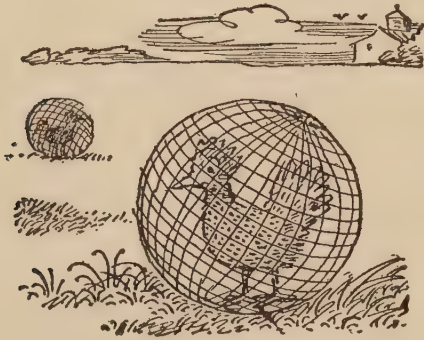
When you're down on your luck, just you summon your pluck,

And—Play ball!

The Diary of a Boy Inventor

By G. Verbeek

APRIL 2—Hooray! I have invented a chicken—a new kind of hawk-proof chicken! It came from my overhearing Uncle Henry telling another man that he lost over a hundred chickens one year when he let them run around in the fields.



"I keep them shut in now," said he. "They would do better if I could let them out, and cost less to feed, but as sure as I do, something seems to get them."

Right away my brain got to working. A hen could be made into a sort of hedgehog, I thought, if it could have an armor of spikes harnessed around its back. But imagine a chicken in a harness of any kind. It would flutter itself crazy in twenty minutes. Next I thought of snails and turtles. Couldn't a hen be made to drag along its own little house into which it could duck its nut whenever danger was nigh? Harness again! That wouldn't do.

Then it suddenly came to me like a

flash! Every chicken its own chicken coop. Go in any direction. No harness. Safe from every side, hawk proof, rat proof, skunk proof, top, bottom and every side. All that is needed is a sphere of wire netting around the bird. Rolls wherever she wants to go. Is open so she can pick up worms and things. Plenty of fresh air, too.

Simple, isn't it?

But some of the world's greatest inventions have been of the simple sort.

April 3—Uncle Henry doesn't think much of my patent poultry protector. He says I'll never get a merit badge on it unless for the drawing.

April 4—Uncle Henry is right. It won't work, at least not on hens. I made the thing. I bent two pieces of chicken wire over a round stone, put the hen inside and joined the halves together. There was nothing the matter with the workmanship. The sphere was as true as the eye could make it.

But the hen!

She just didn't seem to take to it. When she made a step the thing rolled too suddenly and bumped her from behind. This seemed to annoy her. She took a bigger step to escape it, she got a bigger bump; and then she got real peevish, and away she went! It was a caution the way that thing rolled till it seemed to be fairly buzzing around the yard. Finally the hen got her neck through one of the meshes and ran over

The Diary of a Boy Inventor

her own head, and I caught her, squawking with her feet up in the air.

There's something wrong in the application of this principle to a hen. I guess I'll have to try it on a duck.

They are more calm.

April 10—It's fun sometimes to let the imagination play on the crazy possibilities of some of the funny things around us. A folding hat rack has always appealed to me with its peculiar extending propensities. I think all boys have at some time or other been fascinated with the way a slight scissors movement will send the long arm shooting out at lightning speed.

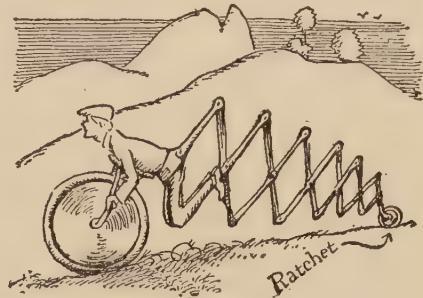
Therefore, Jules Verne fashion, I have composed out of dreams a direct-push, crankless, sprocketless bicycle. I should like to bet it can be done. Some day if the boys see a human kangaroo shoot past, they will know it's Jimmy, the boy inventor.

April 14—I took a stroll down to the river to-day and had a look at my Man Friday Catamaran, which I made last



year from the directions in Dan Beard's book. This year I am going to try a new stunt with it. In a square formed by the side logs and the end pieces I am going to tack a heavily painted piece of watertight canvas. This will form a sort of floating pocket on which one could squat.

At night it will be perfectly spiffy to sleep on it. Just like a floating sheet. There would be almost nothing between my skin and the rising and falling water. Talk about cradles of the deep—could you beat it?



Note—How about snapping turtles, etc.? A fellow might feel a little nervous with so thin a protection between his hide and submarine attacks.

May 3—Sometimes an invention comes to me like a great shining light and I stand amazed as though on the threshold of some new and wonderful world. To-day one came to me that was so overpowering in its bigness that I had to get up and walk around and open the window to take some air. Just think! I will some day walk on the water! Yes, just as easily as though walking on land. And nobody has ever thought of it before. Of course, lots of simple boobs have made boats for their feet. I have read about them in the papers. But my scheme has no boats about it. It's just shoes, with a little revolving attachment. Shoes that can't sink. Propeller-soled shoes, for walking on water. The motor is carried on the back, like a knapsack. Then, you know the flexible shafts the dentists use to spin things into a fellow's teeth? Well, one of these goes to the sole of each foot, where they spin

The Diary of a Boy Inventor

two propellers facing downward. Now imagine stepping onto the water with revolting propellers facing against the surface. Could a fellow sink his feet under if he tried? No!

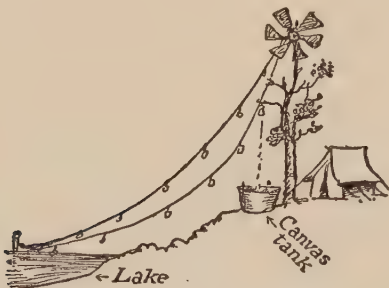
Whooppee! Isn't it great?



The motor carried like a knapsack

Won't the boys have fun playing tag on the bay and hurling over the waves that come from a passing steamboat?

May 5—I have just thought of a good one. It is a windmill in a tree top for campers to get water up from a lake. I'm going to try it and if it isn't going to work, I at least will know the reason why. I made a sketch of it and all the boys like the idea, for they remember the difficulty we had last summer in our camp. The ground between us and the lake was all boulders and ferns and most of our



water was spilled before we got it to the top.

I have not yet worked out how the little buckets on the string get tipped over when they meet the projecting branch.

But that is a mere detail.

May 10—How many inventions nowadays are thingless things! First it began with horseless carriages and chainless bicycles, and now we have wireless telegraphy and fireless cookery and seedless oranges and boneless fish and hornless cows and smokeless powder and rustless screens, and I don't know how many other things, including that triumph of modern science, the coffeeless coffee.

The age of jiggerless jiggers is undoubtedly with us, and it struck me that a good direction for my inventive endeavors would be along this line. But there is a limit to the lessness that one can apply to things. A footless horse, for instance, would be absolutely footless and



Without even a ghost of a noise

a pointless pin would be so doggone pointless that nobody would see any point to it at all.

Using a little judgment, however, there are many articles that would be better if they had the minus quality attached. Take the bugle, as an example. A soundless bugle. I think there is a discovery that would be eagerly welcomed by a waiting world—especially mothers and fathers.

I dearly love to practice the different calls, reveille and taps and all the rest, and it gives me endless pleasure to send the notes rising and falling and echoing around the house. But the other people of my family don't seem to feel exactly the same way about it. I have tried burying the mouth of the thing in cushions, but that is too awkward and bungly, so

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I have made designs which I hope to some day put to practical tests.

My plan is to have a bugle with an indicator that shows at a glance what note has been sounded without that note making even a ghost of a noise.

Then a chap can practice to his heart's content in his bedroom or anywhere at any hour of the day or night, and nobody will have a right to kick. If he misses a note the hand on the dial will quickly show it, and when he gets that hand working with promptness and decision he will find that perfection in the call has been reached.

So watch out for it, people.

Along with Signor Marconi's wireless telegraphy and Burbank's spineless cactus, you may yet hear of Jimmy's trumpetless trumpet.

May 13—To-day I got an idea, and after I got it I tried to trace where it came from or how I happened to think of it, but as far as I can see it just seemed to come out of nothing. Ideas are funny things. I told pa I supposed they were around us all the time, and he said James supposed so, too. "James who?" I asked, and he told me William James, and got out his *Psychology* and read there: "Whether anywhere in the room there be a thought which is nobody's thought we have no means of ascertaining."

Funny thing about my ideas is they always come at a time when I can't try them, and when I am free to try them I seem to have forgotten them, or they don't seem good any more. The full appreciation of them seems to die away unless taken note of at the time they come. That is one reason I started this diary, so I could remind myself to experiment with them some time later on.

Now, this is spring, and the idea that came to me to-day is something to do in



In the picture I forgot to hold my nose

the summer time. It is a very simple thing, and I am surprised none of the boys have ever done it. All the apparatus needed is a rubber tube and a cork or a stick for a float. One end of the tube is attached to the float so when placed in the water it will always stick up into the air. The other end you hold in your mouth. Then by holding your nose you will be able to sink your head under water and remain down as long as you want to, breathing with no trouble at all. I'm going to draw a picture of it if I can.

I wonder if there is some little hitch to this plan so it won't work? I am just crazy to try it. What fun it will be to hide such a tube in my bathing suit and when the other fellows are not looking take it out, slip it into my mouth and duck under water.

"What's become of Jimmy?" one of them will ask.

"He went 'down and 'didn't come up again," another will say.

When I finally appear they will be comically puzzled to know how I stayed under water so long.

It will also be fun to crawl along the bottom in this way and look for clams and things. At night it would be great to sit still beneath the water like that and have an electric flashlight or bottle of phosphorus with me and watch the fishes

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and eels and other water creatures that would come to investigate the light.

But of course the thing may not work. I guess I'll try it out in the bathtub tonight.

May 18—Here is a thing I thought of that would be interesting to try as soon as the fish begin to bite:

1. Make a large kite (waterproof material if you can get it).
2. Attach a fishline to the tail.
3. Bait with minnow, live or artificial, for trolling.
4. With wind blowing off shore, send kite out to sea (over fishing banks preferred).
5. Let out string till kite drops enough to dip hook in water.
6. The fish, not seeing any boat, would be less scared than usual and the kite, swaying and sliding out on a slackened string, should give a good trolling motion to the bait.

7. When the kite shows signs of bobbing (like a cork) or laboring with a bite, haul in on the string, bracing it stiffly to the wind till it rises with the captured fish.

That is the whole process.

Of course, I don't pretend to suppose that this is superior in every way to the common method of fishing, but I claim two advantages for it which cannot be denied.

1. The lack of boat which always frightens the wary fish.

2. Ability to reach a point off shore without rowing, which makes a fellow tired—and then if the wind is strong you're liable to be blown out to sea.

And a third claim, which is something a fellow always likes—it is spectacular. Think of seeing your kite rise with a live thing that squirms and glitters far off in the sea, and having your fat fish come to you by the air route! Wouldn't that be great? I'm going to work this out as good as I can. Of course, anybody can do it that wants to,



Think of having your fat fish come to you by the air route!



The Pirate Galleon

*Their hearts were aglow as they stored it below,
Yea, treasure enough for a king!
But the sea took its toll, there was never a soul
To salvage my secret—or swing!*

*Deep under the waves swing my skeleton staves,
Where the shadows are inky and cold,
And, massive in bulk, buried deep in my hulk,
Lies a treasure of silver and gold.*

—SHERMAN RIPLEY.

Ax Handles

By Homer Croy

Illustrated by Bert N. Salg

I HAVE met a good many queer people in my time, but the queerest is the bright boy who won't go to college; the boy who thinks he is too poor.

I was one of those who had to get out and scramble to work my way through college, and in my scrabbling I met a good many other boys who had to lean on something besides Pa's pocketbook, and I never felt sorry for them because I have observed a queer thing about boys who have to spit on their hands to go through college.

It all reminds me of an old man I once knew. He was from a bare and wind-swept mountainside in New Hampshire. He was a poor man, he had always been a poor man; he had never been to college and had never seen a city; but often it is from such simple people that one learns most. They have their noses in the soil. The ground became so poor that he could not farm it and he had to make ax handles. He was very proud of his ax handles—people from long distances away sent for them. They brought a higher price than other ax handles. He had built up quite a little business for them. One day he told me how he made them:

"When I want to get a good ax handle," he said, "I first go out and look for the right kind of tree. I don't go to the middle of the forest where the

trees are tall and straight and sheltered—instead of that I go to the top of some knoll where the wind blows hardest, and then I take a tree that stands alone—one that is swept by every wind that blows, one that is bent and twisted and strained. I cut down that tree, but I don't make my ax handle from the middle. I take it from the outside—there the fibers are long and flexible. Then I saw it off at the right length, split the wood and begin work—I know that ax handle is going to come through."

His story of how he found his ax handles didn't make much of an impression on me, at first. In one ear and just ready to pop out the other, when something made it linger. And then time went by. I grew older; I began to know more about the world. I had seen a good many people start up the rugged road of life . . . and I had seen a good many fall out of the procession.

I never once connected the simple old New Hampshire man with the snappy college boy. I never once thought of a boy who fired a furnace for his room with a bleak and wind-swept hill in New Hampshire. At this time I believed that college was a place for rich men's sons; I thought that if your father didn't have a roll there wasn't a chance for you to carry a banner and whoop your throat sore for somebody in a pair of padded pants. I didn't know that a poor boy

Ax Handles

has just as much opportunity as one born half way between a stock certificate and a quarterly dividend . . . it all depends on the kind of hickory he is cut from.

I knew some real pieces of hickory in the University of Missouri, where I went. They had many and unique ways of going through college. There were a lot of common ways—anyone could follow them. One was to open up a laundry route. It consisted of getting a bag Monday morning and going from door to door collecting laundry. On Friday the bag would come around again, but this time it carried neat and respectable bundles. The boy gathered in the money, retained some of it for himself and sent the rest to the laundry. It was a common way—it didn't show any originality. It didn't have the spark of creative genius.

There was one boy I admired. He was Oscar E. Riley. He used his head. He didn't get his mother to sew up a laundry bag for him and rush for the nearest door bell. Instead, he looked around to see what he could do best of all. But there wasn't any one thing that he shone at; he wasn't a gold dome

among a plateau of slate roofs. He turned himself wrong side out and took stock. If there was one thing that he could do better, possibly, than another, it was to take pictures.

It was a hobby of his; he liked to ride it, likes to fumble in dark rooms with queer kinds of liquids which made his fingers look as if some strange and unfathomable disease had fastened itself upon him. So when he arrived at the university he went to the Y. M. C. A. employment bureau and also carried an ad in the local paper that he knew more about a camera than did George Eastman himself. At last he connected up and it was a funny connection. It was a call from the Department of Agriculture—they wanted to know if he

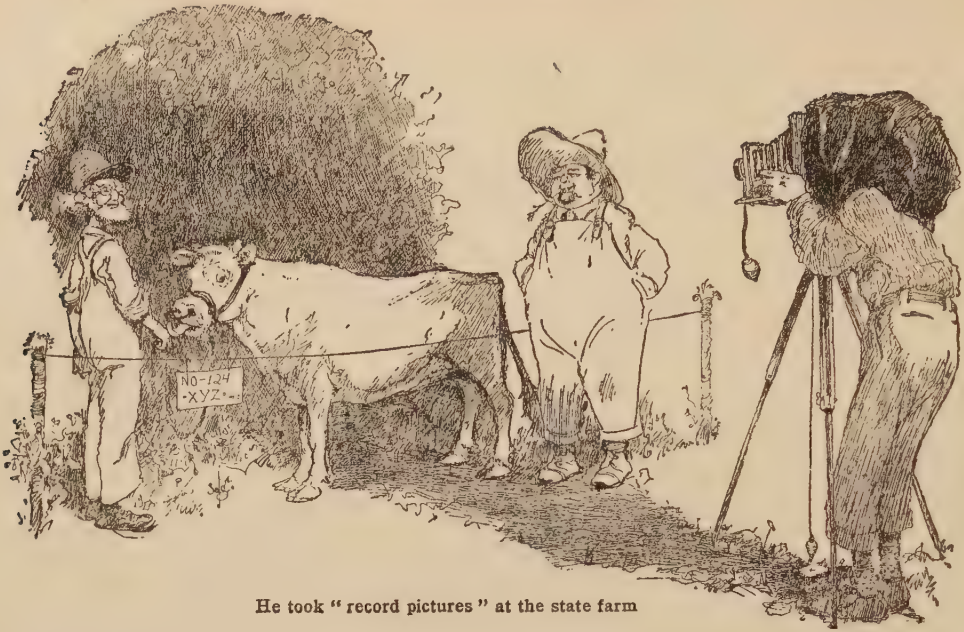
could make "record pictures."

Oscar had never heard of "record pictures," but he didn't let his eyes give him away. He didn't blink any more than Tut-ankh-Amen. He managed to give them the idea that he simply loved to make "record pictures"—that if he didn't make one or two a day he felt miserable clear to the ground. He got the job—and began to wonder what it consisted of.



He had to make ax handles

Ax Handles



He took "record pictures" at the state farm

He was given an 8×10 camera and with that in one hand and a tripod in the other started for the state farm.

There was a stone marker in the ground, on the farm, and he was told to set up his camera with a weight suspended from the center of the tripod. This had to be exactly over a cross in the stone marker. Close to the ground in front of him was a string between two stakes. A steer was brought out and lined up parallel to the string and Oscar pushed the bulb. The "record pictures" were to show how much the animal grew fed on different kinds of food. By means of a ruler and fractional measurements the progress of the steer could be determined by this method as well as by weight. There were other pictures of stock to be taken—hogs, sheep, horses—and there were pictures showing the growth of grain. Oscar went through college with a camera. Later he went to Japan, traveled over the world and is now an honored and respected citizen. Taking pictures is still his hobby, but there is one

queer thing about Oscar. When anybody asks him to take his picture and he leads him out in the yard, it becomes a bit embarrassing—absent-mindedly he begins to look for the string!

I wasn't so bright as Oscar was. I didn't know enough to look around and select something that I could do better than could other people. I went through college on plain, every-day muscle. I dug post holes. I heard there was a job open on the state farm digging post holes—and I had grown up with post holes. I hurried out and applied for the job—but I need not have hurried. Other people knew what digging post holes meant. If there is hard work in the world it is digging post holes—at fifteen cents an hour. If there is anything that breaks your back and makes you think that the government is going to the dogs, it is shoving a spade into the ground and pulling it out again for the best part of a day—and then getting only a dollar out of it. But I had to have that dollar—my stomach didn't care anything about high

Ax Handles

aspirations. I simply had to keep the spade busy. Later, however, I got a job corresponding for a newspaper—I didn't get much more out of it, but it beat pushing a spade.

Strange and unique were some of the ways that the boys used to work their way through college. Most of the boys had some money, but not enough to carry them through. They had to roll their dough thin. The most common way was to fire a man's furnace for a room. That kept the money from getting away so fast. Some of the boys made firing furnaces a profession—went from house to house shaking down and throwing on. Some pressed clothes. I have heard that Frank Vanderlip, the great banker, used this method. But, so the story goes, he found that the pressing was taking up too much of his time and so he invented a method of his own. He cut some heavy sheets of cardboard, and on going to bed at night he piled the boys' trousers under his mattress and slept the sleep of the just. Next morning, all he had to do was to brush them off, hang them neatly on his arm and go out with a cheerful air and a pocketful of change.

There were other ways. My roommate posted bills. He had a long-handled swab with a washer of rubber around it, a step-ladder and a bucket of paste. Of a morning he would start out and by the time other persons were about, the town glistened with strange and startling announcements. But there was one bad feature about it; the rubber washer did not always keep the paste from running down the handle—and we had only one towel between us.

Another strange genius I knew—his name was Bridger, but no relation to Jim, the scout who led the pioneers across the plains. He invented a most amazing concoction of his own. He made his extra

money washing windows, but the little college town of Columbia was full of window washers, so he experimented around and brought forth some sort of frothy substance and a wonderful talk. He had cards printed with his telephone number; he went to the good housewives, shook his bottle till the froth came and told them how he had invented this wonderful cleaner which only he, and he exclusively, could use on windows. It made them shine, made them glitter and kept flies away.

Bridger was studying to be a lawyer—he had a wonderful line of talk. He made a ceremony of washing windows. He told about how some of his rivals were trying to wrest his secret from him; how a chemistry student had tried to steal some of it to have it analyzed and how at the last moment he had snatched it away from him—I believe Bridger had some sort of a rough-and-tumble fight fixed up—Oh, he was a wonderful talker, Bridger was! And then he would flourish his black bottle in the housewife's face. . . . The secret still remained locked safely in his own breast. . . . When he wanted to mix some more of his wonderful compound he would go down into the basement, lock the door and after a time come out hugging the black bottle under his arm. Anyway, he was able to get all the work he could handle when the other window washers were tramping the street. He had the wives completely hypnotized by his wonderful bottle, and then just as he was leaving school he told me what it was—plain, every-day, ordinary soapsuds and coal oil! But he had been able to get a degree with it and that was what he wanted.

As I write it all comes back to me—the other methods pursued by men in my college. One of them sorted seeds for the Department of Agriculture; one, who

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had a turn for things artistic, lettered posters and window cards for the town merchants; one put the type into a multi-graph machine; one, who wrote a legible hand and had some speed, addressed envelopes. One posed for an art class—sometimes standing on a platform holding a vase, or maybe the next time I saw him he was a Roman soldier carrying a spear.

Other ways come back to me. One boy was a hotel runner—he met the trains and persuaded people to come to the hotel he represented. Several of the boys waited on table and in turn received their meals—and with a college boy that is a big thing.

Some tutored the sons of rich parents; one boy restrung tennis rackets; some were rubbers in the gymnasium, and one drew bugs for the biology department. He sat with one eye squinting into a microscope and he could take a bug the size of a pinhead and make it look like something they dig up in Wyoming. Later he became a cartoonist and is now working for a motion picture company drawing royalties—he says they are the best thing he has ever found to draw.

There were other kinds of students in school. The hardest work they were ever called upon to do was to write home to dad for more. Then next month another letter. While the other boys packed laundry, washed windows and pushed type into a multigraphing machine, these boys loafed, smoked and took it easy. I have had occasion to watch what happened to the two kinds when they got out into the world. As a general rule, I have found that the boys who had to roust for themselves in college are usually the ones who are now sitting behind the frosted doors. It was a bit hard on them at the time; they would have preferred much to be deep in the forest surrounded by the shelter of dad's pocketbook, safe against every wind that blew, but instead of that they were out on a bare and wind-swept knoll, tossed and pulled and turned by every wind that came. . . . I have often thought of what the old ax handle maker from New Hampshire told me.

Don't be afraid of a few winds. Set your roots deep and hold on. Go to college. Remember the story of the ax handle man . . . he knew where the good hickory came from.



Some pressed clothes



“Night Bear” or Night Clothes

By W. C. Tuttle

Illustrated by Clyde Forsythe

*The Wild-cat clan of the Delawares
Has never been knowed to fail.
Over the mountains, over the lake,
We foller the dimmest trail.*

*Nobody can foller a trail like us,
In rain or in weather so fair.
We don't never need any compass,
And we trail 'em right to the lair.*

—SONG OF LOPING WOLF

THE four members of the Wild-cat clan stood on the shore of Kloooh Lake and gazed afar, as is the habit with Injuns when they're looking for anything. Our keen eyes spied a cabin in the trees below us. To all appearances it was a deserted abode of the hated pale-face. Thereupon we proceeded to surround it. The door was closed but unlocked, so we entered, which may seem unindian, as we should have spied upon it for hours before venturing within shooting distance of the front door.

“There ain't been a soul here for ages,” declared Loping Wolf, known in private as “Tubby” Spencer.

The clan acknowledged the wisdom of the remark and began a systematic search of the cabin. There was no question but

what the owners had deserted it long before—perhaps six months before.

“By golly, they left something!” exclaimed Two Feathers, otherwise “Skate” Higgins, delving deep into a dusty sack and hauling out several pairs of moccasins. “Whoopee! Moccasins for all of us.”

“Huh!” grunted Night Bear, otherwise “Pie” Van Horn, holding up an object. “Dot's notting. Here iss caps for our muzzle-loader shotgun. Unt here iss some rifle cartridges which ve can open unt get some powder.”

We did a scalp-dance around the cabin. We had at last reached the objective of our camping trip, and had found a nice warm cabin to stay in.

The Wild-cat clan of the Delawares was composed of “Tubby” Spencer,

"Night Bear" or Night Clothes

"Skate" Higgins, "Pie" Van Horn, and myself, who is "Rube" Rawlinson. The clan was originally composed of only three of us, but on this trip we had initiated Pie into the clan, giving him the tribal name of Night Bear, on account of him having killed a bear in the dark.

Pie was a Hollander—full name being Pieter Van Horn. His father owned the team and wagon we used for the trip, and it is well to have a blood-brother whose pa owns rolling stock like that. Tubby was the guide, having been told where Klooch Lake was. Tubby was built after the plans and specifications of a water bucket.

It was easy to bring down our outfit and take possession of the cabin. Klooch Lake is not a big body of water, being about two miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide at the widest place, and not over three hundred yards wide at places. It was heavily timbered to the water's edge mostly all the way around. As far as we could see we were the only human beings on the lake.

Then Tubby and Pie found a canoe. Like Jack and Jill they went down to the lake to get some water and fell in. They stood there up to their shoulders in the cold water and yelled for help. Then they happened to look in under the brush on the bank and saw the canoe.

Of course Tubby claimed all the credit for the discovery. At first he wanted to lick Pie for pushing him into the lake, but as soon as he spied the canoe he apologized to Pie for pushing him in. Pie didn't mind. He didn't know what the apology was for, because he just nodded his head and said:

"Don't mention it, Tuppy. You are velcome."

It was a pretty good canoe. We hauled it out and launched it. There were two paddles and about fifty feet of

pretty good rope. We whooped around our prize, and then sat down to plan out a voyage.

"Gee, it's awful hot!" complained Tubby, unbuttoning his shirt. "I've got a scheme, fellers. Injuns don't wear a lot of stuffy clothes, do they? Let's make us some breechclouts and just wear them and moccasins. Ain't nobody going to see us and we can have a lot of fun. Be regular Injuns."

"And paint ourselves with that red clay up by the cabin," added Skate, jubilant over the scheme. "What do you say, Rube?"

"I follow the clan," I replied.

"Mit red clay?" grinned Pie. "Unt den go in svimmin'? Dot a good t'ink vat you made."

"Pie, you'll never be an Injun as long as you live!" declared Tubby, disgustedly. "You'll never be one of us—not in your mind. You ain't got no imagination."

"Dot's all right, Tuppy. I make mutpies. I'm Intchun; Whoo-o-o-pee!" and Pie went galloping up towards the cabin like a cub bear.

The three original Wild-cats looked at one another and shook their heads. "There's some old flour-sacks in the cabin," said Skate. "We can cut off the corners, slip our legs through and tie 'em around our waist."

"Good!" grunted Tubby. "That's a regular Injun idea, Skate, and besides we ain't got no safety-pins."

"Believe me I think quick," grinned Skate.

The flour-sack idea was good. Tubby filled his sack so full of boy that it looked like the skin on a sausage, and then we went out to the clay bank. It was a nice brick red and in about ten minutes we were the savagest looking bunch of Indians you ever saw.

Skate found a dead hawk near the

"Night Bear" or Night Clothes

cabin, and its wings and tail furnished us plenty of head decorations. Tubby found an old can which had contained white lead, and he dug out enough to paint his nose white and a mystic circle and cross on his forehead. Then we all piled into that canoe. Canoes have ideas of their own and this one's principal idea in life was to go bottomsides up. Me and Pie sat in the front end while Tubby and Skate sat in the rear and paddled.

"Hang close to the shore," advised Skate. "This dog-gone thing acts like it wanted to get its bottom side sunburned."

We glided along the shore for quite a ways without a mishap, and then Skate and Tubby seemed to get bolder and swung further off shore.

"We'll go across to that point," remarked Tubby, pointing across the lake. "Then we can explore the other shore."

They swung the canoe around and we pointed across. We were moving along finely when all at once Skate let out a yell:

"Lookut! Lookut! Deer swimming the lake!"

It was cutting across the lake between us and the point. The sun was shining on its horns, and when it saw us it tried to swing further away.

"Geel!" whooped Tubby, almost upsetting the canoe. "Wish we had a gun. Ain't that a beaut of a deer?"

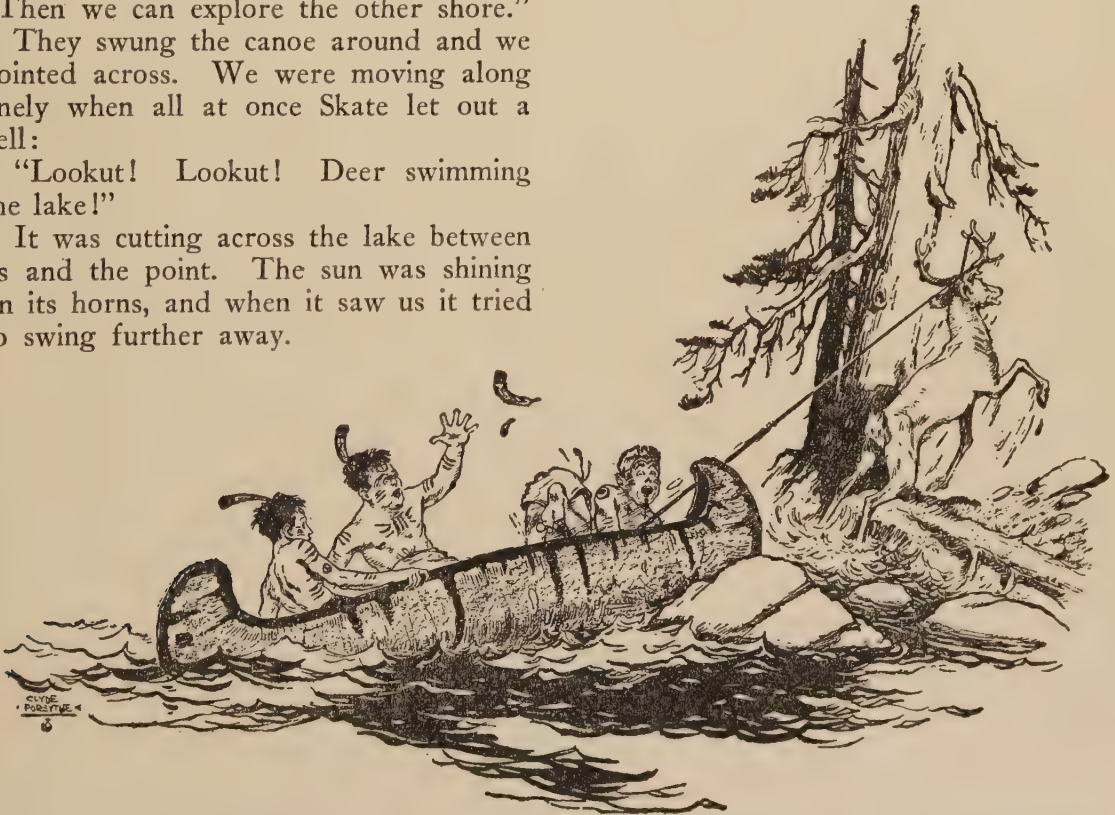
"Let's rope it, fellers!" cried Skate. "Pie, get off that rope!"

"Set still!" I whooped, trying to keep the boat from rolling over with us, while Pie hauled the rope from under his knees.

Tubby and Skate paddled furiously while Pie made a loop in the rope. The deer seemed to get bewildered and swam in circles, and I guess that our paddlers did a little circling on their own account.

We managed to get within about twenty feet of it and Pie cast the loop.

It was a good cast. The rope dropped right over its antlers, and right then we had our hands full trying to keep from getting swamped. The deer plunged and almost yanked the rope out of Pie's



The deer scrambled out of the water with a snort and a yank, the canoe hit a rock with a crash, and we all went into the lake

"Night Bear" or Night Clothes

hands, but he managed to fasten it to the canoe. Suddenly the deer whirled towards the shore and we yanked and bobbed along behind.

Tubby and Skate lost their paddles and we all hung on to the canoe. Nobody had sense enough to let the rope loose. We just sat there and wondered what would happen next.

It did! The deer scrambled out of the water with a snort and a yank, the canoe hit a rock with a crash and we all went into the lake. We scrambled out, dazed and full of water, and looked around. The shore was a tangle of rocks and brush, but there was no sign of our deer.

"Huh—here iss der rope," remarked Pie, foolishly, picking it up. It was still attached to the deer.

"Woosh!" I saw the deer jump out of the brush and whirl facing us. The rope caught Pie behind the knees and he turned a backward flip-flop right into Tubby, who promptly fell into the lake.

The deer was sore. It made a run towards me and I went into the lake after Tubby.

"Take him off!" yelled Tubby, grabbing me by the neck. "Take him off!"

The deer was standing there with its head down looking at Pie when I heard a limb break, and right in front of the deer dropped Skate. Skate must have flown into that tree, 'cause none of us saw him climb it. He lit on his stomach. Just as he hit the ground Pie let out a blood-curdling whoop, leaped to his feet and galloped off down through the brush.

That deer must have had a special grudge against Pie, 'cause it whirled and started to bound after him. I say started to bound, 'cause Skate must have been laying across the rope. When the deer jumped we seen Skate come up, sort of jackknifed, and then stand on his head in the brush.

The deer went down with a grunt, got to its feet, slowly shook its head and walked away as free as the air. The rope had slipped off its horns.

Me and Tubby stood there in the water and watched it leave.

"It's got loose," said Tubby, foolishly.

"Shall we trail it?" I asked.

"Geeminee!" exclaimed a voice, and Skate's scratched face peered at us from over the bank. "Is that all the far you've gone, Tubby?"

"He—he had buck-fever, Skate," I replied, and led Tubby to shore.

Then Pie got lost. The original Wildcat clan were too well drilled in woodcraft to ever get lost, so Pie must have. We yelled his name in seven different keys, but got no response. The canoe wasn't much good any more, as the rock had caved in the whole front end.

"We've got to find Pie," groaned Tubby. "Maybe we can trail him. My golly, these briars sure do scratch! Wish I had my clothes on."

"It's your own fault," accused Skate. "If you'd a kept your mouth shut we'd never took 'em off."

"Well, you seen that deer first," whined Tubby, hoarsely. "You said, 'Let's rope it!' Aw, you did, too, didn't he?"

I didn't get into the argument, 'cause I was busy trying to get a splinter out from between my shoulder-blades, and none of my ancestors have ever been contortionists as far as I know.

"Now, we've got to go all the way around the lake," complained Skate.

"Geeminee, we've got to find Pie first!" whined Tubby, rubbing his white nose, which smeared his face with white lead. "Maybe we can trail him."

There was no question about that. What the Wildcat clan can't follow never made a track, but we never did find Pie's trail.

"Night Bear" or Night Clothes

"He must a flewed," stated Skate, and we all agreed.

"Now we've got to go all the way around the lake," said Skate, once more, and again we agreed.

Every once in a while we'd yell Pie's name, but all the good it ever done was to antagonize a pole-cat, which caused us to make a wide detour. Then night came. First came sundown, which brought a decided chill to our bare skins, and then came darkness with hints of more cold to follow.

"Geeminee, we've got to have a fire!" groaned Tubby, tearfully hugging himself with a sticky sound.

"Who's got a match?" asked Skate, dismally, and for the first time we realized that naked Injuns don't have match pockets.

We sat down on a log and thought it over. Tubby cried a little, softly, and started to make remarks, but Skate slapped him on the bare shoulder and the prayer ended in a yelp. Then we went on.

Suddenly we saw a light from a window and our lagging spirits went up to fever heat. Tubby began blubbering with delight and me and Skate tried to whistle. We got scratched a lot on a barbed-wire fence, and then we all trotted up the trail towards the front of the house.

"Wait," cautioned Skate, bringing us to a stop. "We don't know who lives here, do we? Well, then, we'll go a little closer and announce ourselves."

We went a little nearer and stopped.

"Whoohoo!" called Skate, and then a moment later, "Whoohoo!" a little louder.

A shadow passed between the light and the window.

"Whoohoo!" yelled Skate again, and the door flew open. The shaft of light from the open door illuminated us fine.

Came a blood-curdling yelp, like a woman in pain, and the door slammed shut.

"Ain't she mean!" remarked Tubby.

"Aw, shut up!" snapped Skate. "What do you expect, and us lookin' like Injuns?"

"Yarhoo! Woof! Woof!" came the barking of dogs, and above the barking came the squeaky voice of a woman:

"Sic 'em! Sic 'em!" and then, "Bang! Bang!" goes a gun.

I thought for a moment that I had bumped into a bee's nest. Some seemed to sting me in the legs all in a swarm, and just then Tubby ran into me and we both went down. But, we didn't stay down. Not much! A dog seemed to snap its teeth right behind me, and I know of one Delaware that never touched that wire fence. Maybe I hit a spot where there wasn't any fence, but I rather think I cleared it completely.

I went back to the jungle as fast as my legs would carry me. Trees seemed to rise up and smite me and branches reached down and yanked at my hair, but on I went. Nothing less than a greyhound could have kept me in sight. After a while I fell over a log, so I lay there and tried to pump some air into my aching lungs.

I pumped for a while and then I heard a noise. I managed to still my pounding heart long enough to hear:

"— and — lul — little bub-baby — huh — brother."

"Tubby!" I yelled. "Is that you, Tubby?"

"You didn't think it was me, did you, Rube?" panted a voice off to the right, and Skate felt his way over to me.

"We're lo-o-st!" blubbered Tubby.

"Ain't no such a thing," declared Skate. "Pie's the only lost one. Geeminee, I got shot, I think! Something stung me awful!"

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"Me, too!" wailed Tubby. "I was going away when it stung me, too."

"I'm shot worse than both of you," I bragged. "I'm shot so bad that I'm wounded, but you don't hear me yelping about it, do you? Be stoical."

"That's all right in books," complained Tubby. "I wasn't brought up to be shot. I'm catching cold — honest I am."

"Not in your head," declared Skate. "You can't catch no cold in your head with all that paint on it. That stuff is cold proof. Aw, ask Rube if it ain't."

"I ain't no doctor," I reminds him. "I'm hungry and I may be a little cool."

"Where do we go now?"

Around the doggone lake!" grunted Skate, and then apologetically, "to find poor lost Pie. Come on."

"Pie is to be pitied," said Tubby, as we went away in single file, with Skate in the head. "Pie ain't no woodcrafter, is he, Skate? Believe me, if any of us got lost we'd find ourselves, wouldn't we, Skate?"

We know where we're going all the time, don't we, Skate? Skate can lead us right home as easy as anything."

"We've got to take turns," reminded Skate. "I'll lead a while and then you and then Rube."

"Trouble with me is that I can't see much in the dark," complained Tubby. "You'd hate to have me lead you wrong,

wouldn't you, Skate?"

"All my folks have trouble walking in the dark," said I. "Even my father gets turned around right in our own home in the dark. We're all——"

Just then I walked right into a tree. It flattened my nose all over my face, and when Tubby bumped into me we both went down.

"Why didn't you tell me that tree was there?" I demanded.

"Think I'm going to move 'em?" he asked, sarcastically, and then we all sat down and rested a while. My wounds began to sting me a lot. I was all scratched up, and I felt pretty bad all over.

Then we heard a wolf howl!

I felt my skin all try to crawl over the back of my neck when that wolf let out that howl. None of us said a word for a while, and then Tubby sobbed:

"Now, it's—it's all off! Ma-a-a-a!"

"Aw, geeminee!" wailed Skate. "Shut up, you big baby! Your ma ain't near here. That wolf don't know

where we are, does he, Rube?"

Just then the wolf howled again.

I didn't answer Skate. I walked right back to the tree that knocked me down and I climbed right up. Tubby came right behind me and behind him came Skate. It wasn't a big tree, but it had some dandy branches on it. It was colder up there, and I could hear the splashing



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of water somewhere. I climbed up close to the top and Tubby and Skate tried to go beyond me.

The wolf howled again and the tree began to sway.

"Rube, you bub-better get dud-down lower," chattered Tubby. "This tut-tree is too weak for all of us."

"Get down your own self!" I snapped. "This is my tree. You and Skate go and find one for yourself."

The wolf howled again—closer!

The top of that sapling must have contained about three hundred and fifty pounds of chattering boyhood, which is considerable for a small tree.

"Say, this dog-gone tree is bending!" yelled Skate. "Somebody slide down!"

"You do it, Tubby!" I yelled, as I felt it sway earthward, but Tubby only put his arm around my neck and hung on like grim death.

Down we went, lower and lower until I felt the brush scrape my skin, and then I guess I touched some nettles. Anyway, I let loose of the tree, but hung onto Tubby—or rather he held onto me.

"Bump!" we went into the nettles.

"Swish! Oh-h-h-h-h! Splash!"

Tubby and I hugged each other in that nettle patch for a moment and then we began to crawl loose.

"Skate!" whispered Tubby, hoarsely, and then a little louder, "Skate!"

We could hear the gurgling of waters, and a loon called mournfully from out on the lake.

"Skate Higgins!" screamed Tubby. "Oh-h-h-h-h, Skate!"

"Dud-don't yell lul-like that," choked and chattered Skate's voice, and we heard him coming back. "Br-r-r! Geeminee, that water's cold! What did you let loose for?"

"What happened to you?" I asked.

"Happened?" he parroted. "You both let loose and the tut-tree threw me

out in the lake. Wonder I 'didn't get kuk-killed. Br-r-r-r!"

"We've got to find a bigger tree," wailed Tubby.

"Not me!" grunted Skate, firmly. "I may get et up, but I ain't going to be a catypult no more. Geeminee, I hit the water on my back!"

"There ain't no use of looking for Pie any longer," I stated. "Maybe the wolf got him. They sometimes howl over their prey. I'm cold and stung all to thunder with them nettles."

"Think of me," bragged Skate. "Think of what I must a went through. We might as well stay here until morning, so long as we ain't searching for Pie. Maybe we could rub some sticks together and start a fire."

"Maybe you can," wailed Tubby. "I can't. I rubbed two sticks together all one afternoon and they never even got hot." The Wild-cat clan stood there in the dark and shivered, which is un-indianlike to say the least. A breeze came up, which 'didn't add to our comfort. Skate poked around in the dark for a shelter, and all at once he yelled:

"I've found a place, fellers! Yes, sir, it's a holler log!"

We stumbled over to him and felt around. He'd found one all right. It was the butt end of a giant tree, with a hollow about four feet in diameter and about ten feet long.

The inside was carpeted with dry leaves and such things as happen to get into hollow logs. We picked up a lot of branches and stuff to block the entrance after we got inside, and it wasn't long before the Sandman visited the original Wild-cat clan.

The sun was shining into the end of the log when we awoke. We were sore in body, but the sight of the sun gave us renewed courage. Suddenly we heard

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a twig snap outside. Came the crashing of brush and something seemed to bump and scrape on the top of our log. Tubby almost choked me to death, trying to get further back in the log, and suddenly we heard a voice singing, off key: "Columbia der chem of der o-o-o-cean, in my o-o-old Kentucky home far away."

"Pie!" squealed Tubby, "Pi-i-i-ie," and we rubbed half the skin off our bodies trying to get out of the log.

When Tubby yelled I heard a bump and a crash on the log, and as I skidded out on my hands and knees I saw Pie's feet waving in the air on the other side of the log. Then his feet went down and his head came up. His eyes were as round as saucers as he stared at us.

"Geeminetties!" he gasped, "Intchuns in der log!"

"We've found Pie!" whooped Skate, "The lost is found! Believe me, the old Wild-cat clan can find things what are lost."

The spot had a familiar look, I glanced at the edge of the lake, and there was that busted canoe. We were right back to where we had landed.

"Pie's got his clothes on," declared Tubby wonderingly. "Where did you get your clothes, Pie?"

"Camp, I put 'em on."

"Gee!" grunted Skate, admiringly; "I didn't think you had it in you, Pie. Went all the way around the lake, eh? All alone, too."

Pie looked wonderingly at Skate and shook his head.

"No, I nefer go on udder side, Skate. Vy should I? You boys been chasing dot deer all night?"

The three of us looked at one another and then at Pie.

"You say you never went around the lake?" asked Skate. "Where did you find your clothes?"

Pie pointed in the direction he had taken when he ran away from the deer. "At der camp," he explained. "Chust about t'ree hundred yards down there."

The three of us looked at each other, looked across the lake and then back at Pie.

"Huh!" exclaimed Tubby, wonderingly. "I know—huh! That deer turned us around so many times that we thought we had crossed——"

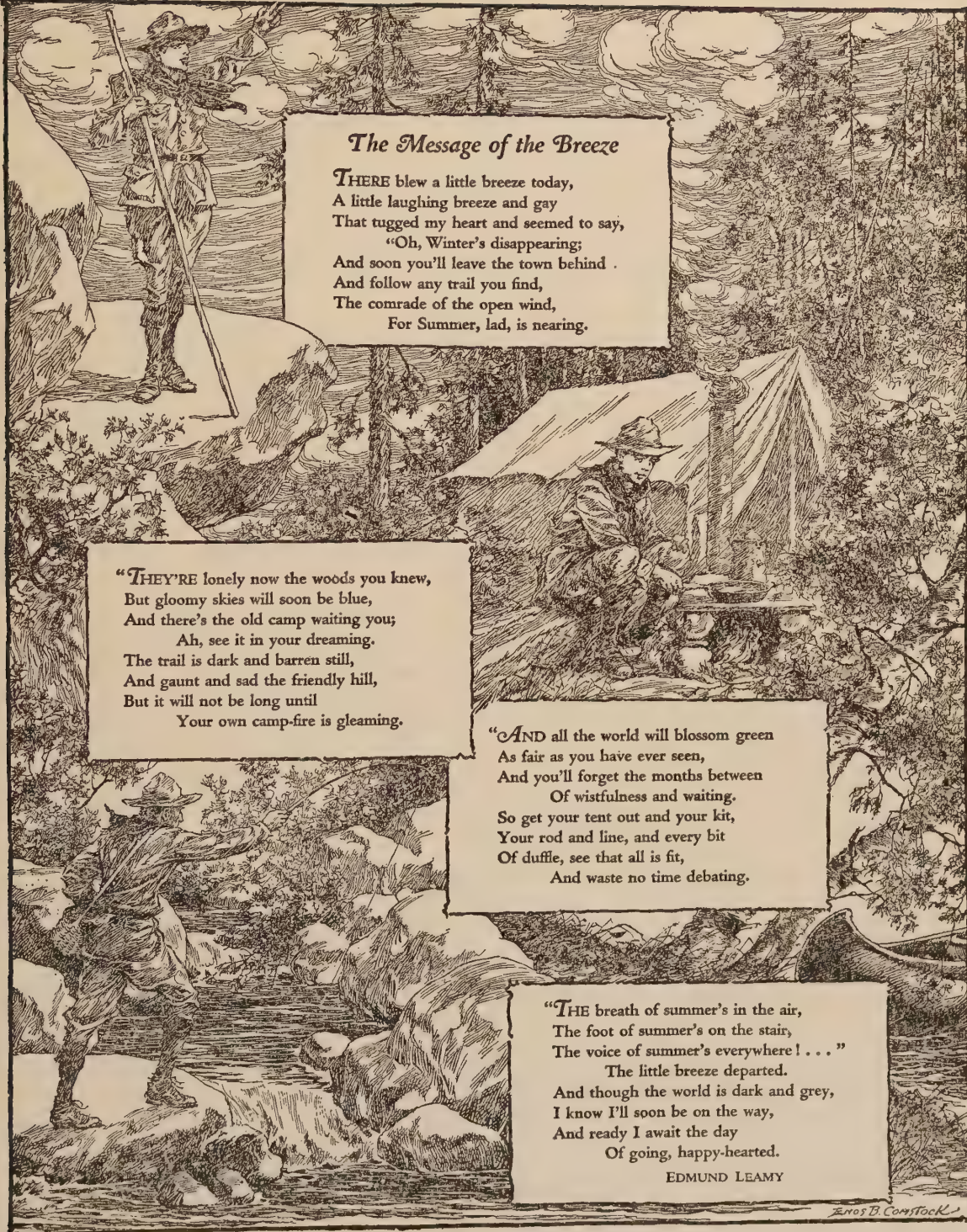
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skate, stopping Tubby's disclosure and kicking him behind the knees at the same time. "Pie, you should have been with us. We had a great time."

"I should t'ink so," grinned Pie, grinning at our scratched skin. "Great is all a matter of taste. I don't like it."

"You'll never be a regular Injun, Night Bear," said Tubby, sadly.

"Night Bear," grinned Pie, "not me, Tuppy. Make mine 'Night Clothes.'"

And then for fear he might get lost again, we made him walk in the middle all the way back to the cabin.



The Message of the Breeze

THERE blew a little breeze today,
A little laughing breeze and gay
That tugged my heart and seemed to say,
 "Oh, Winter's disappearing;
And soon you'll leave the town behind .
And follow any trail you find,
The comrade of the open wind,
 For Summer, lad, is nearing.

"*THEY'RE* lonely now the woods you knew,
But gloomy skies will soon be blue,
And there's the old camp waiting you;
 Ah, see it in your dreaming.
The trail is dark and barren still,
And gaunt and sad the friendly hill,
But it will not be long until
 Your own camp-fire is gleaming.

"*AND* all the world will blossom green
As fair as you have ever seen,
And you'll forget the months between
 Of wistfulness and waiting.
So get your tent out and your kit,
Your rod and line, and every bit
Of duffle, see that all is fit,
 And waste no time debating.

"*THE* breath of summer's in the air,
The foot of summer's on the stair,
The voice of summer's everywhere! . . ."
 The little breeze departed.
And though the world is dark and grey,
I know I'll soon be on the way,
And ready I await the day
 Of going, happy-hearted.
EDMUND LEAMY

How to Make Your Own Pack

By Dan Beard

BACK in the olden times when we all spoke English in America; before we had revolvers, automatic guns, flying machines, gas and electricity, with graft attached; before we had Bolsheviks, railroads and telegraphs; before we had movies and graphophones; but when we did have a real wild West, real Indians who could give real blood-curdling war whoops and who used real bows and arrows, and where there were real pioneers who, in spite of war whoops, did not hesitate to penetrate the wilderness; back in the time when Lewis and Clark threaded their adventurous way across a brand-new continent, there was a fellow with them, a great, big, six-foot buckskin-clad pioneer with luxuriant long hair, eagle eyes, and a set of teeth that would have made those in the show win-

dow in front of the dentist shop snap with envy. This big fellow forgot his delightful scout smile when he came running into camp one time, and shouted that Indians were after him and had robbed him of his surveyor's compass!

The rough pioneers in the camp laughed heartily as they cried, "We see no Indians," then one of them suddenly turned to the panting man and exclaimed, "your heel is all bloody, what is the matter?" They stopped to examine it, and pulled from the heel a flint arrow head!

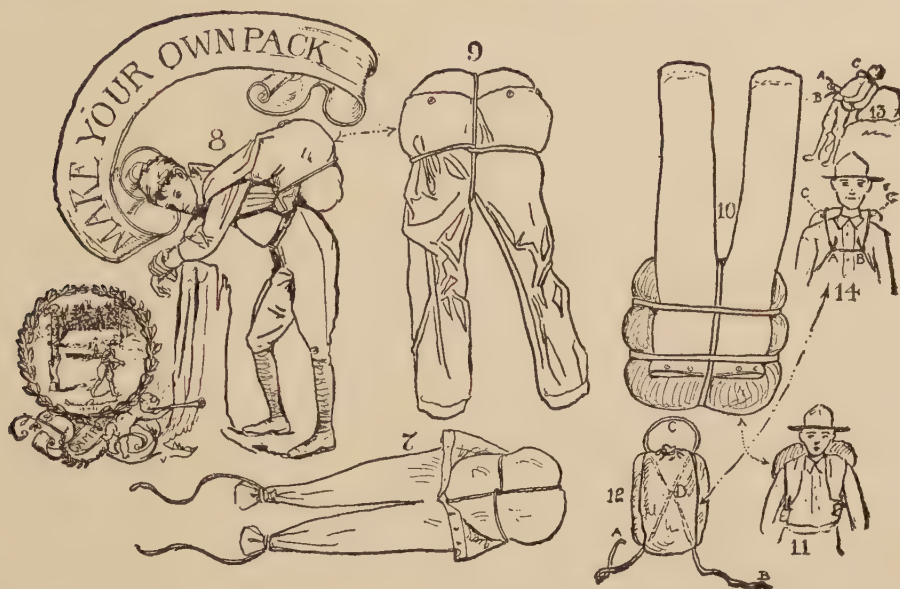
That stopped the boisterous laughter in camp and they prepared for battle. Well, this big fellow came back from the West and settled in Kentucky, and one day his neighbors had a turkey shoot. A turkey

shoot, in those days, was an occasion when the men shot at a mark and the best shot won a turkey, or sometimes they staked out the turkey itself as a target, in which case the winner had to shoot off his head; not the man's head but the head of the turkey.

Among this hilarious crowd of big Buckskin men, there was a seventeen-year-old boy



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from Cincinnati, walking proudly around with a live turkey under his arm which he had won by his marksmanship; wishing to take part in some more matches he tied the turkey with a thong to a rail fence. After a while another man came along and claimed the turkey and the two got hold of it and pulled each way, the stranger pulled the head off the turkey and the boy held onto the body.

It was at this time that the man with the scar of an arrow in his heel stepped in with, "tut! tut! come now," separating the two angry marksmen, gave a loud, "who ah! who ah!" and all the other buckskin men came trooping in. Without more ado they commenced to chuckle and grin as they removed their wammuses or hunting shirts, disarmed themselves of rifles, tomahawks and hunting knives and piled them safely away. Then the husky men formed two lines of battle facing each other, one to represent the boy from Cincinnati, and one to represent the Kentuckian. All being ready they immediately began punching one another's heads with zest and in the most approved fashion,

but each time that the boy from Cincinnati would step in the ranks he was grasped with strong arms and passed out, and smilingly told that he was a guest and it was not his fight.

This was the real old pioneer life, this was in Kentucky, but they did not shoot and cut each other, it was a free-for-all fight, more of the nature of football rush, or rather I should say, a cane rush at college, than a serious battle. Of course, when it was over there were numerous black eyes, but so are there numerous black eyes and even more serious injuries at every football game to-day.

What has this got to do with Scouting? It has a heap to do with Scouting. These men treated their guest as a scout should, these men played fair in their battle and shook hands when it was all over.

Why do we tell of this in May? Because this is the slippery elm month, and it was on a farm in Kentucky that the writer was initiated into the joy of chewing slippery elm bark, and to-day, every time he smells the odor of burning wood, it takes him back to the log fireplace in

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the log cabin of his great uncle in Kentucky. Oh, that delightful log house! It had a mysterious apartment above, which was reached by a steep and difficult rustic ladder.

Trolley cars now pass the place where the old log cabin once stood; but the same old sun is shining, the same blue sky is overhead, the wild flower still blooms, the cardinal gros-beak, the mocking bird and the cat-bird still sing, AMERICA is still AMERICA, BOYS are still BOYS, and MAY is still MAY!

Therefore, it is up to you fellows to prepare for a hike, an overnight hike—it is really too bad that there is no danger now of getting a flint arrow in one's heel, but one may enjoy the open just the same, and maybe, if you are real good, get a thorn in your heel. Of course, it wouldn't be at all proper nowadays for you boys to stand up in two lines and punch each other's heads, in fact it would bring a scandal upon our organization, but you can engage in vigorous scout games which will test both your muscle and your courage without unnecessarily disfiguring your countenance.

When you hike do it with SEEING EYES. How many of you scouts have noticed the difference in the color of the mid-winter underbrush when seen at a distance, and the same underbrush just before spring when the sugar maple sap is running? At mid-winter the distant bushes and interlacing branches are of a bluish black or dark purple hue, but long before the buds begin to swell a scout with seeing eyes will detect a change in the hue of the underbrush, and will notice that the twigs and branches are blushing!

The blood of the plants is mantling their cheeks, that is, their stems, and it has changed the color of the plants and of the landscape from a somber winter

hue to a light violet—a pinkish violet caused by the red color mixing with the blue.

Another thing he will notice is that the deathlike apathy of the twigs has disappeared, they really seem to have more pep, their dejected winter pose has changed to one of alertness, Spring is in their sap and the dead landscape is once more alive. All nature seems tense like an athlete at the starting line ready to spring into violent action the moment the signal is given.

Not only do the bushes feel the coming of Spring, but it also has an effect upon us, and causes that restlessness which only the fishing rod and the purling brook can cure, or a scout's uniform with our duffel bags strapped on our backs for a hike to the tall timber. Yes, the red blood is tingling in our own veins, we too feel tense and ready for action and Youth and Life is ours!

The old, old world is dead and gone, gone with the leaves of the calendar which have been torn off and cast into the waste-paper basket. The new world is beckoning.

This is Uc-kee-kay, the planting moon of May, so let us begin by planting some good ideas, some good deeds, and some good thoughts, and see if they will not sprout. And while they are sprouting, inasmuch as this is also the slippery elm month, let me point out that Figure 1 is a typical slippery elm tree in its nude state. You see, there is something funny about trees, they take off their clothes in cold weather and go naked, and they put on their clothes in warm weather. Figure 2 shows the budding branch of the slippery elm. Figure 3 the leaves of which its clothes are made. Figure 4 is the fruit or seed. Figure 5 shows a blossoming branch, also an enlarged blossom, while Figure 6 shows the trunk and the formation of the bark of

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the slippery elm tree. The rest of the illustration we will not explain, because the story is told by the signs over the birds and boys and toads and rabbits, not forgetting the girl.

But before you go out after a slippery elm, it is best to know how to make a pack. Figure 8 shows the old American forty-niners' pack made of a pair of overalls or trousers with the duffel stuffed in the seat thereof; see Figures 7 and 9.

It is well to call your attention to the fact that the strings tied onto the trousers of Figure 7 are only put there to show you where to fasten them, the strings are really tied to the seat of the trousers first, as in Figure 8, and afterwards they may be easily fastened to the bottom of the trousers legs in such a way that they form the broad bands of the knapsack which come over your shoulders as you may see in the illustration. Figure 10 shows another way to use the trousers by strapping them onto the bundle. The legs are then brought over your shoulders as in Figure 8. Figure 11 shows a front view of a boy with Figure 10 on his back.

Figures 12, 13 and 14 show a makeshift pack, one that I have never tried, but one which you may try and see how it works. In the first place you make a twisted piece of rope from the inner bark of an old chestnut, or of a hickory withe and place it on a bank, or stump or stone upon which you may rest your pack. You first make a loop, C; make this large so that you can thrust your head through it with ease, then cross the two ends of your rope at D, and place your pack over D, as shown in Figure 12. After that you rest your back against the pack, as shown in Figure 13: grasp the two ends of the rope, A and B in your hands, thrust your head through the loop C, then bring A and B also up to the loop C, pulling the loop down on your chest and making the ends A and B fast, as in Figure 14.

It is claimed that this will ride well on your back, and if it does you thank a fellow named F. B. Webster, and if it doesn't you write to Mr. Beard that when he wants to show you fellows anything to please try it first himself.



“73”

By Wilbur S. Boyer

Illustrated by Frances J. Rigney

NUTTY NAT has put up a radio sender. Nearly everybody nowadays has a receiver and can sit in his own boudowar—which is what 8 EW calls a bedroom—and enjoy tomorrow's temperature and onions wholesale on the N. Y. market; but it is only a transmitter that can answer back and tell what he thinks of Galicazaza and for the love of Mike shove "The Care of Babies" on to 2 A.M.

The trouble is that a transmitter has to have a license—like a dog—and Nutty Nat hasn't got one yet. He just calls himself 8 NK and lets it go at that. I don't know what 8 NK means, and don't ask me how a transmitter works. I can't get audions and detectors and tuners and grids into my noodle.

One night I popped into Nat's radio room above his uncle's garage and found Nat harnessed up to the machine and happy as a mouse in a pantry.

"Had some trouble with my antenna at first, Johnnie," he gurgled, "but she's working fine now."

"Didn't know you had any Aunt Anna," I said. "What was she meowing about? Where's she working now?"

"Antenna, antenna," he repeated disgustedly, pointing out the window to the long wire stretched over a pole on the end of the dock; "the aerial, the fairy that can give you the power to listen and talk to the universe."

"A fairy, hey?" I repeated. "She'll have to be some swell fairy to jolly Johnnie Kelly into another cornet solo. I'm going to get even with you for that trick if I have to leave the finishing touches to my grandchildren."

Some of you fellows must remember about that: how he got me up in front of a big audience with a make-believe cornet and a radio wire up my pants leg and just as I thought I was going to do some fancy tooting he made me play the price of pertaters with variations.

"You're not going to be in this at all, Johnnie," he came back pretty strong for him, "unless as an interested spectator. I don't object to your companionship; but now I'm going to get acquainted with some swell folks by radio. It's a fine night to try. Everything coming in QRS. Stand by while I give a QST."

"Huh!" I growled, because all those wireless letters are about as interesting as elephant's adenoids, "when you get him, give him my BR's."

"I presume you mean 'best regards,' he came back sarcastically. "In the old Morse telegraph days, the abbreviation for 'best regards' was '73,' and amateurs still use it."

"Zatso?" I sneered, because I was sore at his not thinking me swell enough. "And do you know '23'? That's older yet. In good English it means 'No parking here,' 'Move your dogs,' 'Step on your accele-

rator.’ ” And that’s what I did then and there.

Well, Nat and his Aunt Anna made dots and dashes for two weeks and didn’t land a new friend, swell or unswelled. He explored all the country around within two looks and a holler and found about a dozen aerals but they must all have been receiving sets, he decided, because they never let out a peep. If it had been me, I’d have walked in on every last one of ’em and asked; but Nat hasn’t that kind of nerve, though he wouldn’t hesitate to shut himself in the potato-cellar full of gas to test a new gas-mask.

Then one night I came into the garage and found him beaming through his goggles.

“I’ve raised one,” he cried.

“Who?”

“EW.”

“That’s a shirt,” I says.

But Nutty Nat was too enthusiastic to argue.

“8 EW has been preparing to go to college. That’s how I didn’t get him before. We’ve had quite a chat. Here he goes now.”

Nat unhitched one ear-piece from his headgear to let me hear.

“Ha, ha!” he laughed next minute. “Understand what he said?”

“Quit your kidding,” I says. “Nobody said nothin’. All I heard was somebody’s dumbwaiter buzzer.

“Shucks!” he snorted.

“Or maybe there’s a fly inside this pill-box,” I admitted.

“That’s the International Code used in telegraphing.”

“I thought I’d hear United States like WJZ or WGY or KDKA or KWKY. I’m not up on this deaf and dumb.”

Nat did translating after that. Of course, he could pretend 8 EW said anything, but he showed the influence of my

example and told the strict truth. That’s how I got to know 8 EW as well as Nat.

It was funny how 8 EW and 8 NK were alike. Both the same age, both liked cats and soft, dreamy music. 8 NK didn’t smoke; 8 EW didn’t yet, but was going to college in the fall. 8 EW preferred boys to girls; 8 NK was not a ladies’ man. 8 EW liked plants and flowers and wouldn’t take a fish off a hook; Nat relished botany and couldn’t stand to see anyone clean a chicken. 8 EW wasn’t registered and licensed to talk any more than 8 NK—in radio, I mean. And that’s the reason 8 EW gave for not telling his name and address. The name part just suited Nutty Nat because he has always been peeved at his parents for wishing Nathaniel on him. He preferred something that had a manly, noble sound, like Marmaduke or Filbert. As for the address, Nat felt the same way, yet he was scared to try for a license for fear he’d fail on the exams. Nat had a big head but not much violin-string stuff.

It’s funny how those two talked back and forth and got to be jolly good friends without seeing each other or hearing each other’s voices or learning each other’s names—kind of like table-tipping and spook-writing. And when 8 EW started to college it must have been near by, because he was back week ends and at his radio set as regular as clockwork, and Nat could hardly wait for Saturday nights. Do you know, that simp began to stew about 8 EW’s habits and morals?

“I’m afraid, Johnnie, that he might get to smoking, or drinking. I’ve heard of such things in college,” he confided to me.

“What do you care?” I asked, “8 EW isn’t your child.”

“Well, I don’t know,” he replied, taking off his specs to clean. “But I’ve kind of taken a shine to the youngster. He

acts a great deal younger than I do: don't you think so?"

"He's certainly happy and not worrying much about his future," I agreed. "He admits he hasn't any ambition to be a doctor or an engineer or a lawyer, and you've been unable to pin him down to any particular career. But I don't think he's going to grow up wild."



"Can't you ring me in as your tuner or your Aunt Anna?"

"I hope not," sighed Nat like an old man. And he kept nosing around—by wireless, of course,—to find out if 8 EW would start the downward path.

"Haven't smoked yet," ticked 8 EW one night. "Haven't made up my mind when I shall start. Let's both start together."

And 8 NK gave a lecture on the effects of smoking on the heart.

"Dreadful!" was 8 EW's comment; "and it tastes nasty, but it's the rage."

Then it ran along into November and you bet I pricked up my ears when along came the invite for 8 NK to eat Thanksgiving dinner at 8 EW's, and for 8 NK to suggest some things for the meenu.

"Why, there can't be any kind of meenu for Thanksgiving Day except a Thanksgiving dinner, can there?" I demanded. "And I never heard of Thanksgiving dinner in these parts without turkey and cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie."

"May sound good to red head and freckles," he answered—I'm used to his knocks; he don't mean to hurt—"For me, however, new friends, new flavors."

"Then I hope 8 EW is a Chinaman," I came back. "Might be, at that: he says he likes cats."

But when I heard that meenu, my mouth watered. There was turkey, of course, but I never dreamt a tur-

key could be et with so many frills. And it was all in plain English, too, instead of French, where 'poison' means 'fish' and no one but the cook knows what the rest of it has to stand for.

"It's unbalanced," says Nat, looking over the bill-of-fare that he had written down for reference; "but we'll wait until it has been censored by 8 EW's mother."

Even now 8 EW would not give Nat

his address. The fear of the radio censor seemed silly to me; and I figured that the secrecy was just kept up to make the thing seem more adventurous—a kid trick for a fellow starting in college. It was arranged that at 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day, 8 NK should be waiting at the maple sugar camp on the north side of Dark Bay. It was a cold, deserted spot to meet, so there wasn't much chance of the pair being disturbed by undesirable company.

“To avoid mistake,” went on 8 EW, “when we meet take hold of your right ear with your left hand and your left ear with your right hand and say, ‘73.’”

“Say, Nat,” I pleaded, “I want something to be thankful for. Can't you ring me in as your tuner or your Aunt Anna?”

“You see how it is,” replied Nat. “I bet he wants to look me over before he introduces me to his father and mother. What chance would I have after they got one look at you?”

“That's right,” I snapped back. “I don't blame you for being jealous. Just the same I don't think I want to meet 8 EW. That wiggling of your ears when you meet shows he's more childish than I could stand. If I were you, though, I'd take a present for the kid.”

“A present? Who ever heard of taking your host a present when you're invited to Thanksgiving dinner?”

“New friends, new flavors,” I reminded. “He's giving you the dinner to be thankful for; now you turn around and think up something for him to be thankful for, and it will show the real Thanksgiving spirit. It's more blessed to give than to receive, and you ought to surprise him by presenting him with something he really would like to have but don't feel justified in giving himself. I've a hunch he's just romantic enough to fall hard for that dope.”

Nat was thoughtful for a moment. “For once in your life, Johnnie,” he confessed, “you have a brilliant idea.”

Thanksgiving Day Nat got dolled up and started for the maple sugar camp with his present under his arm, but he wouldn't tell me what he had bought for EW. He hadn't been stomping around in the cold more than two minutes when up came a fellow in a green cap smiling with his left ear in his right hand and vice or worser.

“So this is 8 EW?”

Nat grabbed for his ears.

“73,” says the green cap.

“Well, well, well!” says Green Cap.

“Who are you?” asked the astonished Nat.

“I'm 8 NK myself.”

“What does this mean?” demanded Nat indignantly.

“Tut, tut! and fie, oh, fie! also,” remonstrated Green Cap lifting with magnificent air a reproving finger. “You have certainly brought your nerve with you. I don't like to use the ugly word to tell you what I'm pained to think you are.”

Before Nat could get an intelligible word through his sputters, a fellow in a gray sweater came along, eyed the pair searchingly, then with a rising inflection: “73?”

Green Cap sprang forward eagerly, grabbing his ears in the high sign.

“73, Q. E. D.” he responded.

“So it's all right?” chirruped Gray Sweater.

“You bet it's all right,” said Green Cap. “Our friend here who probably owns a receiving set, has been listening in to all our conversation and is trying to horn in on the feed. Come along.”

Linking arms with the newcomer, the first fellow started to lead him away with a “73, goggles, old boy,” to Nat that woke that worthy up.

“Hold on,” he cried, grasping at Grey Sweater. “This fellow is an impostor. I’m 8 NK.”

The newcomer stopped short.

“I thought you were 8 EW,” he said.

“Aren’t you?” asked Green Cap.

“No. Who are you?”

“8 NK.”

“So am I.”

They glared at each other.

“You almost did me out of my Thanksgiving dinner,” pronounced Green Cap in a voice that trembled as of one in sorrow at being double-crossed by a dear friend. “Now you burlesquers had better run along and be glad I don’t take legal action against you for pretending to be me.”

“The impudence of it!” cried Nat, beside himself with indignation, “I’m 8 NK, I want you to understand, and——”

“Exactly what I mean to say,” broke in Gray Sweater with a fine show of fury. “How long are you two confederates going to carry on this joke?”

Nutty Nat says you can believe it or not, but in the next half hour nine more fellows showed up holding their ears sawbuckwise and giving the “73.” And every mother’s son of ’em was ready to sign an affidavit that he was 8 NK. You see, each one had listened in on his crystal set and each one thought he’d be smart enough to horn in, and not one of them dreamt of all the other aerial ears or any one else having the same idea of annexing a Thanksgiving dinner. Nat swears they was all catswhiskers, which is his radi-eye-talian for the common bunch.

“Boys,” said Green Cap, addressing the assemblage, “I’m pained to be obliged to use the short and ugly word, but I suspect that somebody here is an unmitigated prevaricator; and as I am the only genuine, original 8 NK in the crowd, you others can form your own opinion of whom I suspect. Howsomever, I see that if all

you imitations insist, I have as much chance of getting a Thanksgiving stomachache as Trotsky has. I propose we all sit tight and wait for 8 EW to decide when he comes.”

“For the nerve of Nero,” says Grey Sweater, “I award you the burning Roman fiddle; but I’m perfectly willing to trust 8 EW to send all you humorous conspirators down the greased skids.”

No one need take Nutty Nat for a dunderhead. Nat knew some of the fellows and where they lived; and it didn’t take many of his innocent questions to locate every one of the others. He figured that there in that sugar camp were gathered all the owners of aerals, except one, in three counties, and that one must be 8 EW. Why 8 EW hadn’t shown up, he could not guess; but it didn’t take him long to discover that the one aerial not represented was the one on the Ringhorne estate near Pearl Point.

“I know when I’m beaten,” said he, masking his elation at his discovery. “Best thing for me to do is to go home and eat ham and cabbage.”

“73, goggles, old boy,” says Green Cap, and all the others give him the “73,” too.

Nat walked slowly till he got out of sight, then went lickety split for Ringhorne’s.

The Ringhorne’s have a swell joint with a fellow to open the door dressed up like a monkey with hairy peninsulars down the side of his face like potato-scrubbers.

“H’ m afraid you’re a bit of late,” says the monkey, after confessing that this is the house of 8 EW, “but everybody is h’at the table.”

“But I’m 8 NK,” protested Nat.

“Sorry,” says the doorkeeper, “but 8 NK h’is at this moment consuming ’is fruit cocktail.”

"You ask EW to come out here and I'll prove in less than thirty seconds that a brazen impostor is eating the Thanksgiving dinner of 8 NK."

"Sorry," replied the flunkey politely, "but NK warned me against just such an occurrence."

Next day when I came sauntering into Nuttly's garage to show off my new socks, Nat didn't look a bit thankful for living.

"I'd like to choke 8 EW for being taken in so easy," he said.

"Huh!" I answered. "You wouldn't choke EW. EW would knock your eye out."

"Would, would he?" sputtered Nat, "well, I'd make him know he was in a fight."

"Yep," I repeated, "EW would knock your eye out."

"And there I was boob enough to follow out your suggestion and sent in my present by the hands of that insufferable Higgins!"

"I wish you hadn't," I says feelingly. "How did you come to choose such a thing?"

"Why, I began to think it over, and read between the lines, and I kind of felt there was no use being

narrow-minded, seeing that Temptation seemed bound to win."

"You sure weren't narrow-minded," I admitted, "but we were both fog-headed not to catch on that 8 EW is a girl. Imagine her face when she opened that package right at the table and pulled out that briar pipe with the silver '8 EW' on it. I 'most swallered the wish-bone."

"You?" yelled Nat, bounding up.

"Don't get excited," I says soothingly; "it's bad for the digestion—my digestion. After what you said about 8 EW's folks, and your hints about me not being swell enough, I was bound not to disgrace you. I swelled as much as I could. But she sent you something for you to be thankful for. I told her a lot about you and she sent you '73.'"

After that, I didn't stay to show him my new green socks with red clocks, like I came to do. And you bet I won't ever tell him what was my biggest cause for thanksgiving. I walked into Ringbone's with those socks in my pocket, and I'm glad I didn't give them to the monkey at the door but waited till I found out who 8 EW was and let it go at "73."



With a fellow to open the door dressed up like a monkey

Rag-Bag Jimmie

By Wilbur S. Boyer

Illustrated by Francis J. Rigney

JIMMIE WILLOW was amused. As he seated himself on the stringpiece of the town dock, he winked knowingly at the group of idlers watching Ben Van Tyle's struggles with the engine of the motor-boat.

"Would you mind if I tried it a bit, Ben?" he asked with the assurance of an expert.

Ben ceased the violent exercise of throwing over the fly-wheel of the *Nymph* and straightened up to survey the tow-headed volunteer.

"Oh, Rag-bag Jimmie, hey?" said he.

Twit a man regarding an obvious defect or idiosyncrasy, rap his hobby or even his business ability, and though he may resent it more or less emphatically, depending on whether you are friend or foe, the sting of it will not reach deep. He is calloused in those areas. He expects attacks there. But reach under his guard and jab the fault or weakness that he has scarcely realized he possessed, and you will give him a wound that will not easily heal. Youth is especially sensitive in unexpected spots—probably because it has not had encounters enough to learn that there are such spots.

Jimmie Willow was sixteen, and Jimmie had an obvious defect: a face that was a thing of no beauty and a killjoy forever. It was ugly. That protruding jaw alone was as conspicuous as any bull-dog's. Yet Ben Van Tyle, but two years his senior,

had absolutely ignored the face in coining a nickname.

There was a tolerance in Ben's tone that hurt; but the laughter of the crowd cut deeper still. In it was a quality that made Jimmie wince. Just what it meant he was too dazed by the incident to make out. Cruelly fitting was the name Rag-bag, for he was dressed in the cast-offs of Lakeside; and Jimmie might well have resented the *sobriquet* with physical force, his usual recourse on the slightest provocation, had not that peculiar laugh so completely taken the heart out of him.

"That's me," he responded, trying desperately to turn the point of the shaft, "and thanks for those breeches, Ben; my other pair just ain't."

"Huh!" grunted Ben, and turned his attention once more to the pestiferous, balky, logy motor of the *Nymph*. "This good-for-nothing bunch of junk ought to be sunk," he volunteered for the benefit of his audience. "Anyone is welcome to it for twenty-five bucks."

Another laugh from the bystanders: different from the one aimed at Jimmie.

"The hull ought to be worth more than that, Ben," remarked good-natured Harvey Marlowe, son of the New York banker.

"Not very much more," returned Ben honestly; "she's the oldest hulk on Lake George—maybe in the whole Adirondacks."

Rag-Bag Jimmie

"Makes nine miles, doesn't she?"

"In her palmiest days, maybe—when Lake George village was Caldwell; but she's been getting crankier and crankier in the two years I've had her. Lately she starts off, runs for five minutes then slows down and stops. Gas feed, O. K.; carburetor ditto; hot spark; and when I turn her over by hand, the timer is right. I give it up. Anyhow, my new boat will be here in a week and I'll sink this tub."

Jumping upon the dock, he turned his back to the craft as upon a faithless friend.

Jimmie Willow cast a sympathetic eye toward the *Nymph*. He was seized with an impulse; and when Jimmie had an impulse, he fell like Humpty Dumpty, and all the king's horses and all the king's men might just as well conserve their energies.

"Do you really mean it? You'll sell the boat to anybody for twenty-five dollars?" he demanded eagerly.

"You heard me," said Ben Van Tyle coldly, exhibiting no pleasure in being drawn into the conversation. "Got the spare change in my old trousers, Ragbag?"

Without a word, Jimmie produced five five-dollar bills. As he expected, the bystanders were surprised; but they gave no signs of being impressed.

"Don't be foolish, Jimmie," advised Harvey Marlowe kindly.

"I'll take it," said Jimmie.

"You don't want it," said Ben.

"You back down?"

"No, but I don't want to stick you with it."

"That's my lookout," snapped Jimmie. "Here's your money."

"Oh, very well, it's yours," declared Ben, shoving the bills into his pocket. "Sold: a bunch of junk to Rag-bag Jimmie; and good riddance to bad rubbish."



"What cher got there?"

Rag-Bag Jimmie

Jimmie Willow had not paddled the twenty-foot launch many yards from the dock before he overheard enough, not intended for his ears, to reveal his true status in public opinion.

"A well-matched pair," chuckled Dr. Waltham as he turned toward his coupé: "Rag-bag Jimmie and his *Nymph*."

"A bit raw, though, that nickname, Ben," observed Harvey Marlowe.

"It can't be too raw for such a character," declared Dr. Waltham with a deprecatory shake of the head. "It's time he was squelched."

And squelched the boy felt as he laboriously navigated his purchase to the dock of the O'Brien Auto and Boat Garage. On the float was Dan O'Brien himself.

"What cher got there?" he demanded.

"Bought it," said Jimmie, no enthusiasm in his voice.

"How much?"

"Twenty-five."

"Cents?"

"No."

"Stung!" declared Dan disgustedly. "What cher goin' to do with it?"

"You'll see," answered the boy doggedly, setting that ugly jaw.

Drawing the *Nymph* into the boat-house and ignoring Dan's sarcastic remarks, he ascended the stairs to the second story of the garage, where was his own private suite of rooms overlooking a section of Lake George and the wild, wooded slopes of old Spruce beyond. Private suite was what big Dan jocosely called Jimmie's corner in the loft, with its cot and assortment of soap-boxes and packing-cases doing duty as furniture. He cooked his usual evening meal on his oil stove, washed the dishes and pans, then curled up in the dusk by the window in a rocker made of a box and barrel-staves.

It was a little over a year since Jimmie

and his ne'er-do-well father had drifted into town, the elder to drop immediately into a job with O'Brien, only to walk off two weeks later, leaving Jimmie to shift for himself. Big-hearted O'Brien, blessed with a large family, could not possibly manage to make room in his own household for the homely waif; but he had done the next best thing. Jimmie attended school because under the compulsory education law he had to. After school, Dan had found him a plodding, willing helper who more than earned his bare quarters and small wage.

But the boy lacked enthusiasm for the work. His whole heart was not in it; for Jimmie had ambitions. He wanted to grow up to be somebody, by which he meant he was determined to march among the leaders in his chosen path in life, and above all, to win by his superiority the respect of the community in general. His choice of a career had shifted from street-car conductor at the age of ten, through ash-cart driver at eleven, drum-major at twelve, to traffic officer at Broadway and Forty-second Street in his fourteenth year. After that it had been unsettled.

His arrival in Lakeside was coincidental with the first rumbles of the coming championship prizefight between France and America. He had but to listen to the violent disputes on store stoops and read the daily papers to assure himself that while the Marlowes, the Walthams, and the Van Tyles were ignored, prizefighters were forever in the public eye, their pictures published, their several abilities compared, their prowess extolled, their qualities praised. When such firm pillars of society as Dr. Waltham and old Steven Marlowe could almost come to blows over the merits of two exponents of the manly art, it was surely a career for any aspiring youth with the necessary physique.

Rag-Bag Jimmie

Jimmie began to save a fund to carry him into the heart of pugdom, meanwhile keeping himself fit by all the means he could learn of through careful study of the news. He inquired at the public library for literature pertaining to prize-fighting and ascribed the rebuff his application received to the sex and age of the librarian.

What he lacked most was actual practice. Providentially came to mind the noble desire to take the part of the Weak and Oppressed against the Strong. He found it no easy task to ferret out his cases; but like a knight of old he fared forth in search of the down-trodden and brow-beaten, wherefore often no one was more surprised than the Weak first to learn of their oppression when the Strong received a wallop from the chivalric Jimmie Willow.

In his barrel-stave and soap-box rocker by the window Jimmie sat depressed, disheartened by the crushing discovery that his fists had brought him notoriety but not respect. Nor were his low spirits lifted by the realization that his impulsive purchase of the *Nymph*, for which he had in truth no profitable use in view, merely served to wipe out all his savings.

He fell asleep from sheer weariness in the wee sma' hours. Had any of those who had received souvenirs of his fists

been able to peek into that dark loft and see the suspicious signs beneath his eyes, they would have been startled to discover that the possessor of that tough face was at heart a soft specimen.

The next morning, while Dan O'Brien was busy, Jimmie stole the opportunity to slip out unobserved to the wharf to view his property.

"You're a down-and-outer, too, ain't you?" he muttered as he viewed the weather-worn, grease-spattered twenty-footer. "But I've a hunch you can get agoing sooner than I can." Whereupon he climbed in to examine the motor.

Not until the following day did he discover the *Nymph's* ailment.

"Hello, Dan, look at this," he called, and O'Brien responded. "The pin that fastens the timer to its rod looks all right, but it's sheered off on a slant inside. See how it fools a fel-

low. It slips around until by-and-by it's firing when the piston is half-way down the cylinder, so of course she stops; but when she does, the timer drops back into place just as innocent as a kid when the teacher looks around from the black-board."

Dan O'Brien scratched his head and grinned.

"Sure, if you keep on you'll be as smart as me, Jimmie. I always knowed you was



Jimmy sat depressed

Rag-Bag Jimmie

nutty enough to be an inventor, if you'd only git wise to yourself."

"There must be ways of finding out a lot of things that other folks have found out," said Jimmie soberly. "It's a waste of time to go plugging away and then find out that someone else could have told you in a few minutes."

The expression of his thought was vague because his mind was groping toward an awakening.

"Sure! in the library," responded Dan ironically, "or in college — they know everything there."

Jimmie made no rejoinder.

The application of Jimmie Willow for permission to enter the *Nymph* in the Lakeside handicap race for launches under fifteen miles an hour caused much merriment in the town; but after the first laugh, the proposition put the handicap committee in a quandary. They did not wish to run the risk of the old *Nymph* capturing the famous local prize, though the rest of the Lake George resorts would perhaps enjoy it. Neither could they come out flatly and refuse the entry. They found another way; and the night the handicap allowances were announced, Jimmie sat up until twelve o'clock. The more he figured, the bluer he became.

"With that handicap, I haven't a ghost of a show," he concluded. "I'm going to appeal."

In reply, a courteous letter explained that to give a time allowance to make up for deterioration in a boat would defeat the very object of this unique race; that the time allowance for the *Nymph* was determined by taking her speed in her prime; that if, however, by any means whatever, outside of installing a new engine, he was able on the day of the race to increase the boat's speed beyond any previous performance, he would not be disqualified, as the race was not to be run

under the rules of the American Power-Boat Association. It was to induce competitors to get the best out of the slower family boats that the attractive prizes had for so many years been offered for this famous local race by Lakeside's leading citizens.

"What do they expect me to do?" Jimmie asked O'Brien, to whom he had read the letter; "put up a sail, or take a hitch behind a lake-trout?"

"They expect you to lose, Jimmie. Now get busy with that nutty noodle of yours and find a way to make your piece of junk shake its creaky joints a bit faster. You've jist gotter—that's all; make up your mind you've gotter. What will you do with the wad if you git it? Two hundred and fifty is a lot of kale."

"Second prize would suit me," declared Jimmie.

"Well, a hundred would be a starter. What did you say you'd do with it?"

Jimmie fidgeted.

"I've been thinking hard lately. Do you believe I'll ever— Ah! I suppose I'm a darn fool to think of it, but——"

"Do I think you'll ever be a champeen fighter? Well——"

"No. Do you think I'll ever be able to go to college and learn what other folks have found out about machinery and—all that, and grow up to be somebody?"

Dan's eyes opened wide.

"Now I'm sure you're nutty," he announced in disgust. "Givin' up the chanst of bein' a real he fightin' man to be a college sap like Ben Van Tyle!"

"Ben isn't the only college man," Jimmie retorted. "I wouldn't mind being like Harvey Marlowe or Dr. Waltham. I've been thinking I'd like to be an engineer."

"A college engineer, hey? Well, I'm disappointed. I've been lookin' forward to swingin' a towel for you some fine day.

Rag-Bag Jimmie

But if that's the race you're bound to go in for, I'll say you're like the *Nymph*: you've been handed a divil of a handicap. And havin' me own brats, it isn't much of a boost I can give you; but I'll stand on the shore, Jimmie, and holler 'Hooray!' till I die of old age waitin' to see you finish."

On the day of the race, the streets of Lakeside blossomed with a gay crowd, and the lone boy's ears burned as he walked along Front Street and sensed the many times he was pointed out as the famous Rag-bag Jimmie. It seemed as though every member of the summer colony along Lake George had heard of the celebrity and felt that vacation would have been incomplete without a sight of the resort's notorious character. Not so long ago, he would have reveled in such glory. To-day he was a different Jimmie.

"Ben's new *Busy Bee* has this race cinched," he told Dan. "Harvey's *Cleopatra* and Carson's *Skoot* will fight it out for second place."

To which O'Brien

responded stoutly, "No race is won till it's over, Jimmie. What was it you said you wanted the money for?"

Jimmie understood the banter intended, and let it go at that.

As cone number one dropped from the dispatching mast and the *Nymph* went over the line, first because slowest of entries, it was greeted with hilarious shouts.

"Huray for Rag-bag Jimmie!" cried a juvenile voice.

"Rag-bag Jimmie! Rag-bag Jimmie!"

It cut, that cry; though no one in the crowd would have believed it. Jimmie kept his eyes straight ahead on his first bearing, Sabbath Day Point to the south. He felt bitter against these people. He was just as aware of the chuckles succeeding the applause as if he had been right beside them. Did they believe him too conceited to catch the irony of their cheers?

But they were out to enjoy the day and here was a part of the entertainment. Few hand-me-downs were there in Lakeside big enough to accommodate the husky Jimmie Willom. This day, in a rusty khaki shirt too tight for his powerful chest, and greasy blue overalls strained across his buttocks, he was indeed a picture. His homely face, so set



Standing on the afterdeck he made several remarks

Rag-Bag Jimmie

and determined, merely served to add to the general hilarity. The idea of Rag-bag Jimmie taking himself seriously! "Hurray for Rag-bag Jimmie!"

Never had there been in the Lake George races such a diverting element of comedy. Many a visitor blessed the committee for introducing so unique a character; and several invited guests thanked the chairman for providing the clever farce that occurred within sight of the town clock. A big, swarthy fellow from the mines of Graphite, holidaying in a row-boat with his best girl and her green parasol, decided that the other side of the course was the better and started to row clumsily over, just in time to get in the way of the *Nymph*. Jimmie was obliged to swing out and pass behind as the fellow splashed undecidedly in the middle of the course. And Jimmie decided to tell that fellow what he thought of him. He did; standing on the afterdeck and letting the *Nymph* run free, he made several remarks. So did the miner. The whole performance cost the *Nymph* two lengths and provided the spectators with diverting entertainment. Jimmie was ready to kick himself after it was over, and was glad when he passed out of earshot of the ragging crowd.

He breathed still more freely as he swung the wheel to starboard to round Sabbath Day Point and made toward the sharp dip in the surrounding mountains that indicated the Narrows, nine miles to the south without a habitation or even a footpath along the steep, wooded shores between. Before him lay a lake of limpid water dotted with little fairy islands. Close under the foot of Deer Leap's perpendicular side he led. Looking back he could see his closest competitors creeping nearer, but here ahead he was skimming into the solitude; and the further his humming motor carried him, the higher his

spirits rose, for lake, mountains, forest, and green-domed islands looked into the homely face of Rag-bag Jimmie as fairly as into the countenance of any man. There was no contempt or derision here.

He skirted the thick wooded slopes of Tongue Mountains for six miles, wormed among the islets and through the Narrows to the Hen and Chickens group, the turning point off Shelving Rock, ten miles below the start. And no boat had passed.

But near Paradise Bay, two miles on the homestretch, the *Gnome* went by, bald-headed Sam Miller waving a hand of farewell in passing. A few minutes later, off Floating Battery Islands, Judge Adams's *Wren* gave him a view of her stern.

Looking back, Jimmie could see the bow waves of the *Busy Bee* looming up like the wings of a white sea-gull hard by the Three Sirens; and off Snake Point she caught up. A spirit of derision prompted Ben to cut so close to the *Nymph* that the sides of the boats were thrown together, much to the amusement of Ben and his mechanician.

They bumped a few times, then the *Busy Bee* drew ahead and the *Nymph* fell in behind, her bow striking precisely on the crest of the other's stern wave.

"Shall I throw you a line?" shouted Ben.

"No, thanks," answered Jimmie.

"Well, so long," called Ben, turning his back upon the trailing *Nymph*.

But it was not "so long."

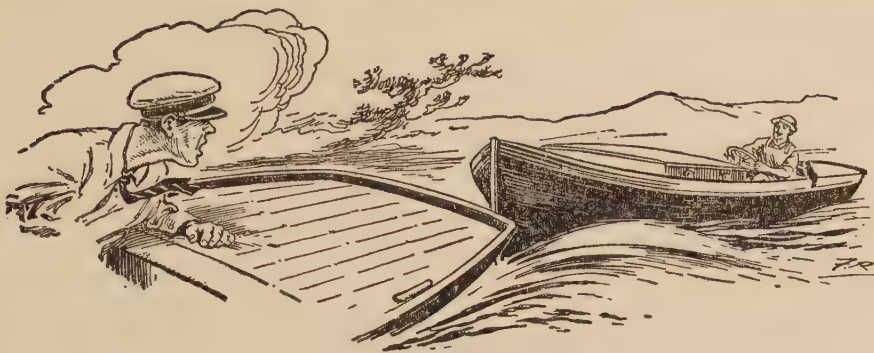
Jimmie sat up and took notice. *Busy Bee* was not gaining an inch. The bow of the *Nymph* rested precisely on the crest of that stern wave. The mechanician called Ben's attention to the fact.

"Hey, what are you doin'?" demanded Ben.

"I don't know," laughed Jimmie truthfully.

"Here, Charlie, take the wheel." Ben crept out on his afterdeck. "Sheer off! Sheer off!"

Rag-Bag Jimmie



"Why don't you cut the rope"

"Why don't you cut the rope?" called Jimmie, settling back comfortably in his seat.

"If you don't sheer off, I'll have you disqualified for interference."

"Ought to have thought of that before you bumped me," retorted Jimmie. "Maybe you put your boat on the blink by doing it."

The suggestion gave Ben and his helper something to worry about, while Jimmie lolled in his seat and enjoyed their discomfiture. After all, there was a lot of satisfaction in having a laugh at the expense of the other fellow, and Jimmie had not had that pleasure in several moons.

Whatever the cause of the *Nymph's* being able to cling close to *Busy Bee's* stern, it did not materially affect the speed of the latter. It was an astonished Judge Adams that watched the *Nymph* in the wake of the *Busy Bee* pass the *Wren*, which had shown its heels to the *Nymph* some time before. He stood up and looked sharply to detect the line that he was firmly convinced must account for the phenomenon.

As they drew up to the *Gnome* along the shore of Vicar's Island, Sam Miller could not at first believe his eyes. He was close enough to assure himself, had he any doubts, that the fastidious Ben Van Tyle had not gone out of his mind and tossed a rope to the town pariah. Furthermore

old Sam was a shrewd-headed opportunist. He saw what was happening and, deciding that what was fair for one was fair for another, he tried to swing in behind. What would have been the result had he succeeded is problematical, for he turned too late and was left behind.

To Jimmie it was at first uncanny. Here was a small, nine-mile boat going as fast as a much larger ten-miler. Trailing in that spot, the smaller boat was undeniably going faster than it ever had before. It must be the pull to the water rushing in behind a moving launch, and that pull was evidently sufficient to benefit a smaller craft traveling close in her wake. What was the actual power of that pull? What effect had this on the speed of the craft in front? What had the shape, draft, and power of the two boats to do with it? There was something else to learn about the use of machinery besides its construction. If he went to college—and here his thoughts drifted off into the rosy clouds that set off the rugged cap of Deer Leap to port.

A half mile from the finish. Within sight of that crowd once more. He glanced back. *Cleopatra* and *Skoot* were crawling up, with but little chance of overhauling the leaders. Was it fair to win second prize this way? "—by any means whatever, outside of installing a new engine," the committee's letter had

Rag-Bag Jimmie

said. But they had never dreamt of this. Well, let the judges decide. What a surprise to the whole region. The two outcasts, Ragbag Jimmie and the *Nymph*, capturing second prize!

The cheering at the line had already begun. To the spectators it looked like a hair-raising finish. Then the miner whose thick-headedness had delayed Jimmie at the start decided that there was plenty of time to row his girl and the green parasol back to the old position. Ben could have given him a wide berth, but, as he admitted afterward, he determined to "give the boob a scare that would teach him to keep off a race-course." Unfortunately for Ben's lesson, the oarsmen gave a herculean pull at the last instant in an effort to get by.

Busy Bee gave the rowboat a half side-swipe near the stern. The girl made a sprawling leap and draped herself more or less artistically, with her flaming red hat, white dress, and deep sky-blue stockings, over the bow of the launch. Her escort rolled out of the boat. One of his oars was drawn into *Busy Bee's* propeller, breaking the shaft coupling.

Jimmie swung the *Nymph* out from behind the *Busy Bee* and was in the lead before he actually realized it.

With a clear course ahead, he turned around, and nonchalantly leaned against the wheel to enjoy Ben's discomfiture. *Cleopatra* and *Skoot* could not possibly catch him in the short distance to the line.

The girl had managed to straddle the bow of *Busy Bee*. She was a striking decoration, shaking her green parasol angrily at the crestfallen crew and voicing her disapproval in strident tones. Her

swain had crawled back into the battered but floating rowboat, where, dripping like a drowned rat, he stood straddling the rowing-seat and delivering an impassioned oration for the benefit of Ben Van Tyle.

The tooting of whistles and horns and cheering from the shore announced the passing of *Nymph* over the line. The seemingly impossible had happened. The two jokes of Lakeside had captured its most coveted prize.

Jimmie ran up to the town dock. There was excitement there, increasing as he approached. As willing hands caught his painter and he jumped ashore, there was the staid Dr. Waltham waving his hat frantically in front of the crowd, leading the yells.

"Rag-bag Jimmie! Rag-bag Jimmie!"

"Oh, well," thought Jimmie, a cynical grin on his ugly face, "let them rag. Who cares!"

But Dr. Waltham seized him and raised his hand for silence.

"Folks," shouted the physician, "you all saw that Ben tried a foolish trick. The judges have decided that Jimmie and his *Nymph* won under the rules. Dan O'Brien says that Jimmie wants money to put himself through college. This prize is his nest egg. Now, then, three times—'Rag-bag Jimmie!'"

"Rag-bag Jimmie! Rag-bag Jimmie! Rag-bag Jimmie!"

Jimmie held up his head. Why, it had not sounded like that before! What a warmth of good-will there was in that name now! He wouldn't exchange it for the fanciest title in the world. He took off his hat and smiled cheerily at his friends; and once more they broke loose:

"Hurrah for Rag-bag Jimmie!"



Spare Time

By Wilbur S. Boyer

Illustrated by Bert N. Salg

WHEN Doctor Peters invited me to spend Christmas with him and the two days it was sandwiched between, I was tickled pink; but when I got there and found he'd invited the new principal of the High School, Mr. James Briggs, and I had to spend Christmas Eve sitting around hearing the doctor and the schoolmaster talk about **SUCCESS** in capital letters, I decided it was too good for Johnnie Kelly. I made believe I was tired, went up to my room, and half an hour later, raising the window, got out on the porch roof with my skates over my shoulder; and as I turned around, there was the school-teacher doing the same thing!

He put his finger to his lips and both of us finished the downward trip in silence. But while he was playing fire-man sliding down, the hook that held the thermometer to the post caught the front of his shirt, pulled it out of his pants, and slit it up to the neck.

I thought he'd bust laughing.

"I'm tired of being good," he confessed when he could speak; "I want to play hookey; but I was afraid to go out

the door for fear of a board squeaking, or bumping into something—me, not the board—and, anyhow, it wouldn't be half as much fun."

I knew how he felt. He was a pretty good scout, even if he was a teacher. He poked in his shirt, blew on his hands, and we started off down the street, side by side. A little snow had fallen, but the wind had blown it off the lake, and the skating in the moonlight was bully. Mr. Briggs didn't talk school a-tall, was full of Indians and shooting and the Last of the Mohicans and Abercrombie, and all those other old-timers that were real thrillers, and we had a bully time.

It was after twelve when we got back and shinned up a different pillar so's not to meet the thermometer; but as he swung up on the roof, the sweater under his coat must have made it extra tight, for there was a rip and away went the seam in the back of his coat from his main deck clear up to his topmast.

"Well, Johnnie," says he, mournfully looking at his coat and shirt when we got inside his room, "I've still got trousers."

Yet he was in a pickle because he didn't

Spare Time

have others with him, and he lived a ways out of town up Ti Creek. What could he do in the morning? So I volunteered to go over to his house and get him a new outfit. He gave me the key to his house, the old lady that keeps house for him being with her daughter for Christmas, and out I went by the back-door way. I skated down the creek and back again with the coat and shirt.

When I reached town again, there wasn't a light. Everybody was in bed. But as I passed Judge Wallace's, if there wasn't Santa Claus climbing in the parlor window with a pack on his back, a jumping-jack and a doll sticking out the top.

I put down my skates quietly so they wouldn't clink and give me away, hung the coat and shirt over a rose-bush, and snooked up and grabbed Santa by the legs.

"Caught you this time, Judge," I laughed.

He let go, and down we come into the flower-bed. His whiskers caught in the rose-bush and stayed there; and when I got a good look at him in the moonlight, sprawled against the cellar window, it wasn't Judge Wallace or anyone I knew.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Santa Claus," he answered. "Ssh! don't spoil things; you believed in me once." And he began to chuckle.

I knew there were all kinds of Santa Clauses around this night—fat, skinny, known and unknown—"But," thinks I to myself, "it's pretty late for a stranger to be playing Santa."

"Come on in and let the Judge say you're all right," I suggested, "and I'll run along home."

To my surprise, he laughed again.

"You won't laugh in about two seconds," I told him, and I took a good breath to holler.

"That's right," he agreed calmly, "call the police, and get laughed at. Otherwise, come along some place where our talking won't disturb people. Then when you've listened, do what you think is best."

"I warn you, old whiskers," I says, as he put on his beard and a coat which he took from the porch-rail, "if you start any funny business, I'll holler like a forty horse-power sireene."

He certainly looked funny as he trudged ahead of me with that short jacket of his pulled over his flimsy masquerade, and I was half-tempted to let him put the schoolmaster's on top of that to keep him warm. Anyway, I give it to him to sit on on the horse-block while I leaned against the fire-hydrant where I surely had the jump on him.

"Now, talk," I says, "and believe me, you've got to be some talker if you don't want to hear me yoddle."

"It's embarrassing," he began, "but I see I must let one person in this town into my secret. I meant to perform my inconsequential deeds of remembrance, and glide out with a heart full of happiness because I had been able to repay the debt I owe to the people of Ticonderoga."

I began to get interested.

"Five short years ago," he continued, "I was the man they advertise in the magazines—I was making hardly enough to support my family—if I'd had any. To-day—so the ad says—I'm making real money. But I will not give my true name even to you. I am modest. I do not seek praise and notoriety; I blush at the very thought. But it was this town that set me on the road to success, unbeknown to themselves.

"When the Judge called me in front of the rail and suggested that I work, I felt diffident about telling him that I was not in love with his idea. Consequently

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"That's right, call the police and get laughed at"

for ten days I was boarded at the town's expense and devoted my time to cleaning the streets. But I had time to spare. Ah! the secret of spare time! It is the secret of success, take it from one that knows. There was a collection of reading matter for us chaps that were boarding there to read in our spare time—all real, ripe old books that had been handed down from previous generations. First

thing I lit on were a speller and an arithmetic old enough to be the ones used by Lincoln and Julius Cæsar. They were an inspiration—made me think about using my spare time for studying; and I was hesitating between starting six volumes of the 'Report of the New York Water Board,' or 'The True Graces of Maidenhood,' printed in 1855, when my eye was arrested by a little book of

Spare Time

etiquette. I studied that careful, and you can see the result in my grace of manners, Mr. Kelly. Nobody will ever be able to print my picture in the magazine section of the Sunday paper with the caption, 'What awful break is this boob making?' I learned which corner of my napkin to tuck into my neck so's not to hide the fancy initial, and how to get my knife in and out of my mouth without cutting the corners, and which leg to hold on to when I'm asked to carve the duck. And that book stirred up my ambition. I says to myself, 'I wish I had a duck to carve, and I wish I could own a napkin with a fancy letter in the corner, and a knife to scoop wittles with.' And then I got up on my hind legs and says to myself, 'I'm going to turn over a new leaf. I'm going to turn over a whole docryard full of new leafs!'

"And now comes the point of my whole experience. Just as I says, I'm going to do; but WHAT shall I do?' my eye lit on a pile of magazines—well seasoned, not one less than two years old—and the wind had blown one of 'em open to an ad. Now most ads are just plain cold business: somebody has something to sell and says so; or a magazine wants subscriptions and offers to pay you to get 'em for it. That doesn't irterest me: it means work. But then there's some folks so chockful of love for the human race that they want to do something for it, and they spend a heap of good noney to tell everybody about it, and how it don't cost nothing because they're just itching to be real Santa Clauses and tell everybody else how to make a fortune easy. Here was what I saw first:

"How much longer are YOU going to wait before taking a step that is bound to bring you more money? Addison Simms of Seattle earns \$25 a day selling pajamas, automobiles, and raincoats direct

to consumer in SPARE TIME! Easy to sell! No experience or capital required. Write for samples FREE!

"There," says I, 'is a great philanthropist, itching to help the lowly. This is a high-class magazine, so of course it wouldn't advertise anything misleading. I'm going to follow Addison Simms of Seattle.' It was a disappointment. I didn't make as much as Addison Simms of Seattle—only cleared ten dollars a day. But I had more spare time, so I looked in another magazine and found inspiration: 'Earn \$15 to \$60 weekly in your spare time drawing cartoons, writing show-cards and jokes!!! We send you orders and pay you cash each week. Pamphlet FREE!' Now, honest, how is it they have to *advertise* for folks to take a job like that? Still, he came near not telling the truth. I came just within his limit, making only \$15 a week that brought me up to \$75; but I had more spare time and answered another ad that told how ANY MAN could earn \$100 to \$300 a month selling stock in the 'Phony Company' in his spare time. I ought to tell that magazine about that ad. They exaggerated. I only made \$15 a week on the proposition, which brought me up to \$90. But I got so thrilled by the ad that I put ten thousand into it myself because they say the stock is bound to double in value within a year and I'll sell out then. It's wonderful how kind they are not to keep it to themselves and to keep Wall Street's itching hands off and let us small investors in on such a pie! I got to wishing I had more to put into it; so, having learned the habit of looking up 'Spare time' ads, I picked out a correspondence school. 'In three months 1,193 of our members got increases averaging 89 per cent.'

"I took that course, but guess I was dumb because I fell way below the aver-

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age, only getting an increase of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent, which brought me up to \$120 per.

"You see, nothing turned out for me the way it did in the ads; but I tackled another learn-in-your-spare-time school that said, 'Successful salesmen report sales doubled and trebled through scientific study of salesmanship under our method.'

"I took that, but I was not a successful salesman like the ad fellow. I didn't treble my sales, nor 'double 'em either. It only raised 'em from \$120 a week to \$200. I'd have been discouraged if I hadn't gritted my teeth and thought of the generous people of this town that had unwittingly give me the start. I must be somebody so as to be a credit to them—and I grabbed another magazine. Sure enough, there was what I wanted:

"**'FREE PROOF THAT YOU CAN WRITE!!! in your SPARE TIME. How to Write and SELL short stories—40 lessons—One pupil earned \$5,000.'**

"I still had some spare time, so I took that course—but I didn't make \$5,000 the next year; in fact, it netted me just a miserly \$1,600, making this past year's income up to yesterday in round numbers \$13,000.

"I thought I was fairly successful until I saw an advertisement in a magazine in the last house I was in that said, 'Are you one of those nursing a secret ambition? The cost is nothing, the reward may be a new vision of your own powers which will enable you, as it did Mr. Thingumbob, to triple your business capacity to collect income from your other two selves. **MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY!**'

"Of course, I discount its alluring language; but suppose instead of tripling my capacity, I only double it. Then I'll put it into some of those stocks that are bound to leap up, and in bonds that pay 11 per cent and I'll soon be wealthy. Honest, I don't see why folks go to plain

schools and colleges and keep on just ordinary jobs and invest in government bonds that pay a miserable 4 and 5 per cent and old-fashioned stocks that don't do much better, when the ads are full of glorious opportunities. I'd never become wise if it hadn't been for the start I got in Ticonderoga's FREE hotel; so I've come back to play Santa Claus to the town in return for what they did for me; and now that I've met you, perhaps it's just as well, because you can tell me all about each family so's I can make the gifts appropriate. Who-all live in here?"

"Judge Wallace," I told him, "his wife, and his son and daughter, both grown up."

"Judge Wallace, hey? He's the fellow that made me work. I can't really give him and his family anything valuable, but I don't neglect him entirely."

From his pack he pulled a green and red necktie, a pair of painted salt cellars, a rubber doll and a duck that waddled.

"Is that the trash you're giving?" I asked. "I think you're faking. What's your real game?"

"That's all I'm giving him; but wait until you see what I'm giving the rest of the town; and if you are not satisfied, you can turn me over to the authorities. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

I decided I could keep a sharp eye on him and wait till he's either made good or tried to get away. So I held his coat along with the schoolmaster's—beside the shirt—while he returned and entered the Judge's. And when he came out I was right there.

"Who lives next door?" he asked.

"Mr. and Mrs. Jones and her maiden sister."

"How will this do for Mr. Jones?" And if he didn't pull out of that bag the swellest gold watch that rang the time on tiny chimes when you pressed a spring!

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"That's something like," I agreed. "You ought to have given that to the Judge."

"No, this is for Mr. Jones. And THIS is for Mrs. J."

In a plush case he exhibited a necklace that most took my breath away.

"Now you're talking," I says.

"And this for the sister," he went on, and produced a bag to hang on her arm that was a beaut.

"You're no cheap skate," I admitted, "if you're really going to give those away."

"Stick to me and keep your eyes open," he advised.

I didn't know yet whether to believe him or not; but if I hollered he could vanish before anybody could be roused up and get clothes on, so I decided to go along with him and wait for something or somebody to turn up. But as I helped him in and out windows and he kept pulling out of that bag some of the swellest presents I ever saw, and the bag got emptier and emptier, I got more and more stumped. By and by down at the end of Main Street he came to a halt. I gave him his coat and he put it on. I'd dropped that silk shirt so many times that I bunched it into a wad and shoved it into a sidepocket of Mr. Briggs's coat to keep it from getting dirtier. "Now," says Santa, "let's see what I have left."

He emptied his bag on the seat in Lawyer Haines's summer house and tossed me the empty bag.

"Keep it as a memento," says he. "Here we have a bracelet, a mama-doll, a suit of nighties, and a pair of slippers—

oh, yes, and here's a diamond pin. Guess I've reached the end."

He took his boots, shook them out and had me feel around in them to be sure he had not anything in them.

"Have I anything in my pockets except my money?" he proceeded. "If so, it is intended for someone in this town."

So saying, he turned his pockets inside out. From his pants pocket he extracted a roll of bills big enough to choke a hippopotamus, and most a handful of gold coins; but there wasn't another present.

"I'd feel better satisfied," said he, "if you'd feel me over to see if some little trinket has escaped my notice."

You can bet I went over him like a fine-toothed comb, but I'll take my affidavit he didn't have as much as a wad of gum.

"Good!" said he. "Now tell me who lives up in that yellow house at the other end of Main Street."

"The Zees," I answered, and described the family.

"Well, all these belong to the Zees; but I'm about tuckered out and my hands are nearly frozen."

I could see that, because he had been trying to stuff that wad of bills back into his inside breeches pocket, but the muslin Santa breeches interfered and his fingers seemed all thumbs.

"Shall I put it in for you?" I asked.

"Never mind," he replied, and dropped it into his coat pocket.

"That's careless," I told him. "It might come out."

"It can't get out without my missing



"Wouldn't wear no sich contraptions"

Spare Time

it," he assured me, and looked at me in such a way that I felt ashamed for myself.

We walked that mile to the other end of the town, and I went in with him this time, because I wanted to make sure; and he got rid of all those presents. Then he pulled out his roll of money, peeled off a five-spot and gave it to me.

"That's for all your trouble," he explained.

"You're a good sport, all right," I says. "Come along with me and get some eats. I'm staying with Doc Peters and I left the back door open."

After a little coaxing, he agreed. We found the key to the storeroom behind the bread-box, went down into the cellar, got into the storeroom, and drew the door to behind us. There were apples and jam and cider and cookies and we had a feast. After our hard work, we were hot and we took off our coats and sat on 'em, and he let his head drop back against the wall and admitted he was sleepy.

"Stay all night with me," I suggested, and he got wide awake right away.

"Not a bit of it!" he declared. "I couldn't stay, thanks."

I coaxed and coaxed, but it didn't do any good. By and by I jumped to my feet.

"Ssh!" I says, "I think I hear someone moving."

He hopped up and put out the lantern. I tiptoed to the door and opened it cautiously—then dashed out, shut it and locked it. It was a heavy door and I knew the window was barred so the fellows couldn't swipe apples. I put my mouth near the keyhole.

"I'm awful sorry," I says, "but I know folks wouldn't forgive me if I let you go without their having a chance to thank you."

"Listen to reason," he pleaded. "You don't know how real bashful I am. I'd faint dead away."

But I left before he could coax me. I hadn't forgot to grab Mr. Briggs's coat, and now I took it up to his room. He was reeling off sleep by the yard, so I hung it up in his closet and glided off to bed.

I didn't see Mr. Briggs next morning until we were all called down to go into the living room and have presents given out. Then I saw the school-master hadn't found the coat, for he had borrowed one from the Doctor. I didn't have time to tell him, for the Doctor with beaming face began to pass out packages.

I got one of mine open first and let out a shout when I uncovered a big gold watch and chain. The Doctor looked puzzled, so I knew it came from my friend Santa Claus.

Mr. Briggs was all smiles as he received a package.

"I didn't expect this," he declared before he opened it, "because I can't return the compliment as I should like to." Then he flushed and looked embarrassed. He'd drawn a lady's fancy waist and a pair of chiffon stockings decorated with monkey fur.

"Meant for some one else," he laughed and looked at the colored washwoman.

"For de land's sakes!" she exclaimed, the whites of her eyes rolling, "wouldn't wear no sich contraptions—couldn't git in 'em, anyhow!"

The Doctor's wife gave a little squeal of dismay. In her lap lay a one-piece bathing-suit, a meershaum pipe, and a set of poker chips. And when the Doctor found he had a pair of child's rompers, a box of rouge, and a harmonica, he just stood and sputtered.

My heart went down in my boots as the packages were all opened and not one

Spare Time

of the things that were expected turned up. And just then in from next door popped the jeweler, Mr. Waddle the pompous.

"Looks as though some one had been up to pranks!" he exploded; and when Mr. Briggs got him calmed down, we found he'd been presented with a pair of scout breeches and a baseball glove. His frail little wife had received a purple dress trimmed with red, big enough to go around her twice; while little Millie Waddle had a book of synonyms and a swell bead necklace, which Doc Peters thought at once must be the one he had bought Mrs. Peters, because Mr. Waddle admitted he did not know where it came from.

While I was sweating away trying to think how to tell it all without making Johnnie Kelly out the prize boob, which I really was, here come a crowd up the street led by Judge Wallace striding along with his hands behind his back, so I knew he was mad.

I lost my nerve for a minute and sneaked upstairs, half-scared into hiding until folks calmed down; but by the time I got to my room I decided that was a mistake, so I got the teacher's coat out of his closet as a good excuse for having gone upstairs, and I came down to the front porch and handed it to him. Everybody was out there or on the lawn in front. And everybody was talking at once. It seems all the small-sized presents in Ticonderoga had been mixed up in a mess, and I had helped.

The young minister had received a mama-doll and a choo-choo train. The ashman got a set of doilies and a lady's wrapper. The flapper next door to us that should have got the rouge and the bathing suit and etcetera that we got, received a pair of overalls and a baby's rattle; and her father that she was going

to give the watch I got, and the pipe and poker chips, got a wrist watch and a book of poems.

"It would have been bad enough," declared the judge, standing facing our porch, hands still behind him, "if the culprits had stopped at mischief; but I put a twenty-dollar bill in each of my children's stockings, and lots of folks were giving bills and gold pieces. Now, are there any in this whole town that did actually receive money?"

Everybody looked at everybody else with blank faces, but only one or two whom my Santa had overlooked in his hurry had received any cash. I didn't need to be a Sherlock Holmes to see how I had been hoodwinked. The bag at first, like the Santa Claus suit, was a blind in case any one saw him—as I did. He had taken nothing but money until I bumped into him. After that he took things from each house he entered, showed them to me, and left them in the next house in exchange for a new lot; and so on through the town, being clever enough in the meantime to drop a few of his cheap toys in each house to make his pack grow smaller, until at the end with a pocketful of new bills and gold coin that would not give him away, he could throw me the empty bag.

"You see, it was more than a boyish prank," declared the judge severely; "but fortunately it snowed last night, and we find their footprints."

I wanted to yell out that I could tell all about it, but I was in a funk, my throat was thick, and I could just croak like a frog; and while I struggled to get back my wits, he went on:

"There were two of them. One was a boy and the other was a man. And one of them can be quickly identified because he left behind him under my window
THESE!"

Spare Time



"Welcome, Santa," he cried in a sweet, cordial voice

He snatched from behind his back a pair of skates.

"Do you recognize them, Johnnie?" he demanded fiercely, looking at me.

"Hey, Judge," shouted the ashman, "big feet and little feet in the snow on the roof." He pointed to our porch roof.

"And one tore his shirt," cried a woman snatching at a rag hanging from

the thermometer hook. "On the tab there are the initials, J.B."

"Hold on, folks," began the schoolmaster calmly, "I'm J. B. You're getting all heated up following a wrong scent."

With that, he tossed the coat I had given him toward a porch chair, and out of a side pocket popped some gold pieces and a wad of new bills big enough to choke a hippo.

Spare Time

I wish I could picture the shock to that yardful. Most of 'em looked like they had been hit over the head with a sock full of sand. If the judge and the doctor had been guilty themselves, they couldn't have looked worse. And Mr. Briggs looked at me just like the others were looking at him; but I 'don't know how the money got there. Anybody else can figure it out as well as I can. It was his own coat. I'll tell you that much.

The look Mr. Briggs gave me was enough to make anybody talk. I found my tongue in a hurry, and I 'didn't need no correspondence school to tell me how to 'do it, either. I just opened my mouth and the words spurted out like vichy.

A reception and entertainment committee was appointed and started 'down the cellar stairs to interview Santa Claus.

"Let me have the pleasure of greeting him first," pleaded the school principal.

Everybody agreed it was due to him, so he peeled off the doctor's coat and rolled up his sleeves. He unlocked the storeroom door, and threw it open.

"Welcome, Santa," he cried in a sweet, cordial voice.

There was no answer. All that remained of Santa was a pair of boots, a skimpy red suit trimmed with cotton, and a pair of cotton whiskers. The bars had been made to keep youngsters out, but not to keep Santas in. He had unscrewed them with a can-opener. His footprints were outside on the snow, and a casual look was sufficient to show they did not belong to either me or the teacher.

Santa had not left, however, without having a last word. The doctor's wife was most mortified at the reflection upon her housekeeper, for he had chosen to write his message with his finger on a cellar window-pane:

BE A DETECTIVE
LEARN IN SPARE TIME!

I bet he wrote that before he put his greedy hand into his coat pocket and found—the school-master's silk shirt.



Magic Tricks for Amateurs

By W. H. Radcliffe

THE magician is a great entertainer. If he succeeds in mystifying the fellows by showing them things they have never seen before—weird things they cannot explain—he has not only entertained his audience but has had an unusually good time doing it.

The magical tricks in this series require no complicated apparatus; almost anyone can make all the necessary things from common objects which are to be found in every household.

Practically all of the tricks can be shown to advantage after one or two rehearsals.

In connection with the instructions about to be given, it is well to bear in mind that success in this fascinating art depends largely upon a strict observance of the following rules:

First—Never tell your spectators in advance what you are going to do. If they are forewarned they will be enabled more easily to study out the cause.

Second—Never perform the same trick twice in one evening before the same audience. The best illusion not only loses half its effect by repetition, but the spectators, having just seen the trick performed, will know what to expect.

Third—Enter heartily into the spirit of the part you are performing. Force yourself to believe in your marvelous power as you would have your audience

do, and you will achieve an almost unlimited mastery over their imaginations.

Fourth—Never get “rattled.” Perform the tricks easily, quietly and gracefully. If unsuccessful in performing a trick, smile cheerfully and attribute it to the moon being in the wrong quarter or to a little misunderstanding between two of your “controlling spirits.”



“SPIRITUALISTIC” KNOCKS

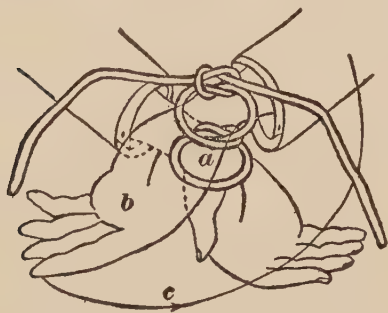
No end of amusement can be had from what boys often call a “spiritualistic seance,” for which many of the stunts in this collection are appropriate. The rope-tying test here illustrated and described is often sufficient to convince the audience of the presence of supernatural power.

Procure a soft cotton rope of the size used for window sash and about five feet long—a five-foot length of heavy clothes line will serve the purpose. Let it be freely examined by the spectators before commencing the stunt. When all are satisfied that the rope is in perfect condition, two of the audience are requested to come forward and tie the hands of the performer behind his back. As the manner of tying the knots has nothing to do with the success of the trick, they may be tied as tightly as desired.

The method is as follows: The rope is first tied around the performer’s left wrist, a double or treble knot being made

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for the purpose midway between the ends. After this knot is tightly tied, the performer places his hands behind him as in the illustration, but in so doing gives the rope a twist over the knot with his right hand. He quickly covers this twist with his right hand *b*, resting the right wrist over the knot and twist on his left wrist as shown in the illustration. No matter



how tightly the rope is then tied over the right wrist, there will be slack enough in it between the wrists for the performer to withdraw his right hand if he gives this hand a half turn in the direction of the arrow *c*.

This movement of the right hand releases the secret twist *a* lying on the lower knot and makes it a part of the loop encircling the right wrist. The result is that the loop is enlarged sufficiently for the performer to withdraw his right hand from the rope and, if he so desires, to use it to untie the knot about his left wrist.

As ordinarily shown, however, the performer, after his hands have been tied behind him, is placed alone in a cabinet or closet, or behind a screen or door. A tambourine, drum, tin pan, bell, etc., are also placed in the enclosure, and when the performer has succeeded in releasing his right hand from the rope he plays upon whatever of these have been provided. He generally rings the bell last, doing

this by shaking his head while the bell is held by its handle in his mouth; at the same time, reversing the process of extracting his right hand, he slips it back through the loop and gives it a half turn in the opposite direction to the arrow *c*. This movement binds the wrists together again, and as soon as this is accomplished he allows the bell to drop from his mouth to the floor and steps forth so the spectators can examine the knots about his wrists. As the rope appears tied as before, the supposition is that the noise was produced by "spirits."

After the spectators have examined the knots and declared them untampered with and secure, the performer again retires behind the screen and quickly releases both hands—first the right hand, then by means of this the left hand, and finally with both hands unties all the knots in the rope. He then steps out and hands the rope to the audience for inspection, thereby demonstrating in another way the presence of "spirits" within the enclosure.

MIND READING EXTRAORDINARY

As a brain teaser the watch trick here described ranks high. Request some one to think of one of the numbers from one to twelve on the dial of your watch, and ask him to add one to it every time you tap the crystal over the dial with a pencil (see illustration) until he reaches twenty, and then to notify you. Tell him that by the twentieth tap you will have read his mind so accurately that you will then strike the number he first thought of, without asking any questions.

The method of doing this trick is very simple. For the first seven taps you may strike at random any of the numbers on the watch dial, but at the eighth tap strike twelve, at the ninth, eleven; at the tenth, ten, and so on around backward

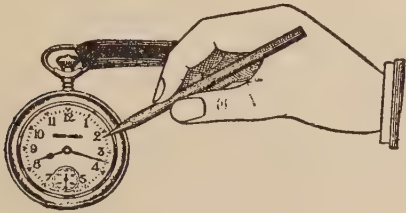
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until you are notified by the chooser that he has reached twenty in his count.

If the instructions have been properly followed the pencil will then rest upon the chosen number, because if twelve—the highest number that can be taken—is chosen, eight taps will bring it to twenty, so that your pencil, according to instructions, will then be on twelve, and any other number selected on the dial will be less than twelve by just the amount that will cause the pencil taps to shift backward from twelve to the thought-of number when the count of twenty has been reached by the chooser.

A DOMINO STUNT IN TELEPATHY

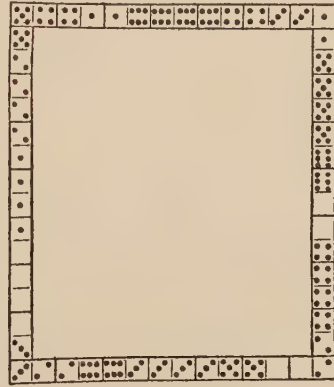
Most people think they know all there is to know about dominoes, but how many of them, if kept blindfolded in a distant room, could tell the end numbers on a matched row over three feet long?



By following the directions given here the performer is enabled to give the correct answer as often as the spectators are willing to match up the dominoes. He simply requests the privilege of shuffling the pieces beforehand to assure himself, as he expresses it, of the dominoes being well mixed together. After leaving the room he is blindfolded as thoroughly as may be desired, and guarded by one of the audience.

As soon as all pieces have been matched together as in a draw game of dominoes—namely, so that a four is coupled with a four, a six with a six, and so on—he

calls out the end numbers correctly, although still blindfolded and guarded.



He claims this can be done by reading the minds of those who arrange the dominoes; in other words, by telepathy. Although in the light of recent investigations it is quite possible that this might be done, the performer resorts to a much simpler method. In shuffling the dominoes before leaving the room he secretes one in his hand, and on his way to be blindfolded glances at the number of dots on it.

Owing to the fact that a complete set of dominoes matched together as previously explained forms an endless chain (see illustration) it is evident if any domino not a double be taken away the numbers on it will be the same as those on the ends of the matched row. For example, if the domino "two-five" be taken there will be two dots at one end and five dots at the other end of the row. A seemingly inexplicable phenomenon can thus be produced in an extremely simple manner.

THE ENCHANTED TOOTHPICK

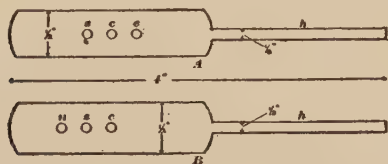
This is an excellent after-dinner stunt, being one of those pocket tricks which never fail to make good. A stick of wood

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about three-sixteenths of an inch thick is whittled into the form shown in the illustration, and two holes, *s* and *c*, each large enough to admit a toothpick, are bored through it. This can readily be done with a red-hot piece of wire of the proper size.

One side of the stick is shown at *A* and the other side at *B*. There are two extra or imitation holes, *e* and *n*, one on each side of the stick at the right and left respectively of the through holes. The holes *e* and *n* are called "imitation holes" because they are bored only half-way through the stick, although they appear to run entirely through unless examined closely. Each side of the stick has, therefore, a similar appearance.

Taking the stick by the handle *h* in the right hand, with the side *A* up, a toothpick is inserted, first through the hole *s* and then through the hole *c*. Attention is called by the performer to



the fact that it makes no difference from which side the pick is inserted, the performer turning over the stick to verify this by passing the pick through the hole *c*. Although it appears to the spectators that the operator has substantiated his claims by passing the pick through all three holes, he has in reality passed it through only the two holes *s* and *c*—through the hole *s* once and through the hole *c* twice, once from either side.

Now, with the side *A* up, insert the toothpick half-way through the hole *s* from above and call attention to the pick being in the end hole. Then open the left hand and pass it palm downward

over the stick. While thus covered, give the stick a half turn with the fingers of the right hand. When the left hand is withdrawn the pick is seen to have changed places, being now in the middle hole instead of in the end one.

Next withdraw the pick and turn the stick so that the side *B* is up. Insert the pick half-way through the middle hole *s* from above. Repeat the movements previously described and show that the pick has jumped from the middle hole to the end one. The effect may advantageously be attributed to the magnetic influence of the left hand.

FORCING A COIN THROUGH THE BODY

No apparatus is used for this stunt, which is a very effective one for an impromptu exhibition.

A dime is first handed to the spectators to be marked by them for later identification. After it has been returned to the performer he takes it between the finger tips of his left hand and proceeds to rub the coin back and forth on the coat sleeve of his right arm near the elbow, as shown in the illustration. He explains that by so doing the small particles or atoms composing the coin become separated and enter his blood.

After a few such movements he drops the coin on the table or floor (apparently by accident) and, picking it up with his right hand, makes a move as if to transfer it to his left hand. The instant the two hands come together the fingers of the left hand are moved so they appear to grasp the coin, while the right thumb quickly presses the coin in between the first and second fingers of the right hand so it is held hidden between them. If the performer has turned his head and eyes to follow the supposed movement of the coin from the right hand to the left, none

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will doubt but that the dime is in the left hand. The performer now stands with his left side toward the spectators and again raises his right hand to the right side of his head near the right ear in affording access to his right elbow.

Both hands must now get busy, the left hand apparently rubbing the coin on the sleeve and the right hand secretly inserting the coin in the cavity of the right ear. The right hand being hidden from the spectators by the performer's head, its movement is unnoticed by them.

When the dime has been pushed securely into the ear the performer remarks that the coin he is rubbing seems to be getting smaller. Lifting first one finger from the coat sleeve, then another, and finally all of them, he shows the dime has actually vanished.

Claiming the coin to be now thoroughly diffused throughout his blood, he asserts he is able to make it reappear at any part of his body. Before suggestions are offered as to which part of the body it shall be produced, the performer adds that to make it develop in his ear all that is necessary is to force the blood toward that particular member. After stroking his head a few times with his hand toward his right ear, and showing his right hand empty, he inserts the fingers of this hand into his ear, pulls out the dime and passes it to the spectators to be identified as the one previously marked by them.

THE MATCHLESS MATCH TRICK

For this trick a wooden stick (see *s* in illustration) about nine and one-half inches long and one-half inch square is required. One of the lengthwise edges of the stick at a distance of two inches from one end is notched as shown at *c*. The notches should extend over a length of about three and one-half inches. A

small wire nail *n*, driven part way in this end, serves as a support upon which the tin strip *v* can revolve. It will be noted that *v* has a hole through its center, is symmetrically cut from a sheet of tin, and is about two and one-half inches long.



When ready for the trick, *v* is hung on *a*, while the stick is held rigidly near its opposite end in a horizontal position in the left hand. If, then, a match *n* be taken by the thumb and first two fingers of the right hand and rubbed back and forth upon the notched portion of the stick, with the thumb of the right hand sliding with pressure on the inner side of the stick, the tin strip *v* will revolve rapidly from right to left.

By releasing the pressure of the thumb and pressing lightly with the first finger tip of his right hand upon the outer side *e* of the stick, at the same time continuing the rubbing motion, the tin *v* will slow down, reverse its direction of rotation and start up briskly in the opposite direction. Without pressure upon either side of the stick the rubbing motion will have no rotary effect whatever on the tin.

If the thumb and first finger of the right hand be held close to the stick at all times, so that the change of pressure from one to the other is not noticeable, the action of the tin strip will remain a mystery. As the operator has full control of the revolving piece, he can make it obey his commands of "slow down," "reverse" and "speed up" almost instantly.

By staining the stick a mottled color and attributing the rotary action to the

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kind of Oriental wood of which the stick is made, quite a sensation will be created. The rotary action is really due to the vibrations given the stick, and the change of rotation to the side pressure deadening part of these vibrations.

AN ORIENTAL PADDLE STUNT

One of the best pocket pets for the twentieth century magician can be made in less than five minutes with a jackknife and a piece of wood.



Cut a thin strip of wood into a shape shown in Figure 1. Dimensions are there given so the paddle will be of convenient size for the pocket.

There is no deception about the paddle; it can be freely inspected by the audience. Tear off six small bits of thin paper (newspaper will do nicely) about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch square and, moistening them, stick three on each side of the part *a* of the paddle, about the same distance apart. Now take the handle *c* between the thumb and first finger of the right hand and turn it slowly around to show the three pieces of paper on each side. Tell the audience you are going to remove the two middle papers—one from each side. While the flat side of the paddle is held horizontally let the thumb of the left hand rub off the middle paper on the upper side of the paddle, and at the same time draw the fingers of the left hand across the under side so as to apparently rub off the corresponding paper beneath. In reality remove only the upper paper, and when the thumb and fingers have

reached the edge of the paddle bring them together, crumple the paper rubbed from the top and throw it away.

To assure the spectators that the middle paper on the under side of the paddle has been removed, turn the paddle over with the right hand, but in turning it quickly give the handle an extra turn so that the side which formerly was on top is again brought into view before the eye has had time to notice the opposite side. A little practice is necessary to do this properly, but when the movement is once mastered the spectators believe they have seen both sides of the paddle and that the middle paper has been removed from each of them. Repeat the foregoing with the remaining two papers on the upper side, and the paddle will appear free from papers on both sides. Now extend the left hand over the paddle and at the same time give the handle a half turn with the right hand. Upon withdrawing the left hand the three papers will be seen in their original places on the face of the paddle. Repeat the movement at first used, and both sides will appear to carry three papers as at the beginning of the stunt. Now rub the thumb and fingers down both faces of the paddle, actually removing the papers from one side but apparently removing them from both sides; destroy the papers and hand out the paddle for examination.

An excellent modification of the paddle stunt just described and one which may, if desired, be introduced after the paddle has been returned by the spectators and pocketed by the performer, is a color-changing trick based upon the same principles.

A second paddle is then cut the same size and shape as the one just described. Having pasted on one side three pieces of colored paper, either printed or not, paste on the opposite side three similar

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pieces of white paper. This is shown to the audience white side up.

By means of the extra half turn previously explained the papers on both sides of the paddle are first made to appear white. A half turn of the paddle under cover of the left hand changes their color, and by removing any of the corresponding white and colored papers simultaneously from the two sides the change of color may be brought about on those remaining each time until the paddle is bare.

A HYPNOTIZED CROQUET BALL

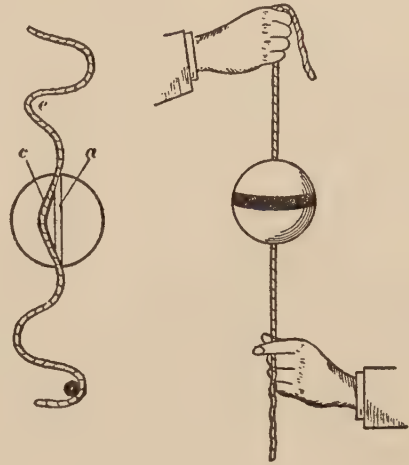
An ordinary croquet ball requires but little treatment to make it perform some gravity-defying stunts on a tight rope or cord.

Place the ball in a vise or other firm support, and bore through it two holes—one straight through its diameter, as shown at *a* in the sectional view of the ball (the left-hand drawing), and the other, *c*, starting at the same points on the circumference, but slanting outward at the center. In the latter case it will, of course, be necessary to bore twice, once from each side, half way through the ball.

A heavy cord or a light rope, *e*, about four feet long, is then threaded into the slanting hole, and the trick is ready for presentation. Take one end of the cord in each hand, slackening the cord so the ball slides down near the right hand. Tell the audience you will now mesmerize the ball by breathing upon it. Open the mouth and breathe upon the ball; then, by pulling the cord tight and keeping it so, raise the ball and cord to a vertical position with the right hand uppermost, as in the right-hand drawing.

If, now, the performer commands the

ball to travel one-quarter, one-half, three-quarters, or all the way down the cord, either rapidly or slowly, he can make the ball do this by slackening up or tightening the cord by means of a very slight movement of the hands nearer together or further apart, without being detected by the



audience. The ball tends to travel down the cord by reason of its weight, but when the cord is tightened its friction against the walls of the slanting hole stops the downward motion.

After the ball has traveled the entire distance down the cord, raise the ball and cord to a vertical position with the left hand uppermost, but in the same manner as before. This time, however, allow the audience to command the ball, manipulating the cord to make the ball conform to their instructions.

When finished, pull out the cord from the ball, blow off the influence of mesmerism, and hand both ball and cord around for inspection. Some of the spectators will probably want to try the stunt themselves, whereupon show them how to thread the cord through the ball, being sure, however, to choose the straight hole, *a*, for its course.

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THE ANIMATED PENDULUM



A nickel, some thread and a drinking glass are sufficient material for this stunt, which is always an interesting and perplexing one.

Cut off eight inches of the thread and tie one end of it to the coin. Have one of the spectators take the free end of the thread in his right hand and support it over the middle ball of his thumb as in the illustration. Let him rest the elbow of his right arm on a table so as to hold the thread and coin steady, and raise his right hand to such a height that the coin will be suspended within and near the top of the drinking glass as shown.

Now the performer passes his hand a few times across the glass as if to hypnotize the pendulum formed by the thread and coin. Within a few minutes the pendulum will begin to oscillate back and forth across the glass, the amplitude of

the swings increasing till the coin strikes the glass.

Then remove the pendulum from the thumb of the spectator and, after making a loop in the free end of the thread, slip it over the tip of the spectator's right forefinger. Let him suspend the coin in the glass as before, resting his elbow on the table and holding his fore-finger horizontally as shown.

Again pass the hands across the glass, but this time at right angles to the former passes. Presently the pendulum will commence to oscillate to and from the party holding it; in other words, directly opposite to the preceding oscillations.

Considering the fact that the stunt can be done by anyone without deception—the hand being held perfectly steady throughout the performance—not only the audience but the one who is holding the thread becomes mystified and can easily be led to believe there is some mysterious influence asserting itself or that the pendulum is hypnotized.

The explanation is to be found in the nerves of the thumb and fore-finger, with which the thread comes in contact. These give impulses to the thread, which in turn cause the oscillations.

Prof. Cute, the Crocodile, and the Cannibal



Professor Cute, the naturalist, is chased by a cannibal. While crossing a stream—

—the professor steps on a crocodile, which opens its mouth just at the right moment.

The cannibal disappears, leaving the professor overjoyed at his narrow escape.

The Bug and the Pirate

By Brewer Corcoran

Illustrated by John R. Neill

NO one ever knew what The Bug and The Pirate would do next, therefore St. Jo's watched expectantly, a grin ready and hope in every heart that the individual hoper might not find himself suddenly flooded in limelight. The Bug and The Pirate played no favorites; anything and anyone was their fair game and, if they suffered occasionally, it only made them the keener to come back with some more hilarious outrage.

It had been The Bug who had buttered the football prior to the game between the Fifth and Sixth forms; it had been The Pirate who had anointed the hands of his fellows on the Fifth's eleven with wax and emery. The Pirate had achieved fame—and a dishonorable discharge from the dramatic club—by suddenly switching his interpretation of Lady Teazle into broad burlesque; The Bug had evened the score by pouring half a barrel of liquid soap into the rowing tank, whereupon the crew was nearly smothered in the resultant suds. United, they had organized that famous society, Iota Tau Gamma, initiation to which was humiliatingly public and the initials of which stood for "I'm the goat."

Yet The Pirate had been delivered into the tender care of the old school by a fond mamma who referred to him as "Georgie dear" and The Bug had been obliged to register as Cassius Caius House.

"Whereby and whereas," declared The Pirate, one drizzly afternoon, "there is an over-abundant supply of nothing to do, I forthwith move we start something."

The Bug blinked but did not move from the pillows in which he was reading. He was temporarily at peace with almost everyone. Besides, he had just been released from Study, where he had copied two hundred lines of Virgil as a gentle reminder that the place for foot-long icicles during recitation hours was not down the back of Tub Wilson's sensitive neck.

"The motion being enthusiastically seconded," went on his roommate, "I therefore put the question. It is unanimously carried. The chair waits suggestions."

"Keep it up," urged the hopeful Bug; "maybe you'll talk yourself to death."

"I have to stay alive to care for thee, Oh, Noble Roman!"

"See here, Pi," came the prompt reminder, "we're off that name stuff. Don't forget the last time you got throwing rocks at a greenhouse."

"It was a low revenge," grinned Cook. "We lost some good cheese and I only ate one piece of the blamed old soap. Anyone but you'd have had sense enough to have flavored it with glue. Can't you think of something to do? I'm bored full of holes."

"Let's scramble some eggs."

The Bug and the Pirate

"Where we goin' to get the eggs?"

"Buy 'em."

"We're both broke."

"That's so." The Bug sighed as if it were a statement of fact rather than a chronic state that he admitted.

They were thoughtful for a moment. Neither had been hungry before; now, because they found they had nothing to eat, they began to experience all the pangs of starvation. The Bug rose with grim determination. "Let there be eggs!" he proclaimed.

"There won't be unless you turn thief or hen," stated The Pirate. "Talk of something pleasant like geometry or getting expelled."

"I don't think I could really steal," sighed The Bug.

"You never can tell till you try," suggested his roommate. "I know one thing—I'd make a bum hen."

"How little you know yourself!" he chuckled.

"What's up, Bug?" He recognized that look and was instantly alert.

"Shut up! I'm thinking."

"It isn't your brain; you hear the clock ticking."

"Um!" He walked once across the room, then whirled and rushing to the couch rearranged the pillows in a circular pile. "Get in there," he commanded; "get in there and cluck. We eat in twenty minutes."

The Pirate did not comprehend, yet, of all St. Jo's, he alone could afford to obey unquestioningly. He was among the pillows even before his roommate had darted through the door. He had been told to cluck, therefore he began to cluck, his face serious, his legs crossed, his clucking increasing in vigor as there came sudden roars of laughter from the room across the hall.

"Will we do it!" he heard Tub Wilson

shout. "Will we? Watch us. Oh, what a lovely mess it'll make!"

"Cluck! Cluck!" called the Pirate invitingly.

Not only Tub, but half a dozen other members of the Fifth, appeared in the doorway. The Pirate caught their expressions of joyous anticipation. He knew all were deep in his debt and he guessed The Bug had held out some glowing promise. But he knew The Bug. He clucked again.

"She's a bloomin' Plymouth Rock!" exclaimed Tub. "I know it by the spots on her beak. Here, chick, chick!"

"It's moulting," declared Pink Bates. "Or, maybe, it's only moths."

"Cluck!" came from the couch.

The Bug held them back with outstretched arms. "Easy!" he cautioned. "Personally I think he's gone dotty but he said he could do it and I want to prove he's a fat liar."

"Cluck! Cluck!" came the indignant challenge.

"He said he could sit on a dozen eggs for fifteen minutes without breaking one. It can't be did."

"You bet it can't!" agreed Tub, snaking with anticipation over the wreckage The Bug had hinted at.

"Produce the hen fruit," ordered The Bug. "Here, one at a time, now. Play fair! You own the eggs, Tubby, so you come first. Each put two in the nest; if one cracks—Oh, boy!"

Wilson advanced. "Nice chickie!" he taunted, as he slid two eggs under the pillows. "Be tender with Tubby's eggies."

"Cluck!"

The others formed in line. The Pirate arranged their offerings to suit his convenience and his dawning comprehension. An omelette was not his idea of a joke.

"All set," declared The Bug at last.

The Bug and the Pirate



"She's a bloomin' Plymouth Rock!" exclaimed Tub, "Here chick, chick!"

"No fair to make him move now. Who's holding the watch?"

"I am," answered Pink. "One minute."

Tub edged nearer, both big hands ready for the call of five. The Bug sniffed suspiciously. He sniffed again. He bolted from the room. "Tub!" he yelled. "Your gas stove! Your room's afire."

With a shout Tug dashed to the rescue. He saw a puff of smoke. "Get some water! Quick!"

The rest rushed to his aid. As they passed him, The Bug coolly stepped back into his room and locked the door. "Now," he said, "let's eat."

"Cluckety-cluck!" gurgled the joyous hen. "How'd you do it, Bugsie, old nut?"

"Match, waste basket, a dash of brains," he owned, modestly. "They live to learn, those fellows. Better barricade the door, though."

But, when equal boredom overcame them about three weeks later, and The Pirate's suggestion that they celebrate the advent of spring by stuffing the furnace with discarded rubbers, had emptied the building on an unspring-like night, the Head took it upon himself to chat with Nick Hemmingway, the leader of the Sixth. "A joke's a joke," he said, smiling, "but I have my own standard of humor."

"Certainly," agreed the big fellow, "but that doesn't mean I understand, sir!"

"I'll be more explicit. I like that House-Cook combination. Both have great possibilities; both are full of originality."

"They're all of that," sighed Nick.

"And more," agreed the Head. "Yet, I have a feeling that, should I attempt their suppression, it would be breaking butterflies on a wheel. They are only thoughtless. Do you imagine the Sixth could make them think to some purpose?"

The Bug and the Pirate

Nick gasped. To have The Pirate and The Bug officially delivered into his hands was like a rainbow after a storm. "We'd like the chance to try," he admitted.

"You have it. But, you'll have your hands full and I do not countenance hazarding. Those two can be made to use their unquestioned ability for the good of St. Jo's. It's your work to blaze the trail. But don't underestimate your task, Nick."

Nick was more pleased by the trust imposed than worried over the job set. He made up his mind that the best way to fight fire was with fire. The Bug and The Pirate, having been ordered confined within bounds for two weeks that visible and official justice might not be lacking, were conveniently at hand. He hooked them within twenty-four hours.

"You two are live wires," he confided, "and the Sixth is going to let you in on the best thing ever pulled here."

"Spill it," advised The Bug briefly.

Hemmingway laid a confidential hand on his shoulder. "It's a parade," he imparted, "a fancy dress parade to the Study this evening, Pink's going to lead it with his drum; everyone's going to doll up. Make your costumes screams. We're counting on you two for knock-outs."

"What's the idea?" queried The Pirate. "Watcher celebratin'?"

"Nothing. Starting a new custom—the Carnival of the Sixth."

"Then let—" he stopped. The Bug's toe had landed on his shin. "'Er go," he finished. "We're with you."

"Thought we could count on you. Keep it dark and don't leave your rooms until you hear Pink. Then come on the run. We've got to get started before the masters can stop the fun."

"Trust us," agreed The Pirate, and walked on. "What's the big idea, Bug?" he asked.

"Dunno. Hemmingway isn't lowering his self-importance out of any tender affection for us."

"Goin' to parade?"

"You bet!"

During supper the Sixth was surprisingly cordial. The Bug nodded encouragingly to Nick and was rewarded by a wink. Twenty minutes later the usual stillness was broken by the unusual rattle of a drum. There was a yell, a rush of feet and the gladsome Sixth gathered before the dormitory to await the appearance of the becostumed Bug and Pirate, who would look wondrously foolish when realizing they alone were all dressed up. "Give 'em a real laugh when they come," ordered the grinning Nick. "That'll make 'em see what easy marks they are."

The Sixth crowded nearer the door. Most had suffered and were eager to repay. There was a moment's silence. Then the door was thrown wide and a jeering, triumphant shout went up, only to die in a gasp. Out of the building marched twenty members of the Fifth, two abreast, their faces angelic, their arms full of the books they might study that evening. And, in the rear, stalked The Pirate and The Bug bearing a transparency which read, "Don't bait a trap with a cheese."

Hemmingway, his face white with anger, started forward but Graham caught his arm. "They outnumber us," he warned; "trust The Pirate to arrange that."

While they hesitated, the silent Fifth marched through. Only The Bug's eyes wavered. "Oh, hello, Nick!" he exclaimed. "Awfully sorry to disappoint you, but the Fifth feels someone should uphold the dignity of St. Jo's."

"Now you've done it!" groaned Graham. "Nick, how could you!"

The Bug and the Pirate

"I don't know," he admitted disgustedly. "I thought they'd bite."

"They did. We're all over teeth marks."

"I'll get 'em yet," he promised and stalked away, too sick to argue.

But, within two days, he began to have an impression that his usual good luck had deserted him. The Fifth was not in revolt; it merely ignored the existence of the Sixth. It took unto itself all the traditional privileges it should not have enjoyed for another year and refused to argue or debate beyond stating it was too mature to listen to boys so young they could find pleasure in dressing up and so making themselves objects of ridicule. Hemmingway's throne began to totter and the heirs apparent were The Pirate and The Bug who made life one long nightmare but did it so skillfully that he could not quite identify them as the causes of the disaster which overtook him, even on that occasion when he found a calf parked in his room and labeled "Little Brother."

He thought matters over for a day, then went into the lion's den. "See here," he began abruptly, "this thing's got to stop."

"What you ravin' about now?" queried The Pirate mildly.

"That calf an' all that stuff."

The Bug drew a long breath. "Honestly, Nick," he said regretfully, "I don't think we've the right to interfere with your selection of personal associates. I—"

"Oh, shut up!" yelled Hemmingway. "I want truce. I came here to talk sense."

"We'd rejoice to see you sensible, Hemmingway," acknowledged The Pirate. "Honestly, having you start a zoo in your bedroom was awfully humiliating to all us fellows who try to uphold the tradi-

tions of the school. But on the other hand—"

"I told you I wanted truce."

"Truce to what?" queried the bewildered Bug. "Nobody's picking on you. You've got a guilty conscience for having tried to make us two look foolish. You didn't an' you couldn't. We're not sore; we've nothing to be sore about. There's no reason a fellow who'd keep a calf in his bedroom should imagine every other chap was as simple. We don't mind because you're foolish; we're only sorry."

Hemmingway looked at them dazedly, then bolted. He saw his career at St. Jo's in ruins about his ears. He began to doubt even the wisdom of the Head. He wished he'd never been born. "And I guess," chuckled The Bug, "about now's the time to give that poor simp a run for his money."

The Pirate approved but they reckoned without considering the one person at St. Jo's who should never be overlooked. The Head had no desire to have a cocky Fifth set up a soviet government in order to save him any slight administrative labors. It was, of course, by mere chance, he happened upon The Bug and The Pirate one afternoon just prior to the Easter vacation. At the moment they were doing nothing more desperate than pegging tops on the walk before the Study. Yet this was a sacred privilege of the Sixth's. The Head paused. "I thought you both were in the Fifth?" he said.

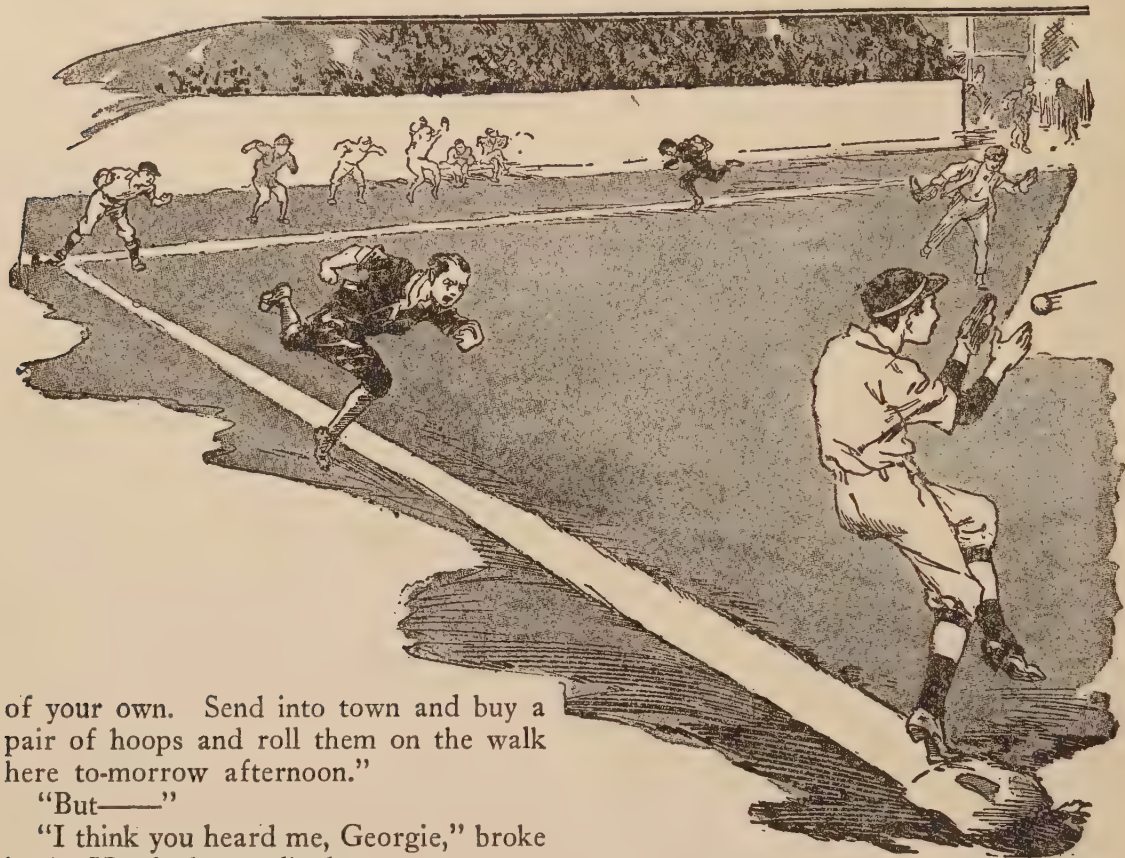
"We are, sir."

"Does the Sixth permit you to assume its childish prerogatives?"

"It hasn't told us not to," retorted The Bug with a grin.

"Um! Rather thought you two had more originality. See I shall have to help you. Suppose you start a little custom

The Bug and the Pirate



of your own. Send into town and buy a pair of hoops and roll them on the walk here to-morrow afternoon."

"But——"

"I think you heard me, Georgie," broke in the Head, then walked on.

"And here," groaned The Bug, "is where we get the laugh from the whole blamed school. Roll hoops! Oh, sufferin' snakes, they'll guy us to death!"

"Don't you think he knows that?" snapped The Pirate "'Georgie'! Say, let's chase him and beg off."

But the Head was adamant. "You've never done much for St. Jo's," he stated. "You can at least entertain it. You roll hoops until you can discover a better occupation."

They did. It was worse than they had expected. And they had not lacked vision. They finished the term with heads down. They began the spring term in the same way. "This has got to quit," declared The Bug; "we'll go out for the nine."

The Bug slammed it down to Graham and the play was

"He'll make us roll these blamed hoops 'round the bases," protested The Pirate. "Wish I could go to another school or 'die or do somethin'."

"Play ball, then. That's doin' somethin' for St. Jo's."

"More apt to be 'doin' something for Norton," growled The Pirate. "I'll try anything once, though."

The next afternoon they rolled their hated hoops diamondward. The Head, who loved baseball almost as much as he loved his boys, heard the welcoming chorus as they approached and went to meet them. "If you're really trying for the nine," he said, "leave those things in your room to-morrow. We can't have practice interrupted by your playfulness."

The Bug and the Pirate



completed before St. Jo could begin to cheer

They looked at him with grateful eyes but did not dare to speak. They went out to field grounders as if their very lives depended on their success. "Wish that pair had come out last year," said Mr. Updyke, the coach. "They look promising and seem in earnest."

"Imagine they are," said the Head dryly. "Don't be afraid to work them."

The Bug and The Pirate worked. There was no question about that. Freed from the humiliating hoops, they were ready to try anything. And, more to their own surprise than to that of the school, they made the nine, The Pirate at short and The Bug at second. But they played like a pair of well-oiled machines. Mr. Updyke had looked for brilliant

plays from them. Their reputations warranted it. But they clung to the obvious and expected. All they wanted was freedom from those hoops.

They came down through the season with average records both at bat and in the field. Try as he would, Graham, the captain, could persuade neither to go near the coaching lines. They had had their fill at being glad some one else's expense. All they wanted was peace and a world without hoops.

Because the key of its infield played without inspiration, the nine was mechanical. It worried Updyke. He wanted to beat Norton and he knew the Norton nine was flashy and fast. He believed St. Jo's would not crack under strain; he also believed it would not rise to emergency. And, as the day of the great game approached, he grew more and more disappointed. He talked it over with Hemmingway, but that worthy promptly refused all invitations to take a hand. Updyke, desperate, went to the source of all knowledge. The Head listened in silence.

The Bug and the Pirate

The day of the Norton game came at last. St. Jo's had come to look forward to it with dread. The Pirate and The Bug were so docile in the dressing room that the coach wanted to shake them. Both had forgotten how to smile. They found no cause to learn in those first four innings. Norton scored twice and St. Jo's was helpless before such pitching.

As the nine came in for the last half of the fifth, the Head strolled over to the bench and sat down between The Bug and The Pirate. "Beaten?" he asked.

"Looks so," confessed The Bug.

The old brows went up. "What's the matter?"

"Can't hit their pitcher."

"You can't, if you think you can't."

"Doin' our best, sir."

"No, you're not; you've quit under fire."

"That's kinder hard, sir," growled The Pirate.

"Possibly it was meant to be, Cook. I haven't much sympathy with quitters. What are you on the nine for?"

"To play ball."

The Head looked at him keenly. "You're doing it," he stated, "with about as much enthusiasm as you roll a hoop. The trouble with you two is that you lack a sense of proportion. You rolled hoops for your own good; you're supposed to be playing ball for St. Jo's."

"Don't talk hoops!" groaned The Bug, "I dream of 'em."

"That's because your sense of humor is out of proportion, too, House. You two can play a joke but you don't seem able to take one. Or, it may be," he added thoughtfully, "my own sense of humor is faulty."

"Would you call being guyed by the whole school funny?" exploded The Pirate.

"You found amusement in poor Hem-

mingway," shot back the Head. "See here, I would have been justified in expelling you two a hundred times. I like you; I admire your originality. Instead of disciplining you by old methods, I've tried to give you a taste of your own medicine. It's evidently made you sick. You're the two I'm counting on for next year. You're going to be of no use to me or to yourselves if you keep on in this way. I'm ready to sign a peace treaty."

"We're sick, all right, all right," acknowledged The Bug with a wry grin. "What do we do?"

"Play the game."

"How?"

The old man looked from one to the other. "Why not," he suggested, "play it as you think we three would play it?"

"You mean you're with us?" gasped The Pirate.

"Aren't you with me?"

"You bet we are!" gulped The Bug.

"But we're all for the school," added the Head. "Now get out there and win this game."

They went out to begin the sixth with their long-lost confidence in themselves restored. The Head was not their enemy but their ally. The Bug, overwhelmed with joyous relief, began to chatter. Graham, from first, looked at him in amazement. The nine seemed to wake up, to become a unit. Mr. Updyke looked at the Head. "Hope you didn't wait too long, sir," he said.

"I'm playing for more than a ball game," came the sober answer.

They held Norton and came in to overcome that two run lead. "You're up, Bug," called Graham.

The Bug ran to the plate. He was playing for the Head and the school now. He let two wide ones go by. The next he caught for a clean single. As The Pirate raced to the bat, he caught the

The Bug and the Pirate

signal. St. Jo was cheering now. He heard his name reëcho across the diamond. He wanted to hit, to show he, too, could play the game. He did. His bunt was perfect and, as he died at first, The Bug waved his thanks from second. Graham came up, his teeth set. It was St. Jo's first real chance to score. The Norton pitcher took his time. He wasted a couple, then tested the outside corner. "Strike one!"

Graham missed the next. He believed the pitcher would try to tempt him. He saw him wind up, pitch. In a flash he understood. They were trying to out-guess him. With all his might he crashed into the fast one which had been intended to groove the plate.

The Bug started with the crack. He heard the roar from the stands, but, head down, sped for third. "Plenty of time!" yelled Bates, from the coaching lines.

He slowed up as he rounded the bag. The left fielder was still running back. Graham, like a freight train gone wild, was making for second. The Bug's hands went over his head. "Home run!" he yelled, and went in capering. The score was tied.

The Pirate went out to begin the seventh whistling with all his old time nonchalance. He knew the game was as good as won and he began to retaste the full joys of life. The Norton batter singled. "Fine and dandy!" chortled The Pirate. "Here's where we get famous with a double play."

The Bug grinned. "Have it your own way," he agreed. "I don't mind working."

The Norton batter heard and smiled. He had no intention of furnishing that sort of excitement. The Pirate saw that smile. "Look out, Bug!" he warned, and, on the dead run, started in with the pitch.

The Bug understood. He was on second before the bunt began to roll. The Pirate was on top of the ball. He swooped, fielded it, wheeled and threw to second. The Bug caught it, slammed it down to Graham and the play was completed before St. Jo could begin to cheer. "Mere matter of guessing right," chuckled The Pirate.

"If that batter had hit," stated Mr. Updyke, "we'd have lost the game there."

"But he didn't hit," smiled the Head. "Cook's chief charm is that he thinks about two seconds ahead of most boys."

A long fly to center ended the inning. St. Jo could not get a man on base in its half. Nor could Norton break the tie in the first of the eighth. But it was different in the last half. An error, a fly and a hit gave St. Jo a three to two lead and The Bug and The Pirate did a dance before the bench. With the game as good as won, they went out to begin the ninth, the school howling with joy. "Play safe," urged Updyke.

But Norton was not the sort to quit before her last man was out. Her ideal victory was the kind she now intended to win. Her cheer leaders went to work; the head of the batting list was up. With one run to tie and two to win, things looked far from desperate. "Keep awake," The Bug warned The Pirate.

"Get this chap, fellows!" called Graham.

They did, but it was only by the closest margin. The throw from third to first was poor. Graham almost dropped it. "Fine work!" he called. But The Bug bit his lip. A real slip-up might be fatal. He saw The Pirate edge over to reinforce third and nodded understandingly. With The Pirate on guard, he knew everything would be well. But the batter

The Bug and the Pirate

drove a screaming single through the hole at short.

Graham started to say something, thought better of it. "Rotten work!" comforted The Bug. "You've got us in a nice hole."

"Quite true," agreed The Pirate placidly.

The Bug grinned content. He had been sure his friend was not rattled. He had merely wanted to prove his faith. "We'll get this guy," he stated; "play the game."

For a second their eyes met. The order was so like an echo they both began to laugh. "The game it is," announced The Pirate. "On your toes!" He took a quick look at the batter coming to the plate, saw him glance at the outfielders and, like a flash edged out. "Hit an' run play, Bug!"

"Sure, it's a bunt," called The Bug. "I got it, too." He saw the Norton runner on first take a longer lead. He wondered what The Pirate had in mind. Before he could decide, the ball was pitched. He had seen Davis, the Norton runner, start with the throw, saw his head was down, heard the crack as ball and bat met. He raced for second, but, even as he started, he saw the hit go arching into right field.

To his right he heard a warning shout which rose above the Norton cheers. The Pirate was on the move. His gloved hand went out as if to stop a ball. He

grabbed, recovered, whirled. The Bug guessed the trick. "Hurry that throw!" he yelled, as he rushed to second. He saw Davis gather for his slide. He leaped high as if to knock down a poor throw from The Pirate.

Evidently the ball got away from The Bug. The Pirate was dashing for third. The Bug wheeled away from second and scrambled to retrieve the error he had not made. But to Davis that error was a very real thing. He saw his chance. Instead of sliding, he rounded second at full speed. Ten feet from third, the grinning Pirate stood waiting and in his glove was the ball Thompson had fielded cleanly in right and shot to him.

St. Jo's gasped, shook with laughter, then burst into round after round of cheers. With two out, Norton's hope was gone. The Bug caught the pop fly which ended the game. But hardly was it safe in his glove, before he and The Pirate were dashing for the Norton bench and their victim.

"But it was perfectly fair," Davis gamely insisted. "You fellows fooled me completely. I didn't keep my eyes on the ball. I was playing for myself. I ought not to be on the nine! I ought to be rolling a hoop."

For a second The Bug looked at him, then his arm went across the drooping shoulders. "It does make you think," he chuckled. "Come up and I'll lend you one."

Beating His Way Through

By Irving Crump

Illustrated by Francis J. Rigney

THERE'S a lot more to a drum than just noise, and it isn't as empty as it seems." That is the facetious way in which a lawyer friend analyzed a situation about which I spoke one evening over our after-dinner coffee. He was a barrister of no mean reputation in an inland town that was the county seat of a prosperous county in north New Jersey, and a man who had made his own way upward from early boyhood. He had just won a particularly trying case, as a result of which he had gained a great deal of publicity in the papers, and, somehow, during one of the numerous interviews he had given out he had inadvertently let slip a statement to the effect that a boyhood pastime, that of handling a snare drum had been responsible for most of his success in life. It was this rather vague and to me incongruous remark that I asked him to explain.

"I wasn't joking when I said that, really. If it hadn't been for my ambition to learn how to handle a drum I am afraid life would have dealt a lot harder with me and perhaps I would now be clerking in a country store or doing

something of less importance than I do as a lawyer. Here's how it came about.

"When I was twelve or thereabout I belonged to a brigade in Sunday school and it was decided to organize a drum corps in connection with it, just about the time I joined. That hit me right where I lived because I was always keen about drums as most boys are.

"I prevailed upon my Dad, good old Dad that he was, to buy me a drum, a real drum (not the toy kind) and he did. Among his acquaintances was a man we boys used to look up to. He was our hero. His name was Hagerdorn and he was a Civil War Veteran, and stories had it that when the war broke out, although he was only 14, he ran away and joined the army as a

drummer boy. At any rate, he certainly could handle a drum to perfection. Well, Dad consulted him and he picked out my first drum and it was a dandy. I have it yet, though it has long since passed its usefulness. But he did not consider that his responsibilities ceased there. He undertook to teach me how to handle the sticks. What boy couldn't learn to be an expert



About the busiest man in town

Beating His Way Through

under such tutelage? I made the drum corps at Sunday School with very little difficulty, and that was the beginning of an interesting career for me.

"In three years I entered High School and by that time the boys and girls recognized me as the best drummer in town, so forthwith I became the trap drummer of the high school orchestra. That was a lot different from the drumming I had done in the corps and in the town parades, for a drummer in an orchestra is about the busiest man in town when he works. I had to learn trap drumming, how to handle a snare drum with my hands and the base drum and cymbals with my feet by means of a trap. I had to learn a variety of other instruments, too, such as clappers and castanets, the triangle, harmonica, xylophone, tambourine, and several other noise making instruments, for orchestra work requires all that of a drummer.

"I was mighty glad I devoted the amount of time I did to this, too, for during my third year in high school, Dad, my good old pal, passed on, and Mother and Sister and I were left unhappily alone. Father's going amounted to a catastrophe for his business was not in the best shape possible and it looked at first as if I would have to give up school and pitch in and work things out for us all. But the conscientious executors that Dad had put his faith in finally put his business in such shape that they could sell it out and let Mother have sufficient money to make her comfortable. It developed that I could just about finish high school and that was all. Any thoughts of college

or a legal career, such as I had been planning on, went glimmering. I realized that with high school finished I would have to go to work, for Mother could not stand the financial strain of sending me through college and law school. It made me discouraged for a long time; indeed, I became almost rebellious against fate. I wondered why I had to be cheated out of doing the thing I wanted to do most. As I look back I remember being pretty well down in the dumps for a while.

"I went on in this frame of mind all during my senior year at high school, right up until commencement time, and I know Mother was nearly heartbroken to see how hard I was taking it. I was an awful dub to make her feel that way, but you see my troubles sort of crippled my intellect. If I had had my brain working properly I would have seen a way out of the whole situation, but as it was I had to have someone else work out my salvation for me. Howard Valkenberg was one of a dozen or so of former high school boys, then in college, who came back to town for commencement. Howard was a dandy fellow and always had his wits about him. He seemed to think a lot of me and I know I always valued his opinion, so when he looked me up after the commencement 'hop,' I was delighted to see him.

"'Hello, Frank, old boy,' he said, slapping me on the back. 'I've been wanting to see you and steer you right. Of course you are coming up to Syracuse next fall. No other university in the world like it. Now don't make a foolish mistake and go somewhere else.'

"That just about set-



When I was twelve

Beating His Way Through

tled me. My cup of misery was running over. 'Shucks, how I'd love to be with you, but—but—well, I guess I stop here. Doesn't look like college for me. I'll have to go to work right away. Mother can't afford to send me, and—and——'

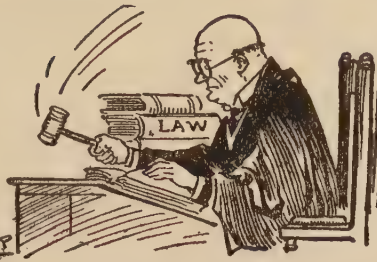
"Well, you poor dub! Of course your mother can't send you. Mine can't either, but I'm there, working my way through, and believe me, if I had the equipment you have to send yourself through college, I wouldn't worry one little bit. Why, man, you won't have to work your way through college—it will be all play for you,' and he grinned and slapped me on the back.

"What do you mean? How?' I asked, a glimmering of his idea sinking into my stubborn brain.

"Why, you poor fish, being able to drum the way you can, they'll pay you to go through Syracuse,—not exactly that, but what I mean is you'll be mighty welcome there as part of the university orchestra, and the Students' Association will find a job for you that will pay you enough to keep you in college. Then think of all the extra money you'll be able to make playing outside of the university, all sorts of opportunities, hops, amateur theatricals, entertainments and all that. Why, man alive, I repeat, going through college will be just play for you.'

"I'll admit to having been rather thick up to that time but from then on my brain began to work overtime. I grabbed onto that idea and followed it through as far as I could carry it mentally. Went home and talked it over with Mother and Sister and they gave me some more good ideas.

"The result was that when the school



Still drumming

term began in the fall I was registered at college all right and an important part of my luggage was my drum and traps. From then on my drum began to pay my way for me and it did right up until the time I was ready to practice law.

And even the first few years after I was practicing, when there were long intervals between the arrival of checks, I would dig out my traps and earn some extra dollars as a member of a good traveling orchestra.

"But I found when I got in college that I had not hit on a particularly original idea for there was more than one chap playing his way through college, with some sort of a musical instrument. They were cashing in on all their study and painstaking practice on piano, saxophone, mandolin, or other instruments that their boyhood fancies had led them into learning how to master. Indeed some of the fellows were cashing in on just their natural talent for being clever. There was Dave Anson for instance. Dave had a beautiful tenor voice and a harmonica and while I do not believe they earned him much in actual cash, except when he was a member of a church choir for a short time, they did help him to get into places where there was a lot of fun to be had.

"Dave's harmonica got him into a fraternity, his voice made him a member of the Glee Club and before long he was up among the group of most popular fellows in college and he traveled all over the country during the Christmas Holidays when the Glee Club went on a concert tour."

A Scout of the Past

By Enos B. Comstock

*With the last red glow of the embers,
As the thin smoke died away,*

*From his crude tepee,
He saluted me—
A scout of a by-gone day.*

*His hair was as black as the raven;
His skin was a copper tint;
There was youth and grace
And a keen cut face,
And eyes with a piercing glint.*

*And over his brawny shoulders,
The pelt of a wolf was thrown,
With a girdle placed
In careless taste,
And held with a clasp of bone.*

*He beckoned to me and I followed,
And the way was strange and new—
The wild trail led
Where the buffalo fed—
Where the sage and the cactus grew.*

*And eager companions, we traveled,
Those trails of an age gone by—
We battled the bear
In his rocky lair,
And we mocked the panther's cry.*

*He taught me to bind and to bandage—
Our first—and our only aid—
And he sucked the gore*

*From the poisoned sore
That the fangs of the rattler made.*

*A bow, he had shaped from a sapling
And strung with a twisted thong—
And straight and true
His arrows flew—
Though the way to the mark was long.*

*When over the marshes at sunset,
The "honk" of the wild goose came—
From the rushes tall
He returned their call,
For the keen delight of the game.*

*He knew all the holes in the rivers
Where the pickerel and bass would be—
And the trout he took
From the virgin brook—
Oh, lads! but a scout was he.*

*He kindled a blaze with a flint spark;
And then—as the flames leaped high—
Like a spirit thing—
He had taken wing—
He waved, and he called "good-by."*

*Then I 'woke to a tug at my blanket
And I heard my real pal say—
"Get up, old scout,
We'll be pulling out—
It's time we were on our way."*



How to Make Bows and Bowstrings

By Dan Beard

With Illustrations by the Author

PLOWING against the current of the Mississippi, all the way from New Orleans and up the Ohio, came the great white steamboats, roustabouts on the bow singing chanty songs with the rhythm and melody never now heard. These boats made fast to the wharf boats on the Cincinnati side of the Ohio River, then the big hogsheads of brown sugar would be rolled off and loaded on the two-wheeled drays waiting on the levee.

Myriads of purple martens gurgled and chirped as they sailed through the air, often but a few feet from the earth or again high up among the marten boxes on the roofs of the warehouses and steamboats, and also about their nests underneath the eaves of "Rat Row." Great flocks of pigeons fed on the grain spilled over the levee, numerous pigs squealed and grunted among the horses, birds, men and the medley of traffic, while mixed up in it all were the Huck Finns and the Tom Sawyers of the Ohio River.

But what interests us just now are those hogsheads of sugar; they were carted to the grocery shop and the grocermen sawed a square hole in the middle of each hogshead from which they shoveled out the amber-colored sugar and sold it to their customers; they never scraped those casks very carefully and when they sold them to the householders, to be used as kindling wood, the great barrels still retained

enough brown sugar to make a gang of boys happy. Besides which Tom and Hi and I were always able to locate several sticks of sugar cane which apparently were packed down South in the sugar as a guarantee that it was real cane sugar. When the cane was cut into sections suitable for our pockets it furnished a delicacy which far surpassed anything produced by modern confectionery experts. It was not adulterated, there was no glucose in it, there was no clay, chalk, or any foreign substance, it was pure vegetable sweet, and makes my mouth water now to think about it.

Besides being sweet those sugar hogsheads were interesting because they were made like a big bird-house into which Tom, Hi and I could creep, through the square hole, and sit inside, chewing sugar cane while we made plans for excursions to Bank Lick or other interesting places. Each of us in reality was the kind of a boy that Jackie Coogan pretends to be in the movies, and we got our faces and clothes just as smeary and sticky with sugar as Jackie would if he was doing the act for the screen. When the time came for the hogshead to be broken up we chose staves from which to make long bows. Of course, we had other bows made from hickory hoop-poles, or the steel ramrods of the Civil War muskets; but the bows from sugar hogshead staves were the regular Robin Hood thing to us.

How to Make Bows and Bowstrings

Boys of to-day, however, belong to a different age, an age of which Tom, Hi and I never even dreamed; but we were absolutely happy without flying machines, radios, telephones, automobiles, phonographs, Bolsheviks, safety first or sanitary laws, all of which the boys of to-day enjoy (?). The modern boy would not be satisfied with a bow made out of a hoop-pole, very few of them know what a hoop-pole is; however, a bow may be made of almost any pliable, limber, or elastic sort of wood, such as mulberry, sassafras, apple wood, willow slippery elm, ash, hemlock, black locust, or whatever is obtainable. But it should be well seasoned. In England, where they make the best bows in the world, they use yew tree, sometimes they only get enough wood for one bow out of a whole log. They do not carve or saw the wood but split it, so, when you are making a bow, do the same and let your bow follow the natural grain of the wood and be finished accordingly. If unfortunately there are curves in the grain allow them to remain. The bows which you find in the stores are usually made of two kinds of wood, lance wood, lemon wood or black walnut, but—Gee! I'm not talking to professional bowmakers and even though I am talking to the

boys of a new age, they are still boys.

Here in America we had archers thousands of years before King Tut was born and they used bows like those represented in Figures 1 and 24. The English, however, were more scientific bowmen than our Indians and they drove their arrow with more force by shooting properly as in Figures 2, 2½ and 2¾.

But to business: select a billet of wood, Figure 3, five or six feet long which has been kept in a shady but perfectly dry place for two or more months. With great care split the edges off until you have a rough piece like Figure 4, trim that down carefully to the stick represented by Figure 5. Next, mark the exact center of your proposed bow, and from this point toward the bottom of the bow, mark off a space of five inches for the handle; from the

upper and lower extremities of the handle taper the bow toward the ends, each of which must be a bit larger than the tip of your third finger. Next carefully dress the handle and the body of the bow down until by experiment you find that it is a bit stronger than you wish, then flatten its back a little the whole length of the bow, Figure 6. (If available use green plush to glue around the handle of the bow; if not use bicycle tape). It is then ready to add



How to Make Bows and Bow Strings

the horned tips, Figures Q, R, S, T, U, which are made of the ends of cow horns.

In order that you may work the horn easily, first boil it in water for an hour and a half, then fashion the horn tips to suit your fancy. Figure U, adjoining Figure 9, is probably the handiest and most practical form. Remember that the bow is flat upon the outside and rounded on the inner side, or the side toward the string, Figures 7, 8 and 9. Make the holes in the horn which receives the tips of the bow deep enough so that the end of the bow will reach inside the horn slightly above the niche or nock.

A bow of this kind with a sixty-pound pull can send an arrow two hundred and twenty-five yards.

But if you want a bow and do not want to spend the time and labor in making a work of art, whittle it out in the form of

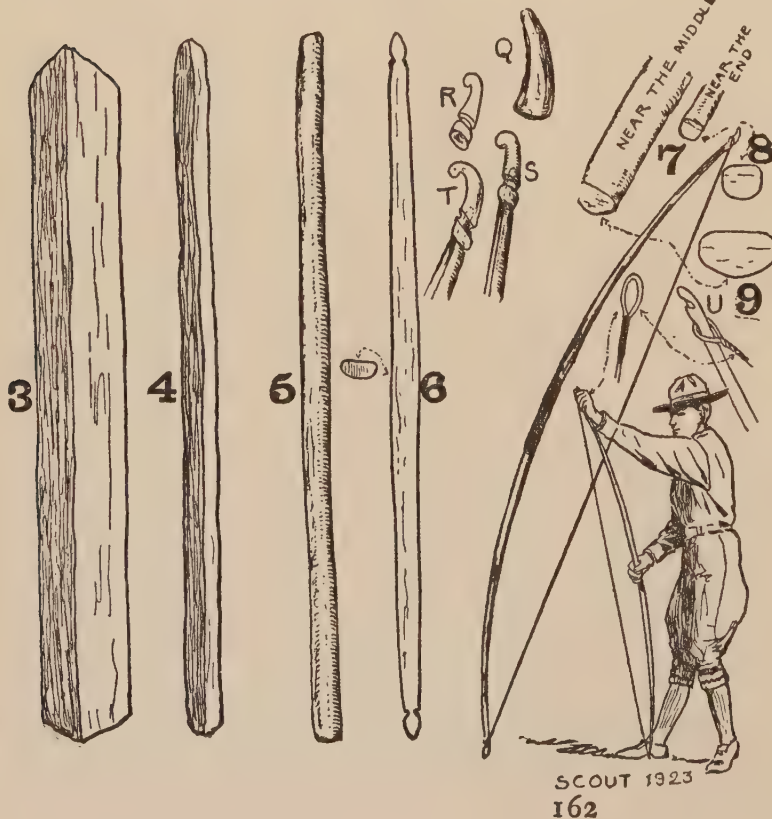
Figure 6, make it an inch or two taller than yourself and make the nocks in the ends as shown by Figure 6. You are then ready to add the bowstring.

THE WEIGHT OF THE BOW

is not what it weighs in ounces but it is the number of pounds force required to pull the string back twenty-eight inches, the regulation length of an arrow. To shoot properly the string should be drawn back until the head of the arrow is just at the edge of the bow. If the bow is stiff or "strong" you can see with half an eye that it will take more force to pull it than it will to pull a weaker or more limber bow.

TO DETERMINE THE WEIGHT

of the bow in a scientific manner, brace the bow, that is, string it, and place it horizontally upon a table in such a manner that the "handle" rests against a projection that represents the grasping hand. Hook a cord onto the middle of the string where the arrow would be notched for shooting, run the cord over the edge of the table until it hangs, then attach weights to it until they are heavy enough to pull the string back twenty-eight inches from the bow. That will give you the carrying weight of the bow. If the weight is a pound your bow is a pound weight; if the weight is anywhere up to ninety pounds that is the weight of your bow, but



How to Make Bows and Bow Strings

even a Robin Hood would not be likely to use a ninety-pound bow; what you want is a bow that you can pull without too much exertion. If you struggle too hard you spoil your aim. A full-grown man's bow is about fifty-four pounds, an ordinary boy's bow would be from fifteen to thirty-five pounds.

For the bowstring use cord which does not stretch, one made of unbleached linen thread of about fifteen-ply, loosely twisted together, or, if you want a real swell top-notch, take silk or flaxen harness thread of the best quality and twist it into a string of about one-seventh of an inch in diameter, during the process of twisting wax it well with beeswax or shoemakers' wax. When the string is complete you may make a loop for the top of the bow as shown by Figures 10 to 20, inclusive.

You may use a bowline for a loop or, if your bowstring, like that of an ancient bow that I have before me, is of three strands, you may make the permanent loop for the top of the bow by unraveling one end of the string, Figure 10, making the bend and then form what sailors call an eye-splice, Figures 11 and 12, and lay the strands A, B and C, Figure 10, at a suitable distance upon the standing part D, according to the size of the eye required. Open the lay of the rope, Figure 11 and stick the middle strand B under E; the end A is then passed over the strand E, that was previously opened and tucked under the next one, and the end C under the third one on the opposite side, Figures 10 and 11.

Now lead these ends over their next respective strands and tuck them under the following one, carefully tapering the strands by gradually reducing the yarns, that is, cutting one-half of the under parts away, Figures 11 and 12. Or, if your string is not three strands but is any sort of string, make the bend as in

Figure 10, and then wrap the end round and round the bowline, as in Figure 14, but in order to hold this in place it should be whipped with shoemakers' thread or a piece of twine beeswaxed. In order to do this, so that both ends of the twine are fastened under the whipping, loosen one strand of your string where the whipping is to begin. Under this strand, Figure 15, place the thread leaving the end a few inches long as in Figure 15, then tighten up the strand of the string, pull it firmly down into place. If there is any difficulty about the loosening up of the strand, tie the thread around securely. Now wind, or to use the technical term, whip the thread around both the string and the long end of the thread, being careful to pull it up tightly so that there are no spaces between turns. When you have whipped about half the distance to be covered, bend the short end of the twine so as to form a loop called a bite and begin whipping as is shown in Figure 16. Continue winding your thread until you have covered up the part from E to F on Figure 14, and then pass the long end of the twine through the bite and pull it up firmly as in Figure 17. Now if you will take the free end of the bite by pulling it you can pull the long end of the thread downward and underneath the whipping as far as it will go, Figure 18. Cut off the loose ends of the thread as closely as possible and you will have the section E, F of Figure 14, covered up as in Figure 19.

Maybe you can better understand all this explanation by referring to Figure 20 where the whipping is all done, and all that remains is for you to hold end H in your hand and hold taut, while you pull on the end G which draws the end H under the whipping, first, of course, pulling on the loop J until the loop K disappears under the whipping, then snip

How to Make Bows and Bow Strings

off the protruding ends of the thread and the thing is done.

It is customary to make the bowstrings fast at the lower end of the bow, Figure 20 shows a primitive method of doing this by whipping it around the knot about four times and then tying the short end to the long end with a double knot, Figure 22. This is the method used on the six-foot Cannibal Island bow that I have in my collection. Figure 23 shows the end of a bamboo bow from the mountains of Central America; in place of having a notch on the end of the bow the ends are whittled down leaving a peg at each end, a simple device which was evolved by the Central American Indians and which is practical or they would never have used it. Figure 24 shows an ancient Apache Indian bow, the flat side of this bow is covered with tendons, probably taken from buffalo or elk, lashed in place at both ends and the middle, and so dried onto the bow that they seem to form a part of the wood. This is the bow the Apaches used before firearms were introduced. Yes, and before Robin Hood and his merry men were born, and with it the Apaches secured the meat for their families and tribes and scalps as trophies of their prowess as warriors.

Now you may string your bow by slipping the noose or loop over the top end of the bow and bringing the other end down and fasten with a timber hitch, Figure 21. Figures 22 and 22½ show the knot used on the South Sea Island bow, 22 the knot is wrapped and L and M free, after which L and M are tied together in a simple knot; but Figure 21 is the best way.

Test your bow and if the distance from the center of the bow to the bowstring is five inches it is about right, if it varies much from this, undo your timber hitch and try it again until the adjustment is

correct. We tenderfeet say string the bow but Robin Hood would have said, brace it.

HOW TO BRACE THE BOW

Figure 25. Grasp the bow in the middle with the right hand, set the lower end against the inside of the right foot, then bend the bow by pushing with the left palm upon the upper end, while the left fingers slide the loop of this bow string into the notch on upper limb of the bow made for that purpose. A good bowstring should have its middle lashed with fine silk for six inches. Figures 15 to 20 show how this lashing is done. The purpose of this is to prevent the arrow from wearing away the string.

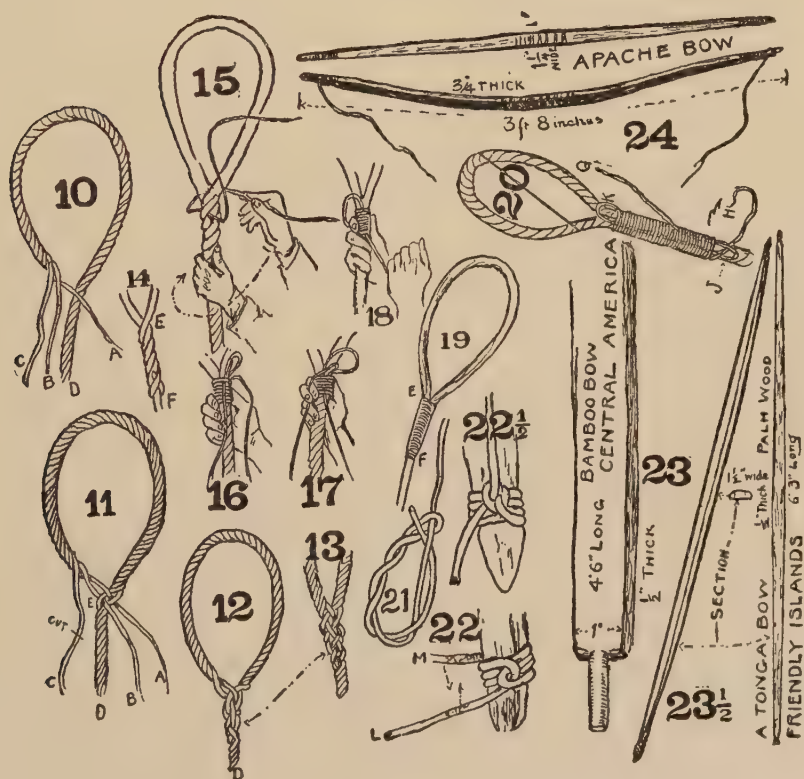
SOME OF THE TERMS USED IN ARCHERY

Over-bowed, too strong a bow. Under-bowed, too weak a bow. Ascham, a closet especially constructed to hold bows and arrows. Back, the flat side of a bow. Back bow, a bow made of two or more strips of wood glued together longitudinally. Bow arm, the left arm. Elevation, the height of the bow hand in aiming. Allowing the distance, the change you make in aiming to compensate for the wind. End, the number of arrows shot before walking to the opposite target, three arrows being allowed to an archer. Limb, the upper and lower parts of a bow, the parts above or below the handle. He! He! the call used by archers in hailing each other. Home, drawn to the pile. Hornspoon, when you hit the outer edge of the target beyond the white ring. Length, the distance between the archer and the target. Fast! a command to stop. Cut the gold, when an arrow in falling short appears to drop across the gold in the target. Pair, three arrows.

How to Make Bows and Bow Strings

Snake, when the arrow slips under the grass. Tab, the flat piece of leather sometimes used in place of fingertips. Wide, when an arrow flies to one side or other of a target. Barreled arrow, an arrow made largest in the center. Belly, the convex side of the bow. Bobtailed arrow, an arrow made larger at the head than at the feather. Bracing, the act of stringing the bow. Chested arrow, an arrow made larger at the feather than at the point. Grafted bow, a bow made of two pieces of wood joined at the handle. Handle, the wrapping of plush by

which the bow is held. Horn, the tip of each end of the bow. Nock, the groove in the horn of the bow into which the string fits, also the notch in the arrow for the reception of the string. Nocking point, the point in the bowstring which, when the bow is strung, is opposite to the top of the handle. Pile, the point of the arrow. Self-bow, a bow made of a single piece of wood. Stele, the shaft of the arrow. Straight arrow, one of even thickness throughout. Bracer, an arm-guard on the left wrist to protect it from blow of bow-string.



The Vengeance of Ebenezer

By William Merriam Rouse

Illustrated by Francis J. Rigney

EARLY this spring Fatty Masters' folks bought him a goat to stop him from teasing for a .22 rifle. Pretty soon they wished they had got him the rifle, and a box of dynamite besides, instead of the goat.

They found out that he had been brought up by a sailor. Besides being a naturally rough-dispositioned goat he had learned to chew tobacco, and if he didn't have a piece of tobacco every day he worked off his grouch on the first human being that came handy. After he had jammed Squire Thompson through a cedar hedge and chased Aunt Arabella Greenfield out of her own dooryard, Mr. Masters told Fatty that if anything more happened the goat would go so far he'd never get back to Cartersville.

Fatty loved that goat more than you would think a fat boy could get up energy to love anything; they never separated except when Fat was asleep or in school, and then it was hard work. Fat would take a cooky right out of his own mouth to give it to Ebenezer.

One day John Nelson, the Boy Scout, and I was sitting on the store steps watching Fat and Ebenezer draw some boxes home for kindling-wood when Snipe Blackwell showed up from somewhere and sat down with us. Snipe wasn't born in Cartersville. His folks didn't move here until last winter; and nobody is sorry about the lost time.

"That's a good goat," Snipe said to me.

"He's a strong, healthy goat," I told

him. The week before Fatty had run out of tobacco and I happened to be the first person Ebenezer met after he'd missed having his morning chew. There was a good many sore places left yet.

"Guess I'll trade and get that rig—goat and cart and all."

Nelson and I looked at him like he was crazy.

"Fat won't trade," says I.

"Wouldn't, hey?" says Blackwell. "Well, maybe he wouldn't for you, Bunk Carson, but I can make him!"

He whistled through his fingers and Fat came over and pulled up Ebenezer in front of the store steps.

"Hello!" Snipe took some cartridges out of his pocket and begun to jiggle them around. "Heard you wanted to get hold of a good .22 rifle, Masters!"

"I do!" Fat's face began to shine.

"I've got one," Snipe told him. "I'll trade it and almost a whole box of cartridges for your goat and cart."

All the shine went out of Fat right off.

"Nope," he said. "Neezer and me is friends. I wouldn't trade him for a million dollars!"

"Huh!" says Blackwell. "You'll have to trade him quick the next time he butts any grown folks around. Your Pa'll make you get rid of him."

"He won't do it again," said Fatty. "Pa has started in to give me a plug of tobacco instead of my 'lowance every week. I give Neezer some every day. No more trouble."

"Oh!" Snipe seemed kind of set back.

The Vengeance of Ebenezer

He thought for a minute. "I 'spose you carry your tobacco around with you all the time?"

"Sure; I have to." Fat pulled out a plug with one corner cut off and showed to to us. "Whenever Neezer begins to get fractious I give him a little piece and he's all right."

"Just the same your better trade," says Blackwell. "A gun is safer than a goat."

"Nope! Giddap, Neezer!" Fat drove off in a hurry as though he was afraid somebody would take Neezer away from him.

"Business seems to be kind of poor to-day," said the Scout.

"Betcha hundred dollars I get that goat inside of a week!" hollered Snipe.

"You can get about a dozen goats for that much money," Nelson told him.

Blackwell was as mad as a wet hen.

"I want that goat and I get what I want, Mister Smart Aleck!" He would have tried to lick the Scout, only it was more of a job than he wanted to tackle. So he went off by himself to get cooled down.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he did beat Fat some way," I told Nelson.

"Maybe Fatty, but not Ebenezer," he said. "That goat has got brains. You can see it in his eye."

That was the end of the goat business just then. But a couple of days later, Saturday morning, Nelson and I met Fat

and Ebenezer and both of 'em seemed to be a good deal upset. Fat's face was all streaked up, where he'd been crying, and his mouth looked like a quarter moon turned upside down. Every few minutes Ebenezer would snort and sniff and shake his head.

"I lost Neezer's tobacco," Fat told me when I asked him what was the matter. "Lost it right out of my pocket some way when I was playing marbles with Snipe Blackwell yesterday afternoon recess. Pa won't give me any more and Neezer ain't had a chew since yesterday morning. He's bound to get fractious and bump somebody before supper time, and then I'll have to get rid of him. Pa said so again to-day when I told him about losing the tobacco."

"How did you come to lose it?" I asked him. He felt so bad I would almost have lent him ten cents to buy some more tobacco, if I had had it.

"Don't know," says Fat. "I took off my coat and laid it down. The tobacco was there, and then it wasn't. Giddap, Neezer!"

He drove along until he got in front of Gramp Hawkins' garden. Then somebody yelled to him and he stopped.

"Snipe Blackwell is working for Gramp Hawkins to-day," said the Scout, "and that sounded like his voice. I guess we better butt into this goat business."

We ran around behind Gramp's house and came up on the other side of the garden. Sure enough, Blackwell had



He patted the goat. That was a great mistake

The Vengeance of Ebenezer

stopped Fatty and was talking to him. He wouldn't have dared quit work if Gramp hadn't been out of sight somewhere.

"Changed your mind about trading your goat?" Snipe asked him.

"I ain't changed my mind, but maybe it will be changed for me," Fat told him. "Remember when we was playing marbles together yesterday? Well, I lost Neezer's tobacco then, and I can't get any more. Maybe I'll have to get rid of him."

"He's worth more now than he will be to-morrow I reckon," Snipe continues right off quick.

"Hey?" Fat never was quick to understand.

"I mean if you want to trade right this minute you can have the gun. But if you wait 'til you have to get rid of him I won't give you the rifle. I'll only give you my fishpole, or maybe a couple of traps."

"That ain't what you offered!" yells Fat. "It ain't fair!"

"It's business," Blackwell tells him. "Don't make any difference whether it's fair or not."

Fat was worse off in his mind than ever. He stood side of Ebenezer with his head down and didn't say anything for a few minutes. I guess he was trying to keep from sniveling out loud. Pretty soon Blackwell stopped work again.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said. "You come over here and work in my place and let me drive the goat around awhile. If you'll do that I'll throw in five cents in money when we come to trade."

"You got five cents in money?" Fat asked him. "Lemme take it, Snipe, and I'll buy half a plug of tobacco now, and next week I'll take half of my 'lowance in money and pay you back."

"No, sir!" Snipe told him. "You must

think I'm crazy! Going to let me drive him now, or not?"

"Yes," said Fat, but his voice was pretty feeble. "Only you want to be careful, for Neezer's beginning to act as though he might get fractious, and it's a terrible thing when he does."

"Guess I can handle an old goat, all right," Snipe said, and he started out of the garden.

Nelson and I ran back around the house and came down the road as though we'd just got there.

Snipe looked at Ebenezer and Ebenezer cocked his eyes around and sized Snipe up. I guess he looked like considerable more of a goat when Blackwell got right to the point of driving him alone. He liked Fat, and that was the reason Fat didn't have any trouble with him.

For about a minute Snipe nor Ebenezer, neither one, made any motions. Then Snipe grabbed the goat by one of his horns and picked up the reins. Ebenezer lifted up his nose and sniffed two or three times, and took a couple of steps backward.

Before you could say Jack Robinson, Ebenezer had jumped and connected his head with Snipe's stummick. Snipe, he hit on two places, one of which was the back of his head; and sat up again just in time to have Ebenezer put both feet on the same stummick that had been butted and take a bite of his necktie. Blackwell yelled. I guess he was scared so that he didn't have any sense, for he hauled off and pasted the goat in the eye. That was a great mistake.

Ebenezer was handy with four feet, two horns, and a full set of upper and under teeth. You had to admire that goat for the way he worked on Snipe.

He seemed to be able to maul him all over at once without tiring himself.

The Vengeance of Ebenezer

All the while he acted as though he had an idee in the back of his head. He was either trying to undress Snipe, or eat him up, and we couldn't tell which. Far as I was concerned I wouldn't have gone up and asked Ebenezer what he was trying to do for a million dollars.

Fat cried, and yelled to Snipe not to hurt Ebenezer. Neither one paid any attention to him. Gramp Hawkins got there and he laughed so he had a crick in his side. It was better than any medicine show that's been to Cartersville since I can remember.

All of a sudden Ebenezer made a kind of desperate grab at what was left of Snipe's pants; and then he backed off, as much as to say: "It's all over and

I'm satisfied." He ought to have been pretty tickled with himself, for he had pulled a plug of tobacco out of Snipe's pocket.

Fat ran up to him and Ebenezer let him take that tobacco, gentle as a kitten.

"Jiminy Crickets!" yells Fat. "That's the same plug of tobacco I lost when I was playing marbles with Snipe—I can tell it by the two corners being cut off!"

"Hope your old goat chokes to death every time he eats a piece!" Blackwell told him, and then he started off home trying to put the pieces of himself together.

"I knew that was a smart goat," said the Scout, "but I didn't know he was a detective."



The Meanest Feller

By William Merriam Rouse

Illustrated by Francis J. Rigney

IT was one of those nice, softy warm afternoons along early in the summer, when you'd think everybody would feel good, that Fatty Masters ketched up with me just as I'd got most home from school. He had been running so fast he had to stop and puff and snort a few minutes before he could talk.

"Say, Bunk Carson!" he said. "Snipe Blackwell's picking on Runty Brown like everything!"

"What's he doing to him?" I asked Fat. "What's it for?"

"Well," Fat told me, "it looks to me as if it wasn't for anything. I would of licked Snipe only I just eat six doughnuts and besides I thought you'd want to help."

Snipe Blackwell is bigger than me. I guess he is about equal to one and a half of me. Fatty Masters is about equal to a quarter of me. That made one and a quarter against one and a half. But Runty belongs to the Black Rovers, our secret band of pirates, and we had to do something.

"Where are they?" I asked Fatty.

"Down back of the school-house," he told me. "You go on ahead and I'll ketch you. If I'd known I was going to get in a fight I wouldn't have eat those doughnuts."

By the time I got to the school-house Fat was a good ways out of sight and it begun to look as if he wasn't going to amount to even a quarter of a feller.

Everybody had gone home from the school-house—even Miss Dobbs, the

teacher. So I went in and got up on a bench at the back of the room, and looked out a window that was open. I was careful about peeking over the edge of the sill.

Snipe had Runty by the back of the neck with one hand and he was tickling him in the ribs with the other. Runty, he was partly laughing and partly crying. He didn't want to do either one—he wanted to fight. He was game, even if he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider, for every once in a while he'd get a kick at Snipe's shins and then Snipe would stop tickling long enough to cuff him.

"Whistle!" Snipe told him. "You whistle while I'm tickling you and I'll let you go."

"I ca— can't!" snivels Runty. "You know I can't! Nobody can. What you picking on me for, anyway?"

"I told you what for!" yells Snipe. "Because you laughed when I fell over a loose board in the sidewalk!"

"I wasn't laughing at you," Runty told him. "I wasn't even looking when you stubbed your toe!"

"Don't make any difference! You got to whistle anyway!" Then Snipe went at him again.

Not having any help I knew I had got to save Runty some way besides main strength.



The Meanest Feller

Just as I was trying to figger it out John Nelson, the Boy Scout, came around the school house like a thousand of brick.

John walloped Blackwell in the nose and Blackwell set down on the ground so hard you could hear him and the ground groan when they came together.

I climbed through the window for I wanted to help the Scout muss him up.

"You ought to take somebody your size to pick on," says Nelson.

Blackwell got up and just laughed.

"Punch him again," I said. "He's the meanest feller in the whole town of Cartersville!"

But the Scout didn't punch him again and Blackwell went off. He wasn't scared either. While he was brushing the dirt off Runty's clothes Fat Masters got there, all out of breath and proud of himself.

"By jinks, we licked Snipe, didn't we?" he said. "I stopped and hunted up Nelson to make sure we would!"

"He ought to get licked three times a day," I told Fat. "Sometimes he gets it, like when he tried to kill Willy Peters' lame cat; and sometimes he don't get it, like now."



We didn't talk any more about it then but afterward I got to thinking an' figgered out a plan for taking the meanness out of Snipe.

I thought I wouldn't tell the Scout about it for fear he'd want to go easy. It seemed to me that if Snipe was pure meanness there wasn't anything to go easy with.

My plan was to get Snipe cornered somewhere away from the Tommyhawk Avengers, which he belongs to, and lick him in first class shape. After we had licked him we'd promise to lick him again sure pop every time he did anything mean. After we kept the promise four or five times I thought maybe it would cure him.

I got hold of Grunter Perkins, Fatty, Runty, and Willy Peters. That's all of the Black Rovers besides the Scout and me. I counted Grunter and me as one apiece. Willy Peters is pale and skinny and wouldn't count more than a quarter unless he got as mad as he did the time they tried to kill his cat. Runty and Fatty each counted a quarter. That made two and three quarters against one and a half, as I counted Snipe.

It looked safe.

I told the other fellers my plan and they said it was good; all but Grunter. He said he'd go in but we would be sure to get licked sooner or later by the Avengers.

You can't arger a bit with Grunter because he always gets his mind made up for the worst in the beginning.

We picked out Saturday to lick Snipe and we trailed him around all day until afternoon before we got a chance to do anything. Then he went clear out beyond the south end of the village on an errand, and there wasn't a Tommyhawk Avenger in sight anywhere out there. We got between Snipe and the village; and

The Meanest Feller

when he started back home we started for him.

Snipe took a look at us coming and he didn't wait to ask what for. He just legged it south, with us after him. He tried every way to twist and turn back but we spread out so he couldn't. Finally he ran into the little pine woods down by the lake shore. We had him then; for the woods is only a little bit of a picnic grove and not big enough to hide in. He'd have to swim five miles across the lake or go south to the equator if he wanted to get away. He couldn't have swum, anyway; for there was a strong wind and the rollers were coming in against the rocks fit to smash up anything.

We started into the woods but we hadn't gone far before Grunter Perkins said, kind of low, to hold on a minute. He went ahead a little ways, and come back looking pretty glum.

"Thought I heard something," he said. "The baby class in the Sunday school is having a picnic down there ahead of us. Snipe's got the best of us. If we start to muss him up here he'll yell and the teachers will come and stop it. He's safe."

"Where is he?" I asked Grunter.

"He's down on the lake shore taking it easy," Grunter told me. "Shouldn't wonder if he went and squealed on us and got fed up with a lot of cake and ice cream for being picked on."

We edged along the lake shore to make sure; keeping ourselves hid behind trees and boulders. Sure enough, Perkins was right. There was Blackwell leaning up against a big rock with his hands in his pockets and watching the waves come in. Beyond him was the picnic—just little kids maybe four or five years old playing around with a couple of teachers and some mothers looking after them. They couldn't see Blackwell on account of the rock between him and them.

I peeked out from behind a tree and Snipe saw me. He grinned real contented and began to throw little stones at me. Then he got the other fellers located and for a while he had a real good time making us duck. The worst of it was we couldn't throw back at him for fear some of the stones would fly past his boulder and stir up the picnic.

Willy Peters ran over to my tree and just missed getting hit. He was paler than ever and his teeth clicked together when he talked.

"I'm s-s-scared stiff!" he said. "I wish he'd hit me with a stone so I'd get g-good and m-m-mad! I'd lick him, picnic or no picnic!"

"I wouldn't like to be in your place if you did," I told him. "You'd be talked about as a bad example the rest of your life."

Anyway, Willy had good intentions of getting himself hit so he'd stop being scared and get mad. He kept poking his nose out from behind our tree every few minutes—and while Blackwell was trying to hit him I got a chance to look around the other side of the tree and see if the picnic didn't show signs of going home. It didn't. All the little shavers were having too good a time. Some was making houses in the sand and one of 'em had climbed up on top of a flat rock that ran down into the water.

The shore along by the grove has got a sandy beach but it is scattered all over with big rocks; some smooth and flat and some rough and jagged. There were a lot of rocks where the picnic was and the waves were making a good deal of noise.

Nobody seemed to notice that the little feller up on top of the boulder—Freddy Stevens was his name—had leaned over to watch the waves. All of a sudden he lost his balance and yelled. He fell right over, headfirst, into the water. It wasn't

The Meanest Feller

more than three or four feet to fall, and the water wasn't deep; but the next big wave—and one was coming—would slam him up against the face of that rock so it made you sick to think of it.

We all saw him fall, and we all jumped out in sight and yelled. But our yelling wasn't anything to the way the teachers and mothers yelled. I guess everybody was like me—too flustered to think what to do or that there was only one thing to do. The only one that thought was Snipe Blackwell. Yes, sir—Snipe. He went up on top of that rock like a cat and jumped right over into the water like a dog.

Snipe stayed right side up because the water was only about up under his arms. Freddy came up kicking and choking in front of him. Snipe grabbed the little feller and swung him right up in the air over his head and on to the rock. One

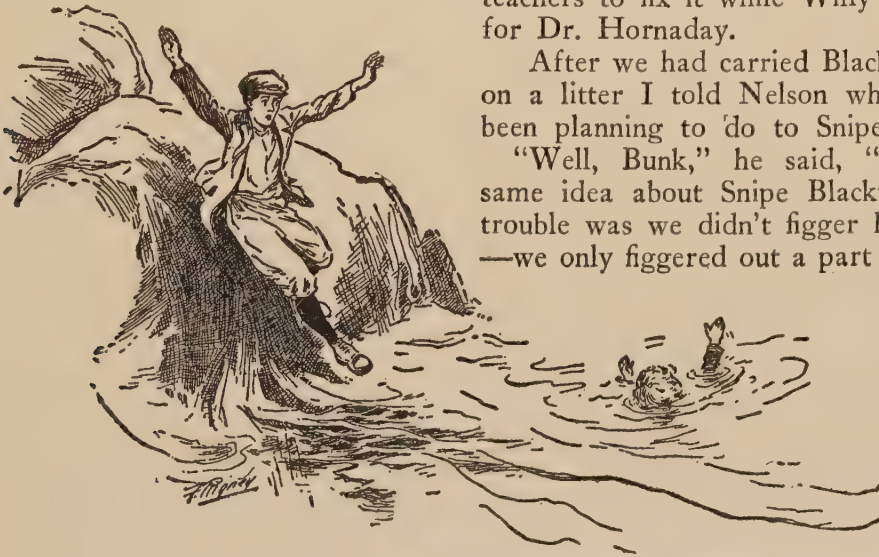
of the teachers caught Freddy, and he was all right.

Snipe wasn't all right. Almost the same minute he threw Freddy Stevens out of the water that big wave got to him. He might just as well have been made of wood for all the good his strength did him. The wave lifted him off his feet and rolled him over and jammed him against the rock. Then another wave came, before you could say Jack Robinson, and swept him up on the beach. Grunter Perkins and me caught hold of him and pulled him up where it was dry.

Snipe was kind of white and cold and his eyes was shut. He lay funny on the sand—he didn't lay natural. Just then Nelson showed up—he had been trailing us to find out what we was up to, he said—and he found out that Snipe's leg was broke. He got some sticks for splints and went to work with one of the teachers to fix it while Willy Peters ran for Dr. Hornaday.

After we had carried Blackwell home on a litter I told Nelson what we had been planning to do to Snipe.

"Well, Bunk," he said, "I had the same idea about Snipe Blackwell. The trouble was we didn't figger him all out—we only figgered out a part of him."



Up on top of that rock like a cat and jumped right into the water



Pig-Toes and Frog Hairs

By Homer Croy

Illustrated by Bert N. Salg

RECENTLY I received a thumb and wrinkled newspaper clipping from my old home in Missouri, which set me thinking. It brought back most vividly a Christmas of many years ago. With the clipping in my hands, I began to wonder if boys now have the same experience I had when I was a boy.

Just about this time of year—a few days before Christmas—I was an angel! Ordinarily I wasn't fond of work. I hated it, I wanted to keep away from it, I would do *anything* to get out of it, but along about *now* a great and overwhelming desire to do something useful suddenly came upon me.

I kept the box piled with wood, I brought in the coal, I carried out the ashes, I gathered the eggs. I brought up the crocks from the cellar, I skimmed the milk for my mother and never snooped a drop of cream. I filled the lamps, I washed the chimneys, I dried the

dishes, I washed the linoleum, I took out the overshoes and beat the dirt off. And then I went to the barn and astonished my father. I threw down hay for the horses, I carried corn to the cows, I fed the pigs, I shelled corn, I mixed the bran and shorts, I greased the wagon axles, I helped milk—I simply *hunted* work.

And good! I had wings! I didn't tease the cat, I didn't pout at the table, I didn't bang and rattle my plate, and every time I went out I put on my rubbers. I wanted to study—I *craved* study—and when older people were talking I didn't break in; when people spoke to me I said, "Yes, sir" and "No, sir," and at night when I went to bed I hung up my clothes neatly, and when I went out of the house I didn't leave the door open, and I didn't track in mud on the carpet, and no one had to tell me to wash my face, and I scrubbed behind my ears till they shone. I didn't run over my shoes,

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I didn't throw paper on the floor, and I didn't suddenly screech at the top of my voice just to see how loud a noise I could make—oh, I was most wonderfully good—just about this time of year!

But I belonged to a "gang"—and I thought I must do whatever the gang did. If a fellow wasn't "in" with the gang, they were against him. They said where a person must go, what he must do, and if he fell back he was called a coward and put outside. It takes a great deal of courage to stand out against the "gang."

The leader of the gang was "Pig-Toes" Heberle, who was called "Pig-Toes" from the way his toes turned in. He could run faster than anybody in the crowd, he could throw farther, he could jump higher, he could handle a "nigger-shooter" better than anybody in the crowd. It seemed to us that he was a great and wonderful person. If the best fellow in the bunch could chin himself twelve times, Pig-Toes could go fifteen. Pig-Toes liked to be "tough." He didn't think much of anybody who liked to read, and if Pig-Toes found that one of the boys played the piano he never let up. He made life miserable for him.

Pig-Toes liked to hang around the depot when the train came in and, as it started out, to jump on it to see how far he could ride without being hurt. Pig-Toes could always ride farther than any one else could. And then he would hide behind a box-car and watch his chance until the baggageman turned his back, when Pig-Toes would make a rush and hook a banana. He thought it was great sport. Sometimes Pig-Toes would hide until the agent had gone and then he would crawl up the watertank and pull down the big feed pipe, which supplied the engine with water, and then run away leaving the water pouring out. Sometimes he would hang on the back of a

'bus and steal a ride up town. The driver could lash back with the whip as much as he liked, but he could not get Pig-Toes off. The only way for him to do so would be for the driver to stop the 'bus and come back. Just before he got to him, however, Pig-Toes would drop off and put his fingers to his nose and make signs at him.

Pig-Toes liked to think up things for his gang to do. Hallowe'en he found gates to be stolen, horses to be painted, cats to be tied together by the tails and thrown over clotheslines. His special delight was to go to the home where some widow lived and to climb up on the roof and put a board over the top of her chimney. Pretty soon her stove would begin to smoke, but she would be unable to get the board down—and all the time Pig-Toes would be lying behind the fence laughing. She would have to put out the fire and wait till the next day and then hire somebody to climb up and take it off. He let horses out of barns, burned gates, took the wheels off wagons, turned over sidewalks, tied doors so that they could not be opened, and threw dead cats in kitchen windows. We did not like the things Pig-Toes did, but we were afraid to say anything, or to do anything, for Pig-Toes would be at that person with his fists.

And then one Christmas something happened. A new boy moved in town. His name was Mike; his parents were poor and he lived down by the railroad track. He had to go out with a gunny-sack and pick up coal for his mother to cook with. As soon as Pig-Toes saw him he gave him the name of "Shanty Mike." He made a great deal of fun of Shanty Mike because Shanty Mike did not smoke and because he did not swear, and because he was usually carrying a book. Shanty Mike's mother was saving

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up money for him to take music lessons and when Pig-Toes found that Shanty Mike was studying music he started in to make life miserable for Shanty Mike and he succeeded. Pig-Toes picked on him, he knocked his cap off, he tripped him up, and one day he put a live snake down his back. The boy went shrieking home; his mother came running out and took him in her arms, but Pig-Toes was gone. On such occasions he always managed to be gone.

He continued to make life miserable for Shanty Mike. He threw mud on Shanty Mike's clothes, he put chewing-gum in his hair. At last, one day, Pig-Toes knocked a book out of the new boy's hands. With that the new boy struck at him, and that was what Pig-Toes wanted. He said that Shanty Mike had started to fight him and with that he flew at him and gave him a terrible beating. He bloodied his nose, he punched him in the face, he chewed his ear, until Shanty Mike screamed with pain. At last Pig-Toes let him up. The new boy tried to find his book, but he was crying so that he could not see it. Shanty Mike got down on the ground and hunted around with his hands—and while he was down on his knees Pig-Toes kicked him and then ran down the street. Pig-Toes said that it would be a lesson to anybody who tried to pick a fight with him. It was a most complete victory for Pig-Toes.

He felt quite proud of himself.

When Christmas came along that year, Pig-Toes began to lay his plans. He was a schemer. He could think up endless ways of getting things—without working for them.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said—"you follow me and I'll get you all the candy you want."

It was the custom at Christmas for the Sunday schools of our town to "treat." That is, they would give a bag of candy to each student who was enrolled in the Sunday school.

"What we'll do is to enroll in a couple of them," said Pig-Toes.

As one of the Sunday schools was held in the afternoon this was possible. All of us decided to join. It was the "thing" to do; it was what the "gang" said.

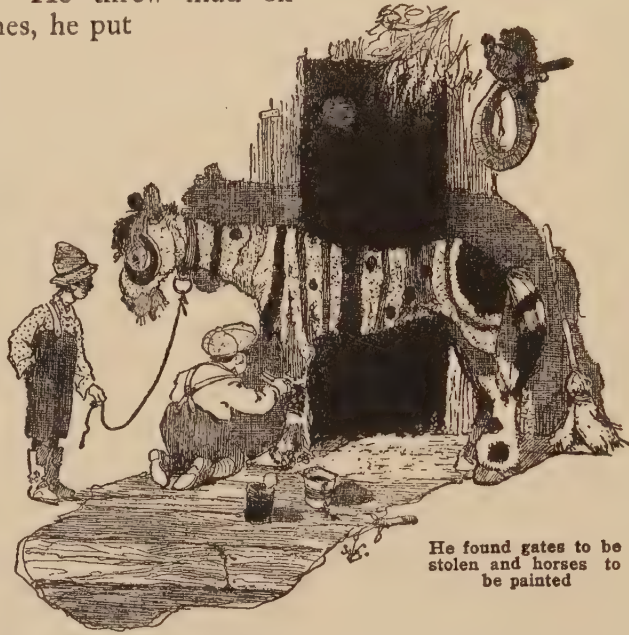
We approached Shanty Mike to join and we were surprised at his answer.

"I don't think it would be right," he

said. "We'd be doing something that isn't exactly fair."

That was Pig-Toes' chance. He was at him—he wanted to know why it wasn't "fair." Weren't we going to Sunday school? he asked. Weren't we students? Weren't we doing everything that was expected of us? He ridiculed the idea, he poo-pooed it.

But Shanty Mike stood out for his idea. Shanty Mike said that little things make a big difference, and that if a fel-



He found gates to be stolen and horses to be painted

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low wants to do the square thing he has to begin with the little things. Then, he said, the big things will take care of themselves. But Pig-Toes was back at him—told him that he was making a mountain out of a mole-hill, that he was splitting frog hairs, and it did seem that way to us, too. Going to Sunday school just to get an extra bag of candy didn't seem wrong.

"Are we going, or ain't we going?" Pig-Toes sang out to us.

I am ashamed of what we answered. "Sure," we bellowed. "We'll go with you."

And so we did. All of us went to Sunday school with pious faces—all except Shanty Mike. He went to his own church.

With that Pig-Toes began to make life miserable for Shanty Mike. He stopped whenever he saw him; he sang across the street at him, "Frog Hairs, Oh, Mr. Frog Hairs, see how he stares!" Or sometimes at sight of Shanty Mike he would squeal, "Oh, there's our little angel child. Has yer wings sprouted yet?"

I am sorry to say that none of the rest of us stood up for Shanty Mike. We were afraid of Pig-Toes. Some of us even fell in and began to mock Shanty Mike, too, for Pig-Toes persuaded us that Shanty Mike was setting himself up as being better than we.

Christmas Eve came and the "gang" met outside the church, but Pig-Toes was late. This seemed strange; he was nearly always late at school and at work, but on such an occasion as this he was usually the first person present. At last he popped around the corner.

"Ssssh!" he whispered and held up one finger. "Come on."

With that we followed him to the rear of the church. Lying down on our stomachs we could look over the top of

the basement window, partly lowered, to where on the floor was a bucket filled with bags of candy. The candy had been made up for the tree and now the people had gone off and left this one lone bucket.

"Come on," he said, "and grab it."

This was more than we had counted on, and one of us stammered out something about stealing. Pig-Toes laughed us to shame.

"Stealing!—nothing! It's just helping ourselves. That much is left over. Is pickin' up something that nobody wants stealin'—say?"

He continued to fling his taunts at us till we no longer said anything. He rode over us, hushed us up—it was Pig-Toes way.

At last we opened the window and, creeping in, filled our pockets; and then we crept out again. We got away safely; no one caught us. We gobbled down the candy and then went in to the Christmas exercises. We were never caught; no one knew that we did it. There was only one unfortunate thing about it—the candy was intended for the kindergarten class. They did not get any. That was hard to get off our minds—the little tots sitting there without any candy, when we had more than we could eat.

The next Sunday we did not go to church. We never gave it a thought.

Years went by—Christmas came and went.

And then recently I had occasion to go back to my old home town, and I arrived in time to find the place quite stirred up. There were reception committees, the town band was out and a delegation of citizens had been appointed to go to the depot—Shanty Mike was coming back for a day. He had gone to the city and become a great man. The handling of millions was now entrusted to him, and the town was proud to honor him. He had

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made greater success than anybody who had ever lived there. People who had known him were proud to rush up and shake him by the hand to call him by name—"Shanty Mike," now an honored name. At last Shanty Mike went away again, while the people stood on the platform and waved him good-by.

While I was there I asked about Pig-Toes. No one knew anything about him. He had worked in the livery stable for a while, he had worked in the baggage room at the station, he had passed from one thing to another, and then he had drifted away. I returned to my city home and Pig-Toes almost passed out of my mind. And then one day I received a letter from a friend back home and

pinned to the letter was the thumbbed and wrinkled newspaper clipping. In writing, my friend made no comment about it—to him it did not seem worth it.

The item was from a small town in another state, and was to the effect that a thief who had broken open a freight car had at last been caught. It was the man's third offense, the paper said—and then the name leaped out at me.

It was Pig-Toes.

Once the two boys had been very much the same—Pig-Toes and Shanty Mike—both going to the same school in the same little town, both with the same chance in life,—and then something had sent them on two widely different ways.

I have often wondered what it was.



I simply hunted work

An Invitation Accepted

By Ed. F. Carson

Illustrated by Francis J. Rigney

BLACKIE EDWARDS threw down the book he had been reading by the light of the big campfire and looked around the circle of faces till his eyes rested on Saskatoon Bill, the veteran guide and camp instructor. He hesitated an instant as though doubtful of the reception of his query and then asked:

"How do you make a moose-call, Bill?"

"What new idea have you got rounded up in that head of yours now?" was the come-back.

"Well, it says here that 'they made moose-calls and used them to bring the animals within range.' Could they do that?"

"Yes, it could be done all right," agreed Bill. "It is a favorite way of hunting moose in the fall when the bulls are roaring around, calling each other to come over and fight it out for the job of being boss bull of the herd. All you have to do is to get a big sheet of birch bark and roll it into a sort of horn about three feet long, the shape of the things they used to have on the old time phonographs. Then you put it to your mouth, small end first, and make a loud noise like a bull moose."

"Just the same as a megaphone," supplemented Pippy Sills, the high-brow of the party.

"That's the very word I wanted," growled the guide. "I've been trying to

think of it ever since this argument started. Yep, use it just the same as one of them maggy—maggy—what did you call it, Pip?"

The word was repeated for him and this time he got it right, after which he started off on a long explanation of how, having talked Chinook so much, English came hard for him at times, especially words not in general use. He rather overdid it, however, for the astute Blackie grew suspicious and brought the conversation back to the original channel by asking:

"Did you ever call a moose with one?"

"Did I? Well I should say I did. Hundreds of them."

"Yes, but did any of them come when you called them?"

"One did," returned the old man grimly. "Yes, sir, one certainly did. He sure came arunnin' and what's more, he stayed 'came' when he got there."

He gazed across the lake in silence while his hearers settled into more comfortable attitudes and then began the tale which he knew from experience was expected of him and which he might as well tell first as last:

I was with a party that had gone into the upper Ottawa River country in western Quebec to hunt moose one fall and had been having no luck whatever. Three times we had followed what appeared to

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be fresh moose tracks and three times we had rounded up in a pioneer's barnyard, having trailed a couple of his steers all the way home. The first time, he laughed at us. The second time, when we came in from another direction, he took it more seriously, not being able to understand that we were strangers in that neck of the woods and only young fellows anyhow. He seemed to think there was something suspicious in having us follow his cattle around till they had to hide out in the home corral.

The third time we saw where we were coming out at and tried to sneak off without being seen but just as we started back somebody cut the branches over our heads with a charge of buckshot, from which we gathered that he might have caught sight of us as we were coming away. By the time he was ready to shoot again we were pretty near a mile down the trail, and the next morning we rolled up our blankets and went further up river to Lake Temiscaming. Here we got well beyond the reach of settlers so that brand of trouble bothered us no more and the day after we arrived I met up with an Indian who made me a moose call in the way I have told you of and advised me to call them in, rather than go to the trouble of chasing them through the tim-

ber which was some like hard labor to him. He also told me of a white trapper who lived a few miles up the lake and who could be hired to shoot us a few at so much a head. This might be an Indian's idea of sport but it wasn't ours so I said nothing to the others when they

came back that evening. You see, I had been staying in camp that day to mend the only pair of pants I had with me and which sure needed it, while they were off scouting for tracks or signs.

I waited till supper was over and then I told them our hard luck was over. They wanted to know why, so I showed them my nice, new moose call. They hoped it would work, at least they said so, but from the way they spoke I could see that they were going to be disappointed if it did.

One fellow, Brennan, offered to bet me that I could not even get a moose to answer me, let alone come when I called him. He had a swell pair of corduroy breeches which I had been admiring and I promptly took him up, staking my revolver against them. Then I took my horn and tried to show them how it worked.

My first attempt pretty near stampeded the stumps but I did my best. I tried again and they begged of me to stop before I scared all the game out of the country. They said they did not want to shoot a moose that would be attracted by a noise like that because the animal would not be in his right senses



The biggest, awfulest, ugliest-looking moose in the whole wide world stuck his head out of the bushes

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and it would be taking an unfair advantage of his mental condition.

I paid no attention to their unkind remarks but kept on practicing so as to get good at it and win those pants. What they said did not bother me anyhow because I was making so much noise I could not hear them. They kept trying to shut me off with mean sayings and when they found this would not work they tried clubs, which they threw at me every time I blew my little bugle call that was to summon the moose to battle. I am not really sensitive but when I get walloped alongside of the head seven or eight times with a pine knot I can take a hint as good as the next one, so I moved. What's more, I moved good and plenty too, about a mile down the lake where I could practice in peace.

I guess I had been there about half an hour, sitting under a little tamarack tree and making myself believe I was panning out the kind of a noise which is the moose challenge to battle, when I heard an answer. At first I was all chirked up and then it struck me that the boys were having some fun with me by pretending to reply. I got a few good clubs ready to soak them with when they would show up and I would pretend I thought they were a moose and then I threw my whole strength into a roar through the horn. Back came the answer, clear and plain and pretty soon I could hear it just a few coyote jumps from me. I got my sticks all ready for action and cut loose with another roar. I heard a rustle in the underbrush and then——

The biggest, awfulest, ugliest looking bull moose in the whole wide world stuck his head out of the bushes and snorted!

I was so scared that I shrunk up like a dried prune. He did not see me at first but when he caught sight of me do you know what I did? I put that moose call

against my mouth and let out the worst bellow you ever heard in your life. It didn't scare him a bit. He just raised his head, stuck up the hair on the back of his neck to make himself look fiercer than ever and walked calmly over to see what I was. I was not there when he arrived. I was just as close to the top of that tree as I could get.

Mr. Moose looked up at me and started to call me names. Of course I could not make out all his language but I could get his meaning all right.

"You cheap coward," he snorted. "You told me you had some lady moose over here and that you were ready to fight any other moose in Canada to see who was going to boss the herd. Then, when I call your hand on that, I find that you are not really a moose at all but also that you are not even here. You skin up a tree, more like a quill-pig than a moose."

With that he rose up and struck the tree with his front feet, peeling off a couple of strips of bark as clean as if it had been done with an axe.

"Now, now, keep cool," I told him.

"Keep cool nothing," he roared. "You told me that you could lick any moose that ever wore horns. I wish I knew how you changed your voice when you said it."

Just then he caught sight of my horn and scratched it with his toe. It made a hollow-like sound that he recognized at once.

"Ho, ho," he bawled. "So this is it. Now watch what happens to your voice and you will see what will happen to you when I get you."

He rose up and brought his front feet down on that poor goat of a horn like he hated it. Then he did it again and again till there was nothing left but a few shreds of bark in a puddle of mud. Then

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He butted that tree in a way that made me hang on to it as if it was the only friend I ever had

he stomped on that mud till there was nothing left but a hole and if he could have swallowed that hole he would sure have done it. Gee, I was mad at him for busting up my horn. If I had had a gun I would have shot him!

I guessed maybe he had forgotten me for a while so I tried to crawl down to a more comfortable limb, for tamaracks are not very strong on limbs anyhow and this one was no freak. When he saw me he butted that tree in a way that made me hang on to it as if it was the only friend I ever had. This gave me an idea and I tried to get him mad so he would butt the tree hard enough to break his fool neck. I gave this up after the first try. His neck was not one of the breaking kind and I was not so sure about the tree.

I tried coaxing but that only made him want to climb up to where I was. Mebby he wanted me to rub his ears and pat his head but, honest, he didn't act that way. I broke off a small branch and threw it at him and he rushed over to where it fell and dug another young cedar. This gave me a new line to work on so I got some heavier twigs and threw them just as far as I could. I figured, since he followed each one up and stamped on it, I might get him so far from the tree that I could slip down and away while he was busy with the stick.

It didn't work. If I could have thrown those sticks far enough, say a couple of miles or even a mile and a half, I might have taken a chance but nothing under that distance would have been reasonably safe with an animal that could move

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from place to place as easily as that moose could.

By this time it was dark but that made no difference to him, no matter how I might feel about it. Every time I would move to ease my aching self he would rush at that tree and either butt it or paw it some more. I began to get sleepy, worn out with the excitement, I guess, and once I nearly fell down. His remarks on that occasion expressed his deep disappointment but also his hopes of what would happen when I would get a little colder, stiffer and sleepier. Not having any appetite for getting murdered while I was slumbering and having no chance to see what was going on, I took off my belt and strapped myself to the trunk to keep from dropping on him and mussing his hair.

Boys, that was one weird night. Even if I did doze off it was at the risk of my life. Three times I woke up just in time to kick him out of the tree just as he was about to bite my strap in two and let me drop. He seemed to be able to change his hoofs to claws as soon as I fell asleep and climb up the tree like a bear. Of course I only dreamed this, but it was just as bad as if it had been real while the sensation lasted.

I spent what seemed like a year doing this before morning came and a few hours later the fellows from camp came down to look for me. They never missed me the night before but when I did not show up for breakfast they knew that there was sure something very much wrong. Then they started to hunt me up with Brennan on the lead, carrying his rifle and wearing his good corduroy pants. Mr. Moose was too busy waiting for me to fall to pay any attention to them and Brennan dropped him with one shot, right through the heart. There was only one kick left in the old warrior and he

sure planted that where it would do me the most harm for when Brennan came up to examine his prize, the moose made one last slash with his front feet, and caught his toes in those good pants and ruined them beyond repair.

The next thing I knew I was back in camp with the boys all around me looking pleased that I was alive. I had slept a day and a night and felt the better for it although still too stiff to bend more than one finger at a time. They had skinned the moose while I was asleep and were full of glee over their trophy.

"That is one swell head," declared Brennan, "and he had sure been some skookum fighter. When we came to skin him we found a scar that ran the whole length of his under jaw. No wonder he came when you called him. I expect he has cleaned up everything in this section and the New Ontario thrown in. Now hurry up and get well so you can call up another and, if we get him, he will be yours. We are going to stay right here for a week."

Such may have been their intention but all plans were changed next morning when a canoe came down the lake and landed right in front of our camp. There was only one man in it, a wiry little chap who walked up to the fire without seeming to bend the grass and who packed his rifle as easily and unconsciously as some people carry their eyebrows.

"Howdy, fellows," he greeted, "and how is things?"

"Fine and dandy," we told him and I guess Brennan might have said something about his luck of the day before but the stranger beat him to it by asking:

"Have you boys seen anything of a tame moose around your camp?"

"A tame moose?" we gasped, and then, well, I guess he caught the expression on our faces for he went on:

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"Yes, a tame one. I have a fine big bull that I raised from a calf. Follers me around like a sheep sometimes, but sometimes he don't. I have to watch him pretty close this time of the year to keep him from running off and fighting the wild ones but as a rule he is plumb gentle and corral wise. You can easy tell him if you see him by a scar on his jaw. That's where he got ornery last spring and I had to wallop him one with a sleighstake but he has been real meek ever since."

A scar on his jaw! We all thought for a minute and then we all spoke at once. NO! We had seen nothing that looked like a *tame* moose since we struck the country. Nothing of the kind had ever come near our camp or we would have noticed it at once. Yes, we sure said a whole heap of things just about like that.

"I'm glad in a way and sorry in a way for I would hate to have anything happen to him and I would be real rough with anyone who harmed my pet," says the old

fellow, serious-like. "Well, I must be gettin' on to look for him since he ain't here, but if you fellows happen to run across him just take a stick to him and chase him home. So long."

Off he glided to the shore, slid into his canoe and was gone.

Half an hour after, so were we, for we gathered our outfit together and piled it all on top of the head and skin of the moose in the canoe and headed off in the opposite direction. We had changed our minds about staying a week. After a couple of hours hard paddling we stopped to rest when Brennan looked at me and said.

"Bill, you are the luckiest man that ever wet his feet."

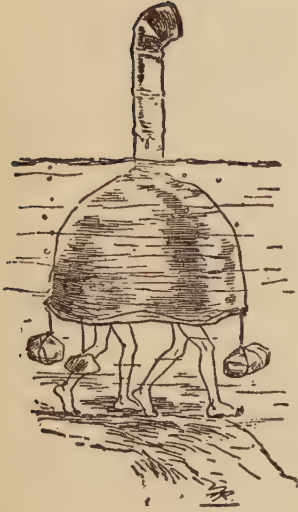
"What for?" I asked, thinking of my night in the tree and the loss of those new pants.

"You know now that it was a tame moose you called, don't you?"

"Sure do. What of it?"

"Just think what would have happened to you if you had called a real *wild* one."





Stringy Streeter's Submarine

A Foolishness Story

By Ernest Elwood Stanford

Illustrated by Francis J. Rigney

IT was all foolishness, of course.

But Stringy was going into long pants as soon as he wore out what he'd got, and you couldn't tell *him* he wasn't old enough to have a girl. And of all girls, he had to pick out that Bessie Howland, who is dressed up and starched up all the time and couldn't have any fun if she wanted to, which she doesn't. Now a *real* girl, like Madge Garner, wouldn't have been so bad. She can throw a ball, and climb an apple-tree, too. But she was too boyish to suit Stringy. That was what he said when she took him in the back of the neck with a sopping wet snow-ball. He wanted a *girlish* girl.

Stringy was all used up. He couldn't talk about anything but Bess, except a word now and then about Rusty Brown, who was stuck on her too. He went to walking in his sleep, like he always does when he's worried about anything. Sometimes I woke up and caught him, but more often I didn't, and he came back once or twice with his clothes all wet and

muddy, and goodness knows where he'd been. And he didn't invent a thing for over a week. So you can see it was pretty bad.

One evening he came down all dressed up, with a box of ten-cent-store chocolates in his pocket. Aunt Margaret, who didn't see the candy, thought he must be going to prayer-meeting, and while Stringy didn't fib about it, he helped the idea along in his usual inventive way. And I knew it wouldn't pay for me to say what *I* thought.

But I followed him to make sure, and he sneaked off down the alley to the river. Bess lives on the other side, and Stringy started across in our boat. He rowed off to beat the band, to get across before anybody saw him. But he hadn't got far when the old skiff brought up with a jerk that sent him sprawling in the bottom. He was up in a jiffy, pretty mad, for there was a lot of muddy water in the boat that he had been in too much of a hurry to bail out, and his clothes looked

Stringy Streeter's Submarine

as though that long-pants suit was a good deal nearer than it had been. I don't suppose he thought of that, though.

The river was shallow, and he supposed, of course, that he'd grounded on a mudbar. So he jumped up in the bow, shoved the oar overboard, and gave an awful push.

Say! That boat shot out from under Stringy as if it had been greased. It went clear ashore, leaving him sort of wrapped around that oar like a grasshopper round a weed. The oar tipped over in a hurry letting Stringy down full length into a foot of water and two feet of mud. And when he had splashed ashore, there was Bess on the other side, laughing fit to kill. I didn't suppose she *could* laugh, but she did, that time.

Stringy marched off home so mad he couldn't say a word. I went down and hauled the boat up, and there on the bottom was a big screw-eye, with a clothesline hitched to it. The other end was tied to the boat hitching post, under water. No wonder the boat stopped!

When I told Stringy he nearly burst. He was changing his clothes, and digging what was left of the chocolates out of his pockets, while Uncle George told him how lucky he'd be if he weren't arrested for fish-poisoning.

It was Rusty Brown's work. Stringy knew that in no time, and he was going right over and punish him. But by the time he got his clothes changed he decided it was a case of strategy. 'Twas a sad day for Rusty Brown when he got funny with Stringy Streeter, the Boy Edison, and provoked the terrors of his famous inventive genius. Rusty is a year older, and it's only his hair that's rusty, not his shoulder-joints or fists.

Stringy gloomed around all next day with his fists doubled up muttering "R-r-revenge!" every now and then, try-

ing to think of something rough enough for Rusty. All of a sudden he bounced up and banged me on the back.

"I've got it!" he yelled. "I'll submarine him!"

I was glad it wasn't anything worse. You might think nothing could be, unless you knew Stringy. But I didn't see how even a German—which Stringy isn't—could manage a submarine in three feet of water.

"That's just like you," says Stringy. "Not the river, silly—Dennison's mill-pond. Rusty goes fishing for bullheads there most every evening."

That was deep enough, and I began to see myself torpedoing Rusty Brown from some kind of a crazy "unterseeboot" with Stringy directing by wireless from a safe place ashore.

When I asked where the submarine was coming from Stringy had the answer all ready. A big wind—we have whoppers here sometimes—had blown a big strip of tin roofing off Uncle's back shed, and all we needed to do would be to bend the corners down and get under it in the water like a tent.

That sounded more like a diving-bell than anything else, but when I told Stringy so he rolled up his eyes and said goodness knew that wasn't all of it, and to come along and not talk so much.

So we dragged the tin-sheet over to Dennison's pond. It was about a dozen feet square, all soldered together. Stringy said we would bring it back for Uncle to put on again when we got through with it, but before we got it there he decided that tin was no proper roofing material, anyway, and Uncle would have to do with shingles or paper. He got off better than I did, though. He had two fingers that weren't cut.

By that time it was dark, so we went home, Stringy inventing all the way. He

Stringy Streeter's Submarine



lay awake all night planning his submarine, with his big toe tied to the bedpost so he wouldn't get up in the night and go to work on it if he happened to fall asleep.

Next morning he had an old stovepipe and some broken mirrors for me to carry over.

"We'll make a periscope," said he.

"Look here," said I, "if you're figuring on doing any perishing, you can just count me out."

"P-e-r-i-s-c-o-p-e, periscope," spells Stringy, very slowly and with scorn in his voice. "If you'd read the papers you'd know that a periscope is what a submarine sees with."

So I felt better.

We bent the corners of the sheet of tin and crumpled them down till the thing looked like a big battered wash-basin. Then we carried it into the pond and let it down on the water to see what would happen.

Stringy Streeter's Submarine

It happened all right. One side dipped down into the water and the thing went over and sank with a who-osh and a splash. The splash all but drowned me, and the side of the submarine sliced Stringy the whole length of his shin when it went over. Luckily we didn't have many clothes on.

After we'd washed the mud out of our eyes we tipped it over carefully and Stringy held it while I tied rocks around the edges till it floated like a big tin bubble.

"Now dive under it," said Stringy. So I did, and it was quite comfortable but awful dark.

"The periscope'll fix that," said Stringy.

Next we had to solder the stovepipe joints so they wouldn't leak. Stringy built such a big fire to heat the soldering-copper that he had to poke it out with a pole. After it had been in a while he tested it on the solder to see if it was hot enough. It was. A big splash of melted solder fell on his bare toe and he forgot all about Rusty Brown for quite a spell.

Then when we got to work again the melted solder ran off the joints faster than we could put it on. Stringy got hotter than the solder, but it didn't do any good. Finally an old man came along and said "Goodness, sonnies, don't you know you have to scrape the rust off and get some soldering-fluid?" So we did, and got along better, but it took gobs and gobs of solder. The joints stood out like rings on a bamboo fishpole.

Then Stringy cut away one side of the top and sort of hooded it over, and fixed his mirrors, one to catch the image, and the others to shoot it down inside. He had a diagram in a science magazine and didn't have much trouble except for cutting his fingers a little.

We took the submarine thing out of

the water, cut a hole in the top for the pipe, braced it up and fixed it in with more gobs of solder. It was about five feet long.

Next we got the whole thing back into the water. This time it sunk in a jiffy.

"Funny what a difference that little extra weight makes," said Stringy.

And he dived down under to see how his periscope worked.

When he didn't come back after a minute or two I began to get scared. I hollered down the periscope, which stuck way up out of water but Stringy didn't answer. So I dived under too.

There seemed to be lots of water underneath, and considerable Stringy, but no air to speak of. Stringy wasn't doing much for himself, so I fished him out by the leg and thumped the water out of him. He was pretty sick for awhile, and almost forgave Rusty Brown, but when he remembered how Bess Howland had laughed he got his grit back again.

The weight of the submarine settling down had pressed the air that should have stayed under the tin out through the periscope, which wasn't air-tight at the top. When Stringy went under he'd been so surprised he lost his breath, and as he spends most of his swimming time inventing water-wings and such-like he's never learned to manage himself in the water, so the thing came nearer being a periscope than he thought for.

We finally got the thing plugged so it didn't leak and weighted so it submerged all right, and it worked pretty well, though the air got stuffy underneath if you stayed there very long.

When I asked Stringy how he was going to run it he said just walk along the bottom and hold it over our heads like an umbrella, with the periscope just sticking out. But when we tried it Stringy stepped into a hole first thing, and went

Stringy Streeter's Submarine

under and nearly drowned both of us. Then we rigged a boat-like arrangement to sling underneath it, to work by paddle-wheels. You'd better believe it took some careful work to balance the thing, and Stringy had finally to hold us off from the bottom with a pole. Lucky the depth of the pond was fairly even.

We named it the S-23. The S was for Streeter, not Stringy.

By that time it was supper time. I was ready to go to bed, but not Stringy. You can't tire him when he's inventing, and I'm doing the work.

After supper we towed the S-23 to a safe place to wait for Rusty. I was in hopes he wouldn't show up, but no such luck. He came down and put off in his canvas boat he made himself, to fish for bullheads.

"Hooray!" whispered Stringy. "He's got a lantern! That'll show fine in the periscope. We'll get 'most under him, and torpedo him with this bean-pole—stick it right through the sides of his boat. Then when he swims ashore we'll sink it good. I'll teach him to monkey with our boat! R-r-revenge at last!"

I was afraid Rusty wouldn't swim ashore right off. He has an awful habit of looking into things, and it would stir up most anybody's curiosity to have a bean-pole come ramming from nowhere into the bottom of your boat. It sounded sort of mean, too—Rusty's a pretty good fellow, though he will play practical jokes. But there was no telling Stringy anything. He only snorted.

So we wobbled off—Stringy steering for the lantern through the periscope. It was pretty close work under there—not much elbow room.

"Are you going to give him any warning?" I asked.

"A man o' war disguised as a fishing-

vessel! I guess not!" snapped Stringy. "He didn't even declare war on me—the pirate!"

"Most there!" whispered Stringy at last. "Here's the pole. You may fire when you are read——"

Bang! Whosh! The awfullest sound you ever heard! Water streamed down the periscope, the tin roof came down, and the boat part snapped up, and the two came together like the halves of a clam-shell. I had just time to flop out sideways,—skinned my ankle in good shape, at that—and Stringy didn't get out at all. I came to the surface half full of water and hollering for help—nearly scared Rusty out of his seven senses. But he went overboard like a good one and between us we got the clambshell open enough to pull Stringy out. He was waterlogged, and for a while it didn't look like he'd invent anything more. But he came to after awhile.

Rusty had seen that funny looking periscope bobbing across the pond towards him. He hadn't an idea what it was, but there was a brick in his boat. He let fly on general principles and carried away the top length of pipe, and water and the force of gravity did the rest.

Of course, we had to tell Rusty what it was all about. He just laid down on the bank and rolled and haw-haw-hawed!

"You poor fish!" he said, when he could speak. "When I came by the other night you were fixing that riggus on the bottom of your boat yourself. Said it was a patent anchor. I thought you weren't any more crazy than usual, but you must have been walking in your sleep again. Haw-haw-haw! Wait till I tell Bess!"

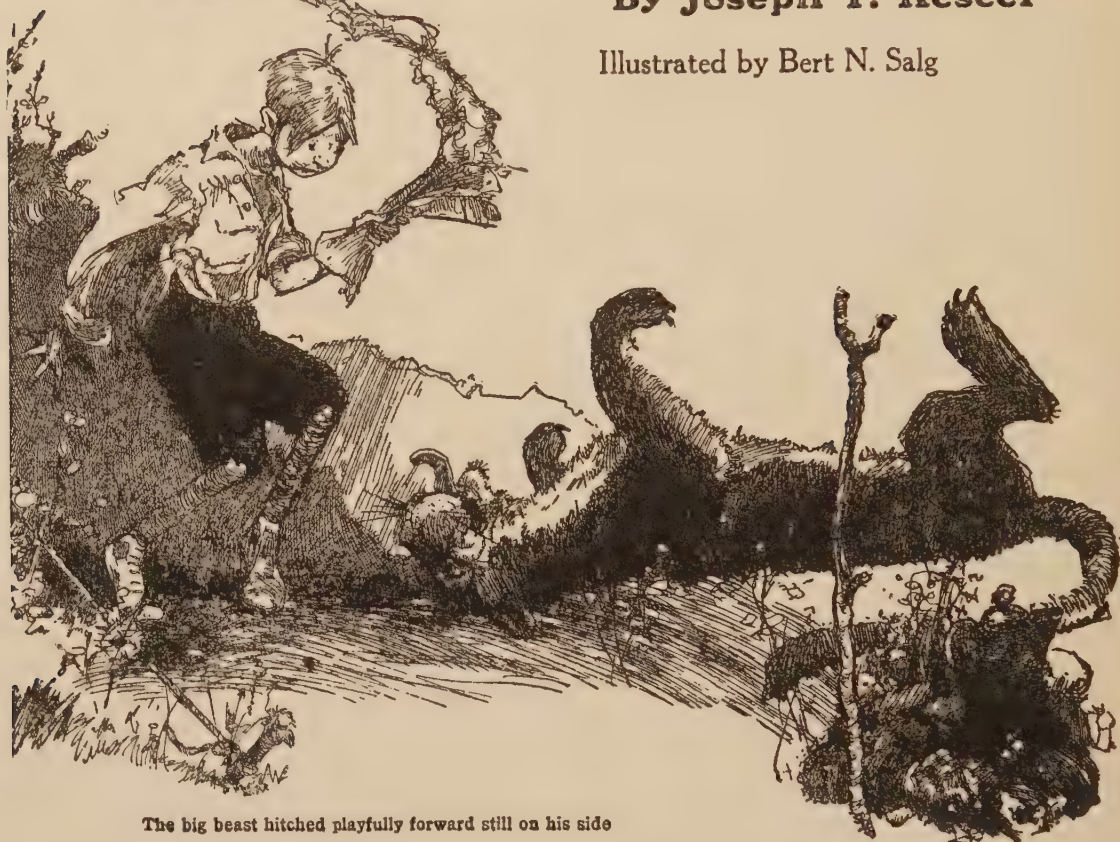
Stringy says girls are no good—he can't even invent a use for 'em.



The Night Alarm

By Joseph T. Kescel

Illustrated by Bert N. Salg



The big beast hitched playfully forward still on his side

GRAY-HAIRED Abner Johnstone, proprietor of Centerville's small and only garage, shook his head soberly as he finished looking over the light truck—loaded with camp duffle—standing on the garage floor. Then he turned a pair of sharp but kind eyes on the four boys, in rough and ready garb, who had anxiously watched his examination of the truck's bent and broken parts.

"Um-m-m," said Mr. Johnstone slowly. "You done a right smart job of bustin' her up. Lucky that she'd even stand to be towed here. And to fix 'er, is goin' to cost quite a bit.

"If you was men, I'd charge considerable more'n a hundred dollars. But as I'm right fond of youngsters, I'm goin' to do better than that with you. Still, the best price I kin make is eighty-nine."

The boys' hearts sank. They had just thirty-one dollars and ten cents between them. So they thought mournfully, "There goes our two weeks' camping at Indian Lake!"

"She'll have to have some new parts," Mr. Johnstone continued, his hand going up to his scraggly gray beard. "Some, I've got here, and some I'll have to git over at the county seat. Not much call

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fer parts in a little bit of a place like Centerville. In consequence, I don't carry many.

"So fur as my own work is concerned, I'll be fair enough 'bout that."

Suddenly Mr. Johnstone's gaze fixed on fifteen-year-old Bob Green, who was known to his chums as Mustard and whose khaki trousers and shirt matched his freckles and his yellowish hair. "Goin' some, wasn't you, sonny?"

"Yes, sir," Bob responded, promptly and truthfully.

Mr. Johnstone nodded. "Thought as much. And do you say the same?" He now looked at Tom Stevens, at Bob's right, a fat youngster whose corduroy trousers and flannel shirt fitted him snugly.

"Yes, sir," Tom returned, as promptly as Bob.

Mr. Johnstone nodded again. "What 'do you say? Was you hittin' it up?" He pointed his finger at lanky, sixteen-year-old Jim Hill, close to Tom's elbow and 'dressed, like Bob, in khaki.

"Yes, sir," said Jim simply. "Going pretty fast."

The finger quickly shifted to Hal Kingsbury, red-headed, spectacled, wearing a denim shirt and corduroys, the latter tucked into high, laced sporting shoes.

"Yes, sir," said Hal briskly, without waiting for Mr. Johnstone's question. "We were going some."

Mr. Johnstone smiled as he blandly observed, "You're a nice, truthful lot of boys, anyhow. That's one thing a whole lot in your favor. Who was drivin'?"

"Mustard was," chubby Tom answered, a hitch at his belt. "But we don't blame him. Any of the rest of us would most likely have been driving just as fast if we had been behind the wheel.

"The trouble was we dashed around

a turn in that old wood road, to find a cow lying down right in the middle. No time to stop. No room to go by. So Mustard turns the truck off to the side, right slam bang into the trees. It was either that, or maybe kill the cow."

"Um-m. I see. I see," said Mr. Johnstone thoughtfully. "And that was my cow. But I can't make the job a cent cheaper, boys, trimming down to the very last penny. And I take it, maybe, eighty-nine dollars is more money than you've got, hugh?"

"Yes, sir," Mustard admitted at once. "We have just thirty-one dollars and ten cents between us. Money that we'd figured on using to buy gas, oil and provisions."

"I see. I see," Mr. Johnstone repeated, absently fingering his beard. "Not much more than a third of the amount needed. Still, maybe even at that, it kin be arranged.

"You're a purty honest lookin' lot of boys. Don't think you'd beat an old country garage keeper out of a few dollars, if I should give you credit. Besides, I know who your pa's and ma's is.

"So if you want, I'll fix the truck up fer you, takin' fifteen dollars of that thirty-one, ten. You ought to have a little something fer the things that's liable to come up. The balance of the repair bill kin be paid between now and the first of November. That gives you plenty of time to scratch the money together. What do you say?"

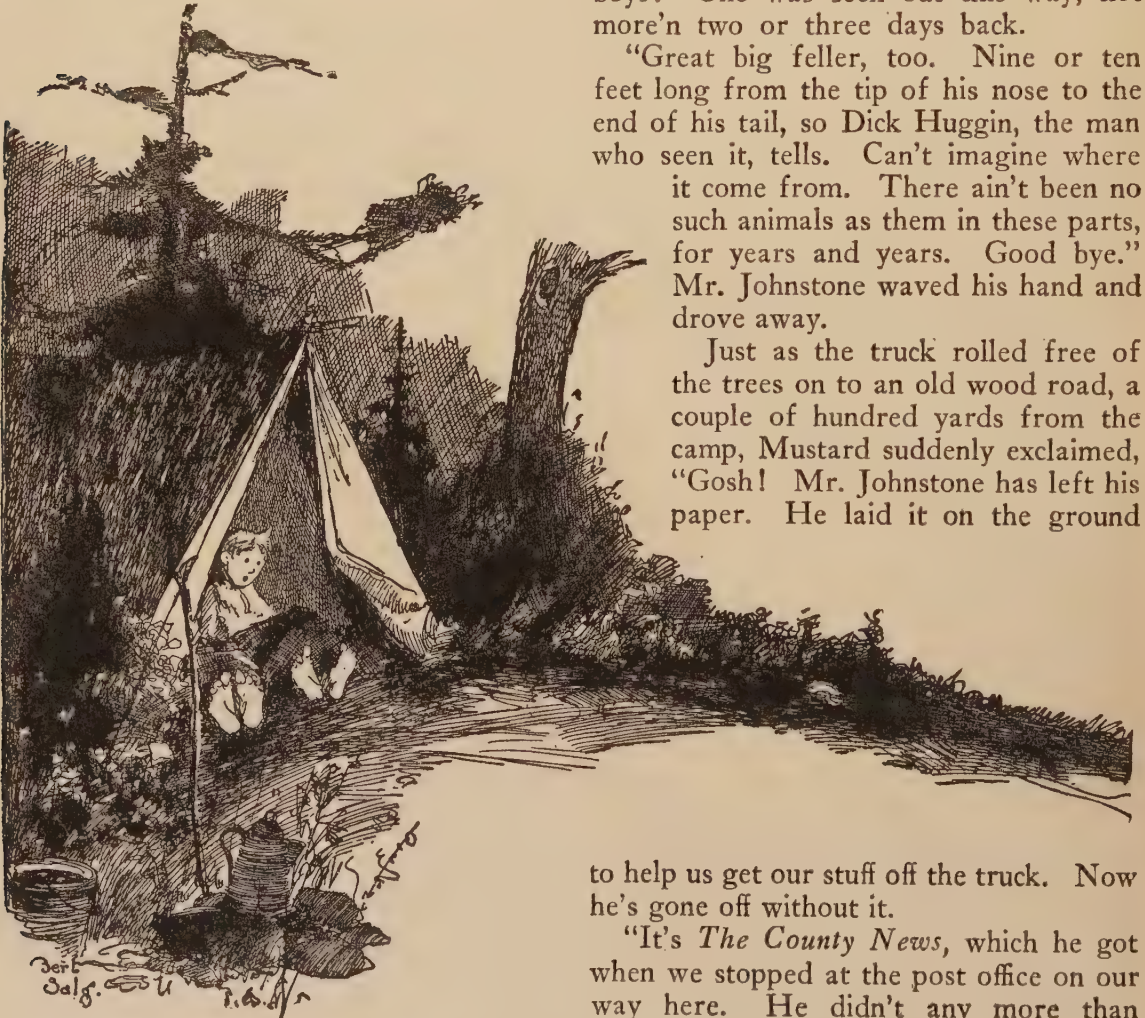
Contrary to Mr. Johnstone's expectations, the boys did not at once agree to his proposition. Instead, they looked at one another and then, after a word from Mustard, they walked to a corner of the garage to talk things over.

A few minutes later they came back and Mustard said, "Thank you, Mr. Johnstone. We'll give you the fifteen

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dollars, and pay you the rest on or before November first."

"Good enough!" Mr. Johnstone smiled. "And now I'll tell you what else I'll do. I've got to go purty close to Indian Lake, after some stuff for a city man who's got a summer place out that way. So I'll just take you and your outfit along in my truck, and drop you at the lake. That'll mean you can leave your own truck here fer me to work on, while you're goin' right on with your camping. I'll get the truck to you before the end of the week."



"Oh, thank you!" the boys broke out in unison. While Mustard added, "That is mighty thoughtful of you. It means a lot to us." Then at a word from the chuckling old garage keeper, the youngsters started changing their camp duffle from the disabled truck to the sound one.

About three o'clock, their stuff was on the ground under an immense tree close to the shore of Indian Lake, Mr. Johnstone saying, as he prepared to drive away, "Look out fer that catamount, puma, panther, or whatever you call it, boys! One was seen out this way, not more'n two or three days back.

"Great big feller, too. Nine or ten feet long from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, so Dick Huggin, the man who seen it, tells. Can't imagine where it come from. There ain't been no such animals as them in these parts, for years and years. Good bye." Mr. Johnstone waved his hand and drove away.

Just as the truck rolled free of the trees on to an old wood road, a couple of hundred yards from the camp, Mustard suddenly exclaimed, "Gosh! Mr. Johnstone has left his paper. He laid it on the ground

to help us get our stuff off the truck. Now he's gone off without it.

"It's *The County News*, which he got when we stopped at the post office on our way here. He didn't any more than

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tear the wrapper off. And now he's so far away we can't make him hear.

"That's too bad! Folks in these little villages miss the local papers. We must lay that aside, so that he can have it when he brings our truck."

"Yeah, we must," agreed Jim and Tom, and the boys then began making camp in earnest, first putting up their tent.

Shortly after seven, with the sun's slanting rays shining on the lake, all hands sat down upon the ground under the wide-spreading branches and faced one another as they prepared to eat supper.

"Hey, what about this wild animal Mr. Johnstone spoke about?" said chubby Tom, spearing a slice of bacon. "What sort of a beast is it?"

Mustard helped himself to the beans, then gave the asked-for information.

"A catamount, puma, panther, mountain lion or cougar—it's all the same

thing. Have different names in different parts of the country.

"They're bad customers. Cattlemen 'way out West fear them, as they kill so much stock. Even big steers.

"Read about a mountain lion killed in Arizona that measured more than nine feet from his nose to the tip of his tail. Some bird, that, if you leave it to me."

"Gosh, I should say so!" Lanky Jim commented, between bites at one of the fish he had caught, little more than an hour before. "But Mister Mountain Lion won't bother me. I'm too skinny."

"You're sure safe," laughed spectacled Hal, jabbing his fork in a steaming potato. "Unless, maybe, that animal likes bones.

"But tubby Tom here—Yum! Yum! He'd be prime eating.

"And we haven't got a gun, either. Nothing more deadly than a butcher knife. Wouldn't have been a bad idea to stick in a rifle. But as Mustard said when we talked about it, this is the closed season on everything worth shooting at."

The puma was entirely out of the boys' minds when they went to bed in the tent, talking of what a good time they would have the next day. Not so, however, about midnight. For then the forest seemed to fairly ring with a piercing, screaming cry, not more than a hundred yards away.

"What's that?" choked chubby Tom, who, like his companions, all four in a row, suddenly sat bolt upright, their blankets falling across their legs.

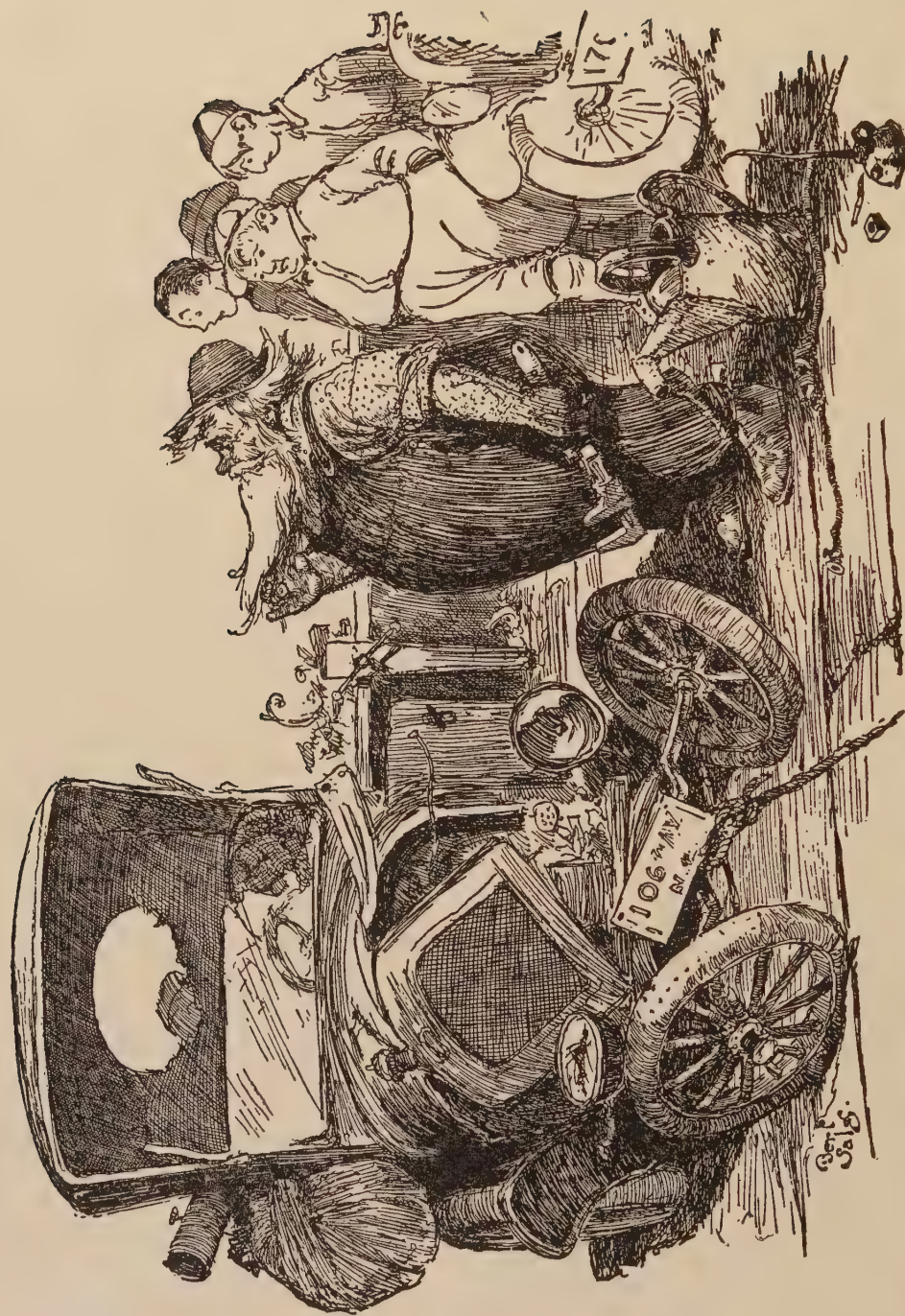
"A awful big tomcat!" Mustard responded, in a tense, strained voice. "That's all. Just a tom——"

He did not say "cat"—for the reason that another piercing, hair-raising cry suddenly rent the air, this time closer than before.

"That ain't no tomcat," chattered



Moving as it did between them and the moonlit water, its long slender body and slowly switching tail could be seen fairly well



Gray-haired Abner Johnstone, proprietor of Centerville's small and only garage, shook his head soberly as he finished looking over the light truck

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Tom. "That—that's the catermount, what Mr. Johnstone spoke of." And as a third cry came from directly behind them, Tom wailed, "And—and—he's sneakin' up on us!"

Then as they stared through the open tent front, a silvery moon casting a shimmering reflection on the lake, a large, cat-like animal that all the boys would have agreed was as large as a lioness, walked into sight. Moving as it did, between them and the moonlit water, its long, slender body and slowly swishing tail could be seen fairly well.

Mustard, who had seen a colored picture of a puma, was sure he could distinguish the great, cat-like head and tawny body. Then as the big beast turned and poked its head into the open tent front, Mustard, like the other boys, would have sworn that its eyes were dull, glowing yellow.

For a full quarter-minute the puma stood looking in at the scared quartette, as they sat there all in a row. Then it walked without a sound around to the side.

Shortly after, the young campers heard a loud sniffing, followed by the overturning of boxes and the clatter of tinware. From this they inferred that their stock of provisions was being nosed over—and probably some of the stuff being eaten.

Followed more sniffing, as if the big beast might be selecting something to its liking. Then the crunching of powerful jaws on what Mustard felt sure was the whole bag of crisp, delicious, sugar cookies baked by lanky Jim's mother, the preceding day.

They hated to think of just a plain wild animal devouring such toothsome morsels. Yet no one made even the slightest move to interfere with the puma's midnight repast. Instead, they tried not to breathe, and listened with-

out a sound to the havoc wrought among their supplies.

To the frightened four it seemed an age before the crunching stopped. Then through the tent's open front, they saw the big beast walk calmly to the lake and there, with the moonlight falling upon it, quench its thirst. After drinking its fill, it turned around and looked searchingly into the tent, as if debating with itself whether it would walk inside or go away.

Together, the boys gulped—and then the puma slipped silently off into the darkness.

No more sleep for the campers that night! The best they could do was to snuggle under the blankets. At dawn, they were whispering whether it would be safe to leave the tent. At good daylight, they were poking their heads, turtlewise, outside, to see if their night visitor was any place in sight.

Seeing nothing more alarming than a chattering gray squirrel, scolding them from the branch of a tree, they ventured out in the open, chubby Tom breaking out, "My gosh! Look at the death and destruction! What that awful mountain lion didn't eat, he scattered every which way.

"See! Look! And there isn't a cookie left. If he'd had a can opener, I believe he'd have et up our canned stuff, too."

"Death and destruction is right," sighed Mustard, casting a wary eye among the trees. "About all of our grub is spoiled. Salt, sugar, flour and pretty much everything else all mixed together.

"It wasn't bad enough to smash up our truck. This had to come upon us, too. And, as I remember very clearly, our whole pile now amounts to less than nine dollars. We can't stock up on that for any two weeks—"

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Bob broke off very abruptly. For he, like the other boys, had suddenly caught sight of a big male puma, walking sedately toward them.

"Back into the tent!" squawked Tom.

There was no need of this advice, for before the words were fairly out of his mouth all hands were scurrying for the insecure shelter of the tent.

Jim was the first to slip under the blankets. Yet he was little ahead of the others in pulling the covering up to his eyes. After which, in a row, they stared out into the early morning light.

Nor was Jim the first to see the puma step into sight between them and the lake, then look straight into the tent's open front. Its great, cat-like head was held high. Its lithe, tawny body showed its tremendous strength. And his long tail moved ever so slightly.

To the frightened quartette, peering over the bedding, it looked much like a full-grown lioness. Mustard realized that the article he had read about pumas was in no way exaggerated, for this one certainly measured nine feet from the tip of its nose to the end of its slowly moving tail. The puma suddenly cocked its head sidewise and licked its chops with a red tongue.

Tom shivered. As did Jim, Hal and Mustard.

The puma switched its tail and sat down on its haunches, eyes still fixed on the boys. For perhaps a minute it sat this way, then lay down, its head resting on its paws.

Mustard, who was at the right end of the line, gave a nervous, chattering whisper of "Gosh! He's going to stay right there till we come out. Then catch us one by one. What can we do to scare him away far enough so that we can jump in the lake? Maybe he's like a cat, 'fraid of water."

"If we had a torch," Jim whispered back, "maybe we could scare him off long enough to reach the water. All wild animals are afraid of fire."

Mustard's eye lighted on *The County News*, the paper they were saving for Mr. Johnstone. But although it lay within a few inches of his hand, he had no intention of reaching for it—until he noticed with alarm that the puma seemed to be slowly, stealthily edging forward.

This was his way of approaching his quarry, Mustard thought, and he whispered, "Jim, get your matches ready. I'm going to reach for the paper."

Carefully, silently, Mustard and Jim lowered their part of the blanket, and Mustard slipped his hand toward *The County News*. He twined his fingers around it and, heart in his mouth, drew it toward him.

The puma twitched its ears and sank its long claws in the soft earth.

"Strike a match!" Mustard choked, holding the paper, partly unfolded and top side up, in front of him. "Be quick! For he's goin' to spring."

Jim struck a match and moved it toward the nearest edge of the paper, saying as he did so, "Walk right toward him, Mustard, and he'll run! I've heard of such things. We'll follow right behind."

Ordinarily, Mustard would have said, "Walk toward him yourself!" But now, instead, he gasped something that made the other boys fear he was about to have a fit. Then his strained gaze fixed on the glaring black headlines of the partly unfolded *County News* in his hand.

He read. He wet his lips. He gave a husky, "Here, Jacko! Here! Come here!"

The puma stretched its lithe, tawny body so that the muscles seemed to weave under its soft coat. It switched its tail.

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It pricked up its ears. Then it fell over on its side, like a kitten expecting some one to play with it.

"Here, Jacko," Mustard called again, his voice quavering. "Here, boy!"

The big beast hitched playfully forward, still on his side—while Jim, Tom and Hal wondered how long it would take them to slip away under the back tent wall.

Mustard tried to smile and look as if he hadn't been at all afraid, as he said, voice none too steady, handing the paper to Jim, "Jacko isn't bad at all! He's tame as a house cat. And—and—we don't have to worry about the money to pay Mr. Johnstone, or for more grub. Just you read what the paper says."

Jim did read, rapidly and nervously, one eye on the print, the other on the now apparently contented puma. Yet he read. First, *The County News'* big, glaring headlines. Following these, in smaller

type, how a tame puma, belonging to a Mr. Hunter and being shipped from Colorado to the East, had escaped from an express car at the edge of Indian Lake woods.

Then, in a black-bordered paragraph, how Mr. Hunter would pay two hundred dollars for the return of his pet—or for information that would lead to its recovery, alive. Word could be sent to the office of *The County News*.

Jim looked skeptically over the paper at the outstretched pet puma. He knew that the other boys were doing the same. And he also knew that his comrades fully agreed with him that Mr. Hunter would hear about his pet just as soon as word could be sent him by telephone from the nearest farmhouse, five miles away.

Such an animal might be all right for some folks to have around—but—well, Bob, Tom, Jim, and Hal had their own ideas about suitable pets.

Zoo-logic

*A Dog with a fine pedigree,
Was anxious to go to Paree;
"I could go any day,"
He would frequently say,
"But my bark isn't rigged for the sea."*

*A Rabbit was caught in a gale,
Accompanied by lightning and hail,
"I wonder," he said,
"How long I'd be dead,
If my life was as short as my tail."*

*A Lion, exceedingly vain,
Took a walk o'er a palm-covered plain;
"I am certain," said he,
"I could climb up a tree,
If I tried with my might and my mane."*

*An Elephant, visibly shrunk,
Sat down on a pile of old junk,
"They may say I am weak,"
He said with a squeak,
"But I'm able to carry my trunk."*

ANONYMOUS.



Skate Sailing

By Edwin Tarrisse

OF skate sailing in general, less needs to be said now than a few years ago. It is a wonderfully fine and fascinating sport, based on the longing for wings. Who can stand skate-shod on the ice with a fresh breeze blowing, and not feel that longing? But although many of a certain group of boys had long felt that desire, it was only with the introduction of the form of sail of which this article treats, and which is used by boys in the regions about the Great Lakes, that skate-sailing came into great popularity among them.

The sail, to describe it in the simplest terms, is simply a triangular piece of cloth, stretched on a T-shaped frame, carried to windward but unattached to the body. One of its chief merits is its simplicity. Yet it has other excellent qualities; there is known no other form of sail with which so large a wind-surface can be carried with such complete safety.

It is a safe sail because it is unattached to the body, but with a little experience one can even drop it upon the ice if it becomes necessary. In using a sail that is fastened to the body there is always the danger, especially in a gusty wind when skate-sailing is at its best, of one's sail becoming unmanageable.

The frame, which should be spruce or light pine, consists of two pieces. The length of the cross-spar should be about twice the distance from the ground to the armpit of the boy as he stands upon skates. Thus, for a boy of sixteen, the cross spar should be perhaps eight feet long. In order to express this definitely, I shall describe this size of sail throughout, it being understood, of course, that other sizes should be in about the same relative proportion.

The thickness of the cross spar should be one inch, and its width two and a half inches in the middle, tapering toward the ends. By width, in reference to the spars,

Skate Sailing

there is meant that dimension which lies in the plane of the sail.

The main spar should be twice the length of the cross spar; that is, for an eight-foot cross spar, a sixteen-foot main spar. The greatest strain on the main spar is at one-third of the distance from the forward end. Here it should have a width of an inch and a half, tapering back to an inch at the rear end. The thickness at the point of greatest strain should be two inches, tapering slightly backward and forward.

At a point two inches from the main spar's forward end it is joined to the cross spar at its middle point by a quarter-inch bolt; a thumb nut for this is convenient but not necessary. Round corners on the forward half of the main spar make it more comfortable to handle.

The sail proper should be made of heavy unbleached muslin or sheeting, cut out in such a size that, after hems have been made all around—one-half inch wide at the end, and one inch on the two long sides—the sail shall be a trifle narrower at the wide end than the length of the cross spar, and about a foot shorter when stretched than the main spar.

A quarter-inch rope should now be run through the two side hems, a protruding loop about three feet in length being left at the apex of the sail. The ends of the

rope, after having been sewed tightly to the cloth at the two angles of the base, are knotted securely to the ends of the crossyard through holes far enough apart to stretch the base of the sail snugly upon the yard, where it is fastened with tacks. In bolting the cross yard to the main spar, the cloth side of the cross yard is outside.

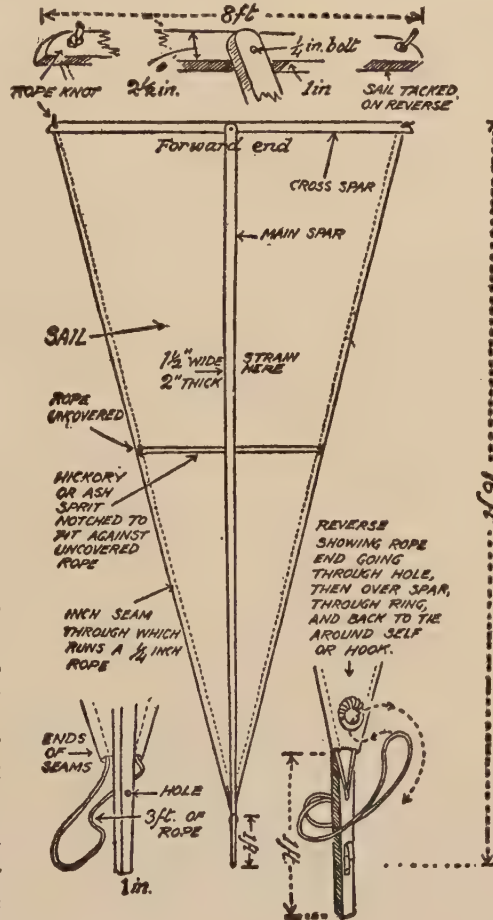
The apex of the sail should be neatly and strongly stitched, but not fastened to the rope.

We are now come to what may be called the halyards. In spreading the sail, the object to be secured is this: to pull the side ropes taut to the end of the main spar, and then from the same point to pull the cloth tight up on the ropes. This may be accomplished in many ways, varying with the inclinations and ingenuity of the builder. There is here described what is perhaps the simplest way.

About three inches back from the apex of the sail is sewed, by means of several laps of cloth, an enameled iron ring perhaps an inch in diameter. The

loop of rope already spoken of is pulled taut, and fastened by being passed through a hole in the end of the main spar; it is then turned back, passed through the ring, again pulled taut and fastened by being caught over a hook or some such device.

One thing more: the sides of your sail



Skate Sailing

will sag too much unless they are stiffened by a sprit. Somewhat forward of the middle point of the sides, the rope is bared of the hem for an inch, the edges of the hem being oversewed to prevent raveling. A piece of hickory or ash, one-half inch by one inch, notched at the ends, is sprung into place.

Your sail is done. You have taken a day or two perhaps to make it. The cost of material has been only a few dollars. If you will loosen the halyards and swing the cross yard around in line with the main-spar and roll the sail up, we will now go down to the ice for a trial.

The sail is carried on the windward side of the body, the main spar being held under the arm about three or four feet from the forward end. The lower end of the cross spar comes a few inches above the ice; the rear end of the main spar drags.

The center of resistance is, as has been said, one-third of the distance from the forward end. The whole problem of steering is involved with one's relation to this point.

If you are going directly before the wind, you should be just at this point. If you are tacking, you should come a little forward. If you would come into the wind, steer closer with your skates and come to the front of the sail, when, of course, all the wind is spilled behind. To come about, the sail is shifted to the other arm by being passed over the head and turned upside down. There is always perfect safety so long as you come forward of the center.

Now, if you are ready, let us take a long flight up the river. There is a strong and gusty gale, the kind of gale that makes you love the sport. The hard surface of the ice stretches out before us. We are off!

A Capital Sailor!

*A sailor has no E Z time
When on the D P sails,
It's R D finds aloft to climb
Exposed to I C gales,
And then in K C he makes a slip,
Or if he D Z grows,
A tumble from the lofty ship
Is his last N D knows.*

*And overboard, for A D cries
With N R G and vim;
And tho of little U C tries
A vain S A to swim.*

*But when no L P finds is near,
Nor N E way to save,
He then in an X S of fear
Must C K watery grave.*

*Old A J sailor seldom knows,
But if old A G gains
H U of baccy cures his woes,
His pipe L A's his pains.
We N V no poor sailor's life
In D D has no fun,
And, feeling P T for his wife,
Our M T talk is done.*

SCOUT WM. GOLDSTEIN.

Wallie Goes After a Bear

By F. Farrington

Illustrated by Frank J. Rigney

EVER since Wallie Waldo killed the wild cat on Bagby Hill with his trusty twenty-two rifle, he and Porky and Bunt and Billy had talked big game. He and Porky in particular had discussed time and again the possibilities of getting another wild cat, but no rumors had come of wild cats or of anything else larger than a squirrel.

One day when Wallie had just finished his dinner and was rolling around on the lawn, playing with his big black Newfoundland dog, Porky, otherwise known as Pembroke Wilson, came up the street as fast as his avoirdupois allowed.

"Yay, Wallie, heard about the bear?"

Wallie sat up, pushed Rover aside and exclaimed, "Bear! Who's got a bear? What d'you mean, a performing bear?"

"No, sir, no tame bear. A reg'lar wild bear up on Bagby Hill. Jeff Jones saw

it. He was coming over through the woods day before yesterday and he saw it in a berry patch in the clearing. When can you go over, and maybe we'll get him same's we got the old wild cat?"

"'Bout as much bear up there as Rover's a bear," was Wallie's incredulous comment.

"No, sir, it's sure 'nough bear, bigger'n Rover. Jeff heard him growl and he'd a shot him only he didn't have a gun along. He says every little while one of 'em comes down off from Old Hick'ry 'way beyond Bagby Hill. You know Old Hick'ry's some mountain and it's state

land up there and I bet there's plenty of bear there. This one's got a little ways from home, that's all. Let's go get him this week."

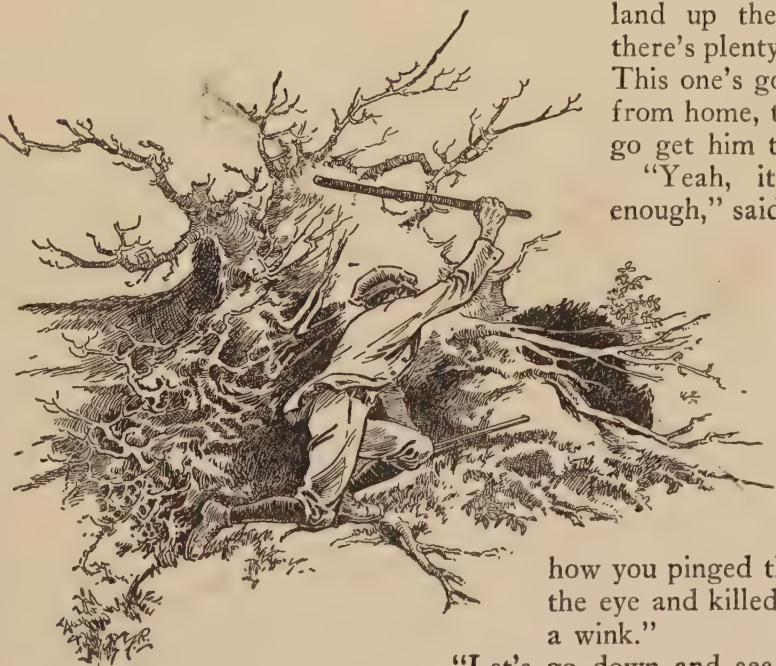
"Yeah, it sounds easy enough," said Wallie. "But

the bear might get us instead of us getting him."

"Not if you have your old trusty twenty-two along. You know

how you pinged that wild cat in the eye and killed him quicker'n a wink."

"Let's go down and see Bunt Tickner



Wallie Goes After a Bear

and Billy Rogers," suggested Wallie, "and we can talk about it. Go back, Rover! Go on back!"

"Does your dog follow you wherever you go?" asked Porky.

"Follows like a shadow and when I send him back, he generally shows up, coming 'round some other way. Now, see! He goes right back all right when I tell him, but after we get down to Bunt's, he'll probably show up there."

"Geel! I'll bet he's 'most as big as a black bear at that," was Porky's comment as the big Newfoundland disappeared around the corner of the house.

The boys went down the street discussing the chances of there being a bear on Bagby Hill, and considering whether the twenty-two repeating rifle was a sufficient weapon against such game.

"I'll bet the old twenty-two would get 'em all right," said Wallie, "if you have a 'long' in her. 'Course a twenty-two 'short' wouldn't be much good unless it was right close by. But the old gun'll put a long right through a board all right. You've seen me do that, Porky?"

"I'll say so, and a good thick board, too. There's Bunt just coming out of the house. Yay, Bunt! Billy's with him. Guess he's been there to dinner."

"Heard about the bear?" called Wallie. "Bear on Bagby Hill, Jeff says."

"Yes, bare ground," responded Billy. "You can't get us to bite on that."

"We ain't kidding, are we, Porky?" asserted Wallie. "Jeff Jones saw a big black bear on Bagby Hill day before yesterday. We're going to get it this week. Want to go?"

"You're joshing us," said Bunt.

"No, sir," declared Porky. "The bear was there and Jeff saw it. It was black as anything. Bigger'n Wallie's Newfoundland, too. It was eating berries in a berry patch and it never saw Jeff at all,

and when he was just turning away, it growled and gave a jump and—"

Just then Rover came bounding up behind Bunt and Billy. They did not hear him and as Porky was describing the bear, the Newfoundland leaped in between the boys, and as his shaggy black body appeared, his red tongue hanging from his wide open mouth, they yelled and broke into a run, each in a different direction. Wallie and Porky shouted with laughter and rolled on the grass.

"Geel!" exclaimed Bunt, as he came to a stop, "we thought the bear was here sure enough."

"He had me scared all right," said Billy. "I guess I can't get away this week."

"Aw, come on, say you'll go," urged Porky. "You got a sling shot, ain't you? That's all I'm going to take. I might get a chance to hit a squirrel or a chipmunk. B'lieve me, Wallie'll take care of mister bear if he shows up."

The trip was arranged for Wednesday afternoon when, owing to a teachers' conference, there was no school. The four boys set out together, Billy having regained his enthusiasm. They marched out of Wallie Waldo's front gate in single file, Wallie first chasing Rover around the house so he would not follow them.

Porky had obtained from Jeff Jones exact information as to where he had seen the bear. The spot was on the far side of the steep hill where a big clearing was growing up with blackberry bushes, and though the time was late for the berries, there were still some on the bushes in the edge of the woods.

"He might come back there any day," Jeff had said. "Hope you have as good luck as you did getting the wild cat. I guess, though, lightning ain't apt to strike again in the same place."

Wallie Goes After a Bear

It was a good two hours' walk for the boys over to the edge of the timber where they found the first berry patch. Once there they plodded along slowly, making their way with difficulty through underbrush and over fallen timber.

"Gee! That must have been a big wind," said Porky. "Look at all the trees that fell."

In fact there had been a very big windstorm and the newly fallen trees were many. Once in the edge of the berry patch, the hunters became more cautious. Porky ceased shooting BB's at everything that might be alive. They stopped shouting and calling and kept along in line, all of them pausing momentarily to listen. They worked slowly along the edge of the woods where berry brushes grew

in among the forest trees, searching for bears as they went.

Billy Rogers was on the end of the line out in the berry patch. He was struggling through the briars. Wallie was next to him, just at the edge of the woods, and the other two were a few yards apart further into the woods.

They would proceed a few yards and then stop to listen.

"I think I hear something," said Billy in a hoarse whisper to Wallie, just when they had begun to grow somewhat discouraged.

Wallie passed the word on and all listened.

"It's over there," indicated Billy, pointing ahead. "If I could get onto this stump, I could see."

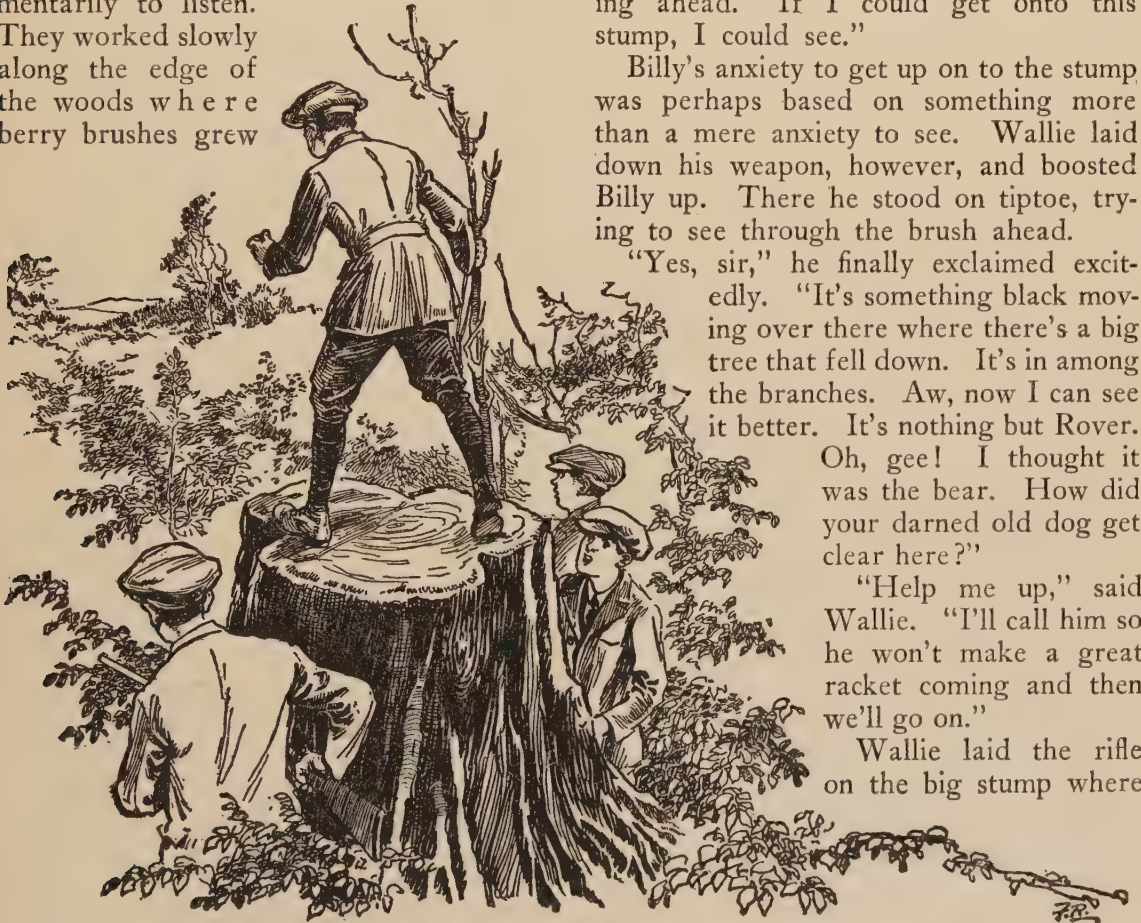
Billy's anxiety to get up on to the stump was perhaps based on something more than a mere anxiety to see. Wallie laid down his weapon, however, and boosted Billy up. There he stood on tiptoe, trying to see through the brush ahead.

"Yes, sir," he finally exclaimed excitedly. "It's something black moving over there where there's a big tree that fell down. It's in among the branches. Aw, now I can see it better. It's nothing but Rover.

Oh, gee! I thought it was the bear. How did your darned old dog get clear here?"

"Help me up," said Wallie. "I'll call him so he won't make a great racket coming and then we'll go on."

Wallie laid the rifle on the big stump where



Wallie Goes After a Bear

Billy stood and with the help of Billy, climbed up.

"There he is, right in by that tree. See him?" said Billy, helping Wallie to locate Rover.

Wallie wriggled until he got a glimpse of black through the trees. "The old Snooks!" he ejaculated. "I got to cure him of following me like that. He's just waiting there till we come along and then he'll think he's got a regular dog joke on me. I'm going to give him a lesson."

Wallie got down from the stump and motioned the others to be quiet. He picked up a large dead stick, about twice the length of a baseball bat, and stole into the bushes to creep up on his dog.

The bushes were very thick at that point, but by crawling on hands and knees it was possible to get through, pushing rifle and stick ahead of him. He soon found himself in the open space behind the upturned roots of a large fallen tree, and as he peered through the mass of roots, he caught a glimpse of a black back. He set his rifle against the roots and grasped the stick tightly and reached around the roots and swung it vigorously, bringing it down with a thump with the idea of giving Rover the fright of his life.

As the stick struck, it broke with a crack, but instead of Rover running off with his tail between his legs, Wallie, poking his head out from back of the root wall, saw something he had not anticipated. A black bear stood there, both front paws dripping with honey, bees buzzing unnoticed around his head. He had just pulled his paws out of an opening in the trunk of the tree which was an old hollow bee tree. He did not see Wallie.

Wallie did not wait to see whether he had interfered with the bear's meal. He jumped for his rifle, pointed it none too

steadily at bruin's ear, and pulled the trigger.

The sound was not loud, but the effect was instantaneous. The animal growled and started in Wallie's direction. Wallie was already back behind the roots, but he was watching through a small opening, not unlike a port-hole. He saw the bear coming and he shoved the rifle through the hole, rested it and aimed at the cavernous red mouth and pulled the trigger again. The bear plunged toward his place of concealment and Wallie turned and ran.

He was soon back at the stump where Billy, who had heard the shots, was crouching and shaking like a jelly fish in a heavy sea.

"Help me up!" cried Wallie. "He'll be here in a minute." Then he yelled to Porky and Bunt who were approaching through the bush, "It's the bear. I shot him and he's coming. Beat it like Mike!"

"What'd you say?" responded Porky, the nearer of the two, as he came plunging through the briars.

Wallie repeated his warning, but both Porky and Bunt were making so much noise struggling along that they did not know what he said until both reached the stump, and by that time Wallie was eagerly looking to see why the bear was not coming.

He did not come and, after waiting just as one waits for a giant fire cracker to explode when it fails to go off at once, the boys began to creep toward the fallen tree again. Wallie squinted through the opening through which his rifle had been pointed and there he saw the bear in a heap on the ground, dead as a stone.

The boys were not even then sure of safety, but a few pokes with a long stick demonstrated the fact, and investigation discovered that Wallie's first shot

Wallie Goes After a Bear

had taken effect through the ear and the second through the mouth.

After that there remained only hard work, which was easy under the excitement of the situation. It was just getting dark when the four hunters rolled the

bear down the last bank onto the highway at the foot of the mountain and sat down to await the coming of the first motorist who would be willing to furnish transportation into town for a party of five.

"It's the Grub, It's the Eats!"

By the Cave Scout

*I've been in camps in Michigan, Montana, Minnesota,
Washington and Arkansas, New Jersey and Dakota;
I've seen you Scouts performing stunts—now this is just a guess—
But seems to me I've seen a hundred thousand, more or less;
I've watched you at your bandaging, your tracking and your knots,
And seen you send your messages in dashes and in dots;
I've watched your games, and drills and hikes, and scores of other feats,
And seen, oh! boy! the hungry joy with which you tackle eats!*

*It's the eats, it's the chow, it's the grub, it's the chuck!
If there's half enough to go around just thank your stars for luck!
At stowing eats you fellows win—I'm not afraid to bet it!
The way you go is nothing slow when the cook yells "Come and get it!"*

*Sometimes, you know, in camp you get to feeling kind of blue,
The weather's wet and sloppy and there's nothing much to do;
The fish have all quit biting and the skeeters substitute,
You've poison ivy on your shins and sunburn on your snoot;
You haven't had a word from home since Friday afternoon
And you feel the time for striking tents can't come a bit too soon—
In fact, you think the guy who took you camping is a dub—
And then—Hooray! You're game to stay! The bugle blows for grub!*

*It's the grub, it's the eats, it's the chuck, it's the chow!
Bring on the slum, the spuds, by gum, lead out the old tin cow!
At stowing grub you fellows win—I'm not afraid to bet it—
You know the need for showing speed when the cook yells "Come and get it!"*

What are You Writing on Your Face?

By Lewis B. Theiss

Illustrated by Francis J. Rigney



HAVE you ever been to the movies? Did you ever see the players act on the screen? If so, how did you know what each character was trying to tell you? Not a word is spoken by those actors, and yet somehow each tells you his story. How does the actor do it?

He does it by means of expression. When the actor is pleased, he smiles. He draws down his face and looks most doleful when he is in trouble. When he is angry, he looks angry. And when he is in sorrow his face is the very picture of grief. There is never any mistake about it. When a screen actor is happy, you never have any idea he is about to cry. And when he is ready for tears, you are just as certain that he is not about to smile.

You know how he feels and you get the story he is trying to tell you, because he

writes the story on his face, just as plainly as this story is printed on paper. The actor writes his story by means of expression.

Did you ever stop to think about the effect upon you of what you see and read in the faces of these screen actors? Maybe you never thought of it, but without any conscious effort on your part you right away love the heroine and hate the villain. You are sorry for the unfortunate—sorry enough, perhaps,

to shed real tears and you have a feeling of real disgust and loathing for the mean, and tricky, and deceitful. These facial expressions you see on the screen stir you all up. You'd be glad to fight the villain yourself, if you could just get a whack at him, and you'd be even more willing to help the heroine out of her trouble. Is it not so?

Did it ever occur to you that the very same things you read in the faces of the

What Are You Writing on Your Face?

movie actors, other people read in your face? Whether you want them to do so or not, they read your story, for it is on your face. Shakespeare tells us that "all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Shakespeare never heard of the movies, but the stage and the movie screen are as much alike as two peas. If what he said is true, then you must be playing a part which others are watching, just as you watch a character on the movie screen.

Perhaps you think this is not so, that you do not show any emotions on your face, and that you are in some sense acting a part. You are mistaken, for the reason that you can't *help* showing your emotions. When you feel very bad, you don't consciously try to make your face look sorrowful or distressed, and when you are happy, you don't consciously try to smile and look cheerful. In fact, you never give your face a thought. Yet your face reflects perfectly your frame of mind. If you feel so bad you can hardly keep the tears back, your face will never, never be wreathed in smiles. Is it not so?

But perhaps you had not thought of this further point about expression. Gradually your face shapes itself so that it becomes a permanent picture of your dominating emotion. Of course, your face can momentarily express any emotion. But as you grow older, your face takes on what is commonly called "character," which is only another way of saying that your face expresses you—just you.

If you are the right sort of lad, your face will show it, and if you are not, your face will show that, too. Every boy has a lot of boy friends. You have. And you always know them apart. You never mistake Bill for Tom or Tom for Fred—not when you can see their faces. It's just the same with yourself. When you write your own character on your face, nobody

ever takes you for anything but just what you are—not when he can see your face.

There isn't any mystery about this. It's a mere matter of muscular development, like the development of your arms or legs. Perhaps you never thought of it, but you have a special set of muscles in your face just for producing expression. Around your eyes and around your mouth and about your chin and cheeks are various sets of muscles that have practically no use except to help you express your emotions. If you continually exercise your right arm and never your left, you will soon be muscularly deformed. The arm that is exercised will grow stronger and bigger, and one side of your body will be larger than the other. In the same way the muscles of expression that are used most grow strongest and give the face its cast.

If exercising the proper body muscles will give you a good body, do you not see that exercising the face muscles—the proper ones—will also give you a good face? If you want a good face, you must of course exercise the muscles that express goodness. By "goodness" is not meant namby-pamby, goody-goody state of being, but a real, positive, admirable, manly sort of goodness—the kind of goodness we all admire. You can have just that sort of face if you exercise just those muscles. They will grow strong and give your face a "good" look.

But here is the wonderful thing about it. You can't develop those "good" face muscles unless you really are good. You know how it is when you want to cry, you never, by any possibility, look happy. And in the same way, if you are not really clean and good, you can't look good. This is because there is such a wonderfully close connection, through the nerves, between the brain and the muscles.

When you are full of joy, it isn't necessary for you to say to yourself, "look

What Are You Writing on Your Face?

happy." You look happy without effort, without realizing that you do look happy. The happy expression comes involuntarily. It is the same with every other emotion. You never saw a boy who was real angry look as though he couldn't contain himself for joy. He looks angry—and nothing else. It is just as though the face is the mirror of the mind—as it is. Whatever emotion you feel in your mind will be mirrored on your face. You have nothing to do with it. Your nerves and muscles do it. And both these muscles and these nerves are so peculiarly made that you practically cannot control them. Hence, to feel an emotion is to show it on your face.

Now, as you grow older day by day, you will become more settled in your character. Some of you will grow more studious, some will be so good-natured as to win the nickname "Happy." Some of you will tend to become cross-grained and surly. And, as these characteristics begin to stamp your face permanently, some of you will plainly be seen to be thinkers, some will be as evidently jovial and sunny, while others will soon wear a grouchy, disagreeable expression.

"Well, what of it?" you ask. "It's my face." There's just the rub. It is your face, and you have to take the consequences. Life is just like athletics. Every boy wants to "make the team," and having made the team, every boy wants to play a star part. You know how it is in school. What chance does a little runt with a weak face have to make the football team? It is the strong boy, especially the boy who is strong in *character*, who first makes the team and then becomes a star.

If life is like athletics, and it surely is,

the same rule holds good in life. Nobody wants a man on whom he can't rely. In life it is the business man, the employer, who acts the part of the coach. He picks out the players and drills them. He builds up the team. How does he pick out his players? *Largely by their faces.*

It's the character behind the schooling that is going to make the technical knowledge effective. And that is the thing more than anything else that interests the employer—this matter of character.

In college, you have four years in which to "make" a team. In business you get your job or lose it, often on the strength of a ten-minute interview. Your credentials, your diplomas, your recommendations tell a prospective employer something about your training, your supposed accomplishments. If he meant to hire you on the strength of your accomplishments, he would hire you on your diploma. But that interests him little. What does interest him is *YOU*. He wants to know just what sort of fellow you are—whether he can rely on you or whether it would be a waste of time to hire you, and then have to fire you. So he calls you in for an interview. And while he is apparently talking to you about your training, he is really reading your face, studying your character, sizing you up. That ten-minute interview will largely determine whether you get the job you want or not. And the thing that will have the most weight in deciding the question will be your own face. For whatsoever a man thinketh in his heart, that he is. And what he is is written large on his face. What you are is written on your face. You are writing it there every day.



Teeth

By Homer Croy

Illustrated by Bert N. Salg

PRACTICALLY everybody has teeth. The difference between people is where they have them. Some have them tied on a string to a doorknob, some have them in a little tin box to look at now and then, while others have them in a tea cup. The best place, however, is to have them where you first find them. And it's easy to keep them there if you use a little gumption. Gumption is a fine thing for teeth. You can't buy it at the drug-store; it doesn't come in a bottle and it doesn't come in a box. Nobody can give it to you and nobody can take it away from you. If you *want* to have it, you *can* have it; if you don't want to have it all the king's horses and all the king's men can't force it upon you.

A tooth is a queer thing. Perched in your mouth it has such a gentle, such a noble expression. You can see sweetness and nobility over it like a halo. It doesn't ask anything of you. You can use it three times a day and never pay

it the slightest attention. You give it food and methodically it goes to work. Never a word of complaint. It's there any time of day or night to work for you and never expects a word of thanks. If you clean it, all right; if you don't all well and good—or so it seems to say. You can put a nut in your mouth and it'll crack it for you. You can insult it—pick it with pins and nails and knifeblades, and it doesn't pay any attention—or so you think. You can go on neglecting it for years.

"Humph," you say. "My tooth is all right—it never causes me any trouble."

And then you crack another nut; you pick it again with a knifeblade. You don't pay any more attention to it than if it was a stump on the back forty. The tooth doesn't say a word; it stays in the same place, takes what you give, never utters a word of complaint. You get so you don't give a whoop for that tooth. You neglect it more. The tooth hasn't

Teeth

shown the slightest indication but what it wants to be treated that way. But just wait. Its time is coming. It takes a long time for a tooth to start anything——

But cats a-fighting, when it does!

A small black speck appears on it. You don't pay any attention to it. There is a dentist in town with a chair waiting for just such signs, but you are busy. You haven't got time for black specks. You crack some more nuts; you gouge around with a pin; you fill up on candy and go to bed without brushing your teeth. You leave a film of food on them . . . and still the tooth doesn't pay any attention. It's a fine, nice, obliging tooth—you think. The black speck gets larger. A hole begins to form. But it says nothing.

Then one day when you take a drink of cold water you notice a queer feeling. Your tooth is "sensitive." That is the word used. You move the water to the other side of your mouth and go on eating without giving it another thought.

You let the tooth shift for itself.

The hole gets bigger. You notice it in the mirror.

"Hmmm!" you say. "I ought to have that looked after." You pick it with a pin and it seems all right. Some day when you haven't anything else to do you will have it attended to.

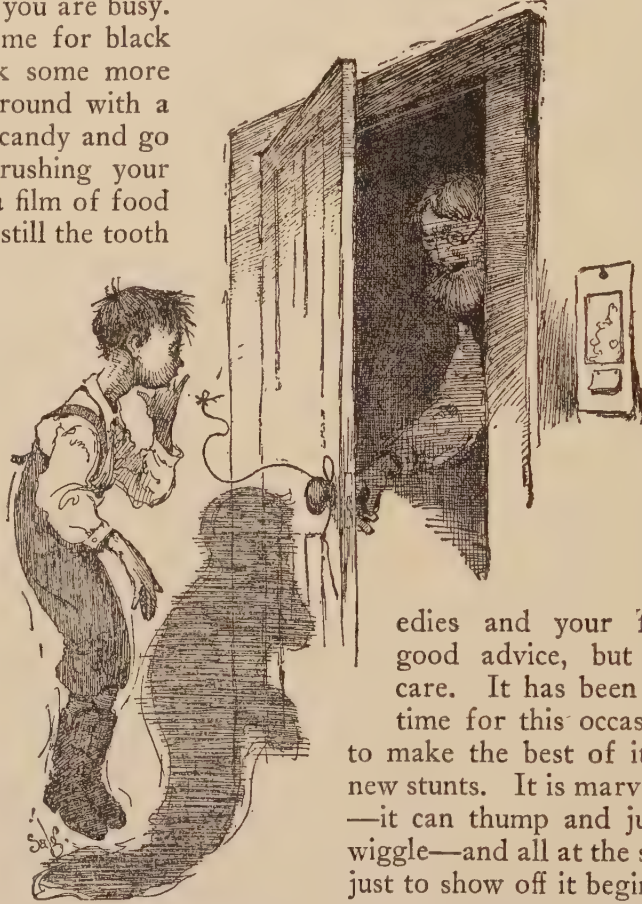
Then all of a sudden it happens—in the middle of the night. That is the time when a tooth likes to raise a rumpus. A tooth will wait patiently all day till night comes just to start something. At first it is a dull, far-away ache; not very bad—just kind of interesting. But soon it comes up closer. It begins to throb; it

feels as if somebody had gone down in the subcellar of your mouth and was banging around with a hammer.

You get hot-water bottles and medicine for it, but the tooth only laughs. What does it care for a hot-water bottle? It begins to jump, and you get more medicine. Your mother gets out the family remedies

and your father comes with good advice, but the tooth doesn't care. It has been waiting for a long time for this occasion and it is going to make the best of it. It begins trying new stunts. It is marvelous what it can do—it can thump and jump and shoot and wiggle—and all at the same time; and then just to show off it begins to chin itself and turn somersaults and backflips and hand-springs and ends up by skinning a cat.

The more medicine you put on it the more it tries to show off. It grows tired of doing just gymnasium stunts and thinks that it is a vaudeville performer. It begins to juggle and to do some plain and fancy buck-and-wing dancing. Back and forth it goes all over the place—oh, it thinks well of itself! It gets ambitious



Some have them tied on a string to a doorknob

Teeth

and wants to see how high it can jump. Up and down it goes; and then it thinks there is a row of empty barrels in front of it, like you have seen in a vaudeville show, and it begins to jump from one barrel into another. There is nothing the tooth will not try to do—and all the time it is your premises it is having the show on.

It is not satisfied with the little performance it is giving. It wants the world to know about it, so it works on the sympathy of your jaw and gets your cheek to swell up so that everybody will know what is going on inside. Your cheek gets bigger and bigger; the tooth begins to prance around more than ever.

It now thinks that it is a circus acrobat. It comes out and trots around the ring, showing off. Finally a rope is lowered and it is pulled up to a trapeze and it begins jumping from bar to bar. It tries high and fancy swinging; it goes to the top of the tent and lets loose, doubles up its knees on its chest and goes whirling around and around and then catches hold of another bar and gracefully comes back to where it started. Success has gone to its head. It no longer thinks that it is just a plain circus athlete—it thinks it is Diavalo, the King of Dare Devils. It wants to go to the top-most peak of the tent and do a high dive! It climbs up, higher and higher, and then stands there bowing a moment and then leaps off. It misses and comes down with a smash.

But does that stop the tooth? No. It has a new idea—it now thinks it is the wild animal trainer in the bear cage. It comes strutting in cracking a whip and thinks it is making the bears go through their paces. Pretty soon it loses all reason. It throws its whip away and begins to slap the bears with its open hands. The bears stand it for a moment;

then Old Grizzly—the hero of a hundred fights—goes after it and they have a rough and tumble—growl! snarl!—all over the place.

You try to stop the tooth, but it only laughs. “You picked me with a knife, you cracked nuts with me, you never washed me,” it says, “and you thought I didn’t notice. Well, just have another think!”

And with that it goes into the lion’s cage. But it is not content with that—it turns all the animals together and tries to lick the whole bunch. Such scrapping, growling, such jumping! Once it was such a peaceful spot—now it’s a riot. The tooth is now all over the place, punching, jabbing, jumping up and down. This is the big time it has been waiting for.

After a while it quiets down; it doesn’t throb any more; doesn’t hurt. You think it has forgotten and you try to go to sleep. It waits until you are just about there and then it gives a whoop and begins a war dance. It now thinks it is an Indian getting ready for the war path. Tom-toms beat in your ears—thump, thump, thump; dogs bark, squaws squall . . . it is a dreadful night. The next morning your cheek looks like a laundry bag.

As soon as your mother can, she takes you to a dentist. That tooth is having a good time—it knows what it is doing. It hurts all the way; it hurts going up the stairway, it hurts going in the door, but when it gets inside do you know what it does? It stops hurting as if to say,

“You have done me wrong. I wouldn’t do anything so bad as that. Go on home now and everything ’ll be all right.”

And you begin to believe it. All of a sudden you decide that you don’t want that tooth pulled. No, sir, that is a fine tooth. It is now all over—it won’t hurt

Teeth



But the tooth doesn't care

Teeth

again. It never did before; it never will again.

The dentist comes out in his white coat and smiles—a swollen jaw doesn't mean anything to him.

"Just sit down and we'll have a look," he says and leads you to a chair.

Putting his foot somewhere behind on the chair he begins to pump it up. Higher and higher you go. Then you see all the bright, shiny instruments laid out on the box—gougers and pickers and twisters and diggers and pullers and yankers—gracious! you had never known before there were so many things in the world to torture a person with. And then you see the dental engine hanging by a cord from the ceiling and it looks big enough to run a hoisting machine. Your knees are weak; your hands begin to perspire; something in your throat begins to bob up and down. The dentist picks up a pair of pincers and tries to hide them behind his back. Now lays them on a towel. But you know they are there. You know that when he gets your mouth propped open he is going to whirl around and stick them in.

"It isn't hurting," you say. "It's stopped. I think it's going to be all right now." And you try to wiggle out of the chair. But not much. He pushes you back.

"Well, let me look at it again," he says and with that he pushes your mouth open a little wider. All you can see are wrists and hands, twisting and turning and then all of a sudden—jumping Jerusalem! He's got his pincers on it. You try to tell him to stop, but your mouth is full of hands. Gurgles! gurgles! Grate! grate! Something sounds on the tooth—land of goo—fire and brimstone— Oh,

help! help! stop! stooooooooooooop! OH!

"Looky here what I got," says the dentist and holds up a red snaggy thing about as big as the end of your little finger. You stare at it—is that all the larger it is? Why, it seemed as big as a turnip!

Lands! What a hole in your mouth. Your tongue keeps going over and jumping into it and wiggling around and coming back and going again. It is a most fascinating place.

"Take a drink and wash out your mouth," he says. "Now let me squirt some of this on it and it'll feel better."

Squirt! squirt! squeeze! szzzzzz!

"How much is it?" your mother says and gets out her purse.

You are ready to go home.

The strange part of it is that all this suffering could be avoided by taking proper care of your teeth. Your teeth won't decay, there won't be any midnight toothache if you will take care of your teeth. You will have your "milk teeth" pulled but that is all; they don't hurt. A boy knows this, but he neglects it. A boy is a funny fish. He thinks he can cut any sort of caper he wants to with his teeth, neglect them, mistreat them, pick them, never brush them and that they will never know it. But teeth are not made that way. Every time you neglect them they are just storing up that much against you.

Teeth aren't hard to care for—a little brushing every day—the right kind of brushing, that is. You can find out the proper kind at school, or from your dentist. A little care and they are the best friends you have; but Oh! if you mistreat them.

A tooth is like an Indian—it never forgets.

Seth's Wigwag Short Cut

By Ladd Plumley

Illustrated by Judy Collins

IF a fellow has a hitch to the notion he cannot make a mistake, trouble is sniffing right at his heels.

Seth suggested the scheme, and he is one of those fellows who is always looking for a shortcut around difficulties.

"It's like this," he drawled, and his father says Seth makes a first-class bagpipe. "Real wigwagging is mighty difficult to learn, so I've passed it up. I've invented a daisy shortcut. All you have to do is to use numbers, and in five minutes anybody can learn my way of wigwagging. With your right flag you wigwag up to ten, and the left counts ten, twenty, thirty and so on. Suppose I want to signal twelve. Or suppose I want to signal fifty-two. Five drops with the left and two with the right. There you are. As simple as chewing peanuts. Opposite the numbers in my code is the name of the thing you want to say. Wigwag the number and you wigwag the name of the thing. Here's a new stunt. Next Friday we've decided to spend the night at the camping place beyond Bald Mountain. By lot I'll pick three other fellows and we'll hit it Friday afternoon to the top. I'll stand on the lookout and wigwag what other things we want brought up."

"Suppose you make a mistake?" asked Ira Billings. Ira was born with a doubt in his mouth. He's always expecting a hole in canned things; just to see him sniff over a can of pork and beans makes your stomach nervous.

"That's the beauty of my wigwagging shortcut," replied Seth. "It's so simple it isn't possible to make a mistake. You can't go wrong. And there's no chance to work your headpiece. The fellows I wigwag to must follow the code and bring exactly what's asked, even if it seems crazy. I'm so dead sure of my code that if I should wigwag for things to eat, I'll eat exactly what's brought."

"But suppose you wigwag for a little thing like Dink's motorcycle?" asked Ira. "In a week of Saturdays we couldn't hist the motor up the mountain."

"Suppose I ask for the bell of the Presbyterian church or the gang of saws from the piano bar factory?" drawled Seth. "I won't ask for fool things. The things I ask for will be what we need to make us all hunky for the night. And, as I said, I'm so sure my code will work that if I signal anything in the line of eats I'll down what I signal."

Seth's plan was interesting as a new stunt and it was agreed upon, although Ira shook his head doubtfully and his eyes had a worried look. When Friday afternoon came the fellows didn't understand why he hurried away in the direction of his home and was gone for a considerable time. He came back looking happy—happy for Ira—and was too late for drawing his lot. But he said he didn't care whether he went in the first division or the second, for he was fixed for either. By lot the chaps had been

Seth's Wigwag Short Cut



drawn who were to go with Seth, and the others were to stay in the church sheds for a half-hour, so as not to see what the first division took with them.

"Wouldn't surprise me if they'd ask us to tote the heavy things," grumbled Ira, as he and the second division waited. "Seth is just coony enough to work that racket."

At the end of the time agreed upon the second division came forth, and while the two hours necessary for Seth to appear at the lookout passed they busied themselves with the afternoon chores. They met back of Ira's house, from where they could see the lookout. Soon Seth appeared and the wigwagging began. A copy of the code had been left, and the numbers denoting what the second division were to bring was noted by Ira on a bit of paper. To save time the numbers were jotted down without consulting the code. As had been agreed, the numbers were signaled three times and at length the wigwagging was over and Seth disappeared. The first division had started toward the camping place.

"Now for it!" exclaimed Tom Brisbane, who had the code. "What's your first number, Ira?"

"Eleven!" he replied, adding, "I never had any luck with eleven."

"Can't be eleven," grumbled Tom, after he had referred to the code.

"It's sure eleven. Gave it three times. We all counted. What does eleven mean?"

"Angleworms!" snorted Tom. "Angleworms! Doesn't that get your goat?"

Ira nodded his head gloomily; he had feared something as unsatisfactory as "angleworms."

"Perhaps some of 'em are going to stay in the morning and try Stump Pond for catfish," suggested Harry Tompkins. "Though if they wanted to go fishing they might have dug bait themselves. It's a dry time and it's awful hard to get worms."

"We can't bother about that," said Tom. "We promised to bring the things. It's up to you, Harry, to get busy and dig worms. Hunch yourself. There isn't much time for digging worms."

Seth's Wigwag Short Cut

"Now for the second?" asked Tom, when Harry had grouchy made off after the worms.

"Fifteen," replied Ira, adding, "Say, fifteen is another of my unlucky numbers!"

"Sure it's fifteen?" asked Tom, as he frowned over the code.

"Sure!" replied Ira. "What was the use of checking the numbers if we're going to doubt them?"

"Fifteen is water," sputtered Tom. "What in jumping jackfish do they want water for? They've got the spring right back of our camping place."

"I'll bet the spring has gone dry," said Ira. "Doesn't surprise me any."

"Well, water then. But it'll be the old Harry to tote a pail of water up the mountain. Give us your next."

"Number five," replied Ira. "And for myself I've never taken much to five."

"Sure?" again growled Tom, once more frowning over the code.

"Don't keep asking sure," sputtered Ira. "I'm dead sure of all the numbers except the last. Perhaps I got mixed up on the last."

"Five is dog," grunted Tom. "You can see for yourself. From the way you look anybody would think I can't spell words of three letters. D-o-g, dog. If it doesn't spell dog perhaps it spells elephant."

"They've run a fox into its hole," put in little Sam Rutledge, excitedly. "They want Ranger. I'll go over to our house and get him."

"The other two numbers?" asked Tom.

"Thirteen and one hundred and three," replied Ira. "You might know there'd be a thirteen."

Tom snapped his finger on the code. "It can't be!"

"It is thirteen."

"Thirteen is 'canoe paddle,' and

doesn't seem likely Seth wants us to lug up the mountain water and his heavy canoe paddles. But, hang it all, we've promised and we've got to tote them. And now let's see what the one hundred and three is. I can't find any one hundred and three. She stops at one hundred and two."

"I said perhaps I made a blunder on the last number," said Ira. "When you get above a hundred it's hard. Might have been one hundred and two. What's the last number?"

"One hundred and two, and it's 'fire.' Seth can't expect us to lug a kitchen range over the ledges."

"Perhaps he means matches," suggested Ira.

"We'll make it matches. Though Seth's got that patent match box his father gave him. Doesn't seem likely he didn't take it with him."

It was after dark when the second division dragged themselves into the camp beyond the ridge. The trip had been difficult and wearisome. They had taken turns in carrying a big pail of water, and the paddles had been fearfully troublesome in the thick brush. By the time they reached to the top of the ledges most of the water had been spilled, but what remained proved they had followed instructions.

"Gee whittikins, you're late!" exclaimed Seth.

"Ranger didn't want to come," grumbled Tom, dropping wearily to the ground. "We tied a rope to his neck, but he got away four times. Once I had to go back a mile for him. Then a pail of water is a big stunt to lug up the mountain, and your canoe paddles—"

"Ranger, water, paddles!" sputtered Seth.

"Sure. I suppose you didn't wigwag for water and a dog and your old pad-

Seth's Wigwag Short Cut

dles? Tompkins has got the angleworms."

"Angleworms!" snorted Seth. "Who wigwagged for those fool things?"

"They're what you wigwagged. I thought they were fool things. You made me more tired than I was, and I was sure tired enough. You wigwag for things and when we get them way up here, you call them fool things. You sure make me tired!"

Here Ira put in the gloomy remark, "I felt in my bones there might be something wrong with your blamed code. Let's see your copy, Seth?"

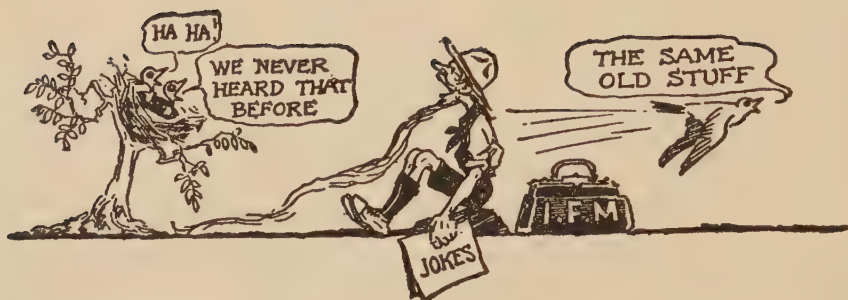
The copy was passed over. "Huh!" exclaimed Ira. "When you made the copy, Seth, you made a little blunder. In our copy you skipped the second word and all the numbers run one short to the end. That's the reason we didn't have one hundred and three. Dog should have been bread and butter, water should have been eggs, angleworms ought to have been bacon, and canoe paddles should have been canned pork and beans, while fire meant potatoes."

"Nice fix, Seth, you've chucked us into," grumbled Tompkins. "Nothing to eat and we can't go down the ledges until morning. It sounds funny and maybe it

is funny to dig angleworms in a dry time and bring worms and dog instead of bacon and bread and butter. But we aren't catfish and we can't eat Ranger. Look at the poor fellow! He's hungry himself."

"And it's sure right up to you, Seth," gloomed Ira. "The fellows all heard you. You signaled for food, and you said you were so certain of your code you'd eat what we brought. Take your choice—Ranger, paddles or angleworms? But although you don't deserve it, we'll let you off."

It was then that Ira proved what a good thing it is to have along a chap who hedges against blunders. With a gloomy manner which made the fellows think there was further trouble, he pointed to the pockets of his coat, which bulged considerably. "I was so afraid something might go lopsided I didn't take chances. I hit it home and Ma made up two ham sandwiches for every one of the bunch, and in the back pocket of my khaki is the whole of a big mince pie, pasteboard at top and bottom, so she's all hunky. I've got a book at home that has something like this in it: 'Mister Wiseman isn't afraid that Mister Mistake will drop in, for he's always looking for him.'"



Think and Grin

Edited by Francis J. Rigney

Sure, He Can

Joe: Even a policeman cannot arrest the flight of time!

Pete: Can't he? Why, only this morning I saw a policeman go into a store and stop a few minutes.

Right

To li-v-e the wrong way is e-v-i-l.

Jes' Left

A negro was trying to saddle a fractious mule, when a bystander asked: "Does that mule ever kick you, Sam?"

"No suh, but he sometimes kicks where I'se jes' been."



Swat!!

"You can't drive a nail with a sponge no matter how much you soak it!"



Shooer

Tenderfoot: Say, Harold, 'did you know that I had a new job?

First Class Scout: No, what is it?

Tenderfoot: Oh, I'm blacksmith down to the candy kitchen.

First Class Scout: I don't get you, what do you mean?

Tenderfoot: Just what I said, I shoo flies.

Think and Grin

A Point of Order

Troop President at troop meeting:
Now I want you scouts to be so quiet that
you could hear a pin drop.

Small voice at the back of the room
when everything was quiet: Let 'er drop.

Heavy Argument

Passenger to Scout Jones who is driv-
ing a flivver: Why do you stop to let
the truck go past? Don't you know that
you have the right of way?

Scout: Yes, but he has the right of
weight.



Good Turns Per Second

A boy acrobat applied at a circus for a
job. The ringmaster asked him what
kind of turns he could do. "Every kind"
said the boy, "with the exception of one."

"And what is that?" said the R. M.

"Turn inside out," said the boy.

Profit, not Prophet

A colored gentleman named Joshua
Johnson was arrested for making whis-
key. When his case was called the judge
jokingly asked him if he was any relation
to the Joshua that made the sun stand
still.

"No, sah," replied Joshua, "I'se no
'lation to dat guy, but I'se the real and
'riginal Joshua dat made de moonshine."



A Kick Coming

Rastus: Say, Sam, wanta' buy a mule?

Sam: What ails de mule?

Rastus: Nothin'.

Sam: Den what yo' wanta sell him
for?

Rastus: Nothin'.

Sam: I'll take him.

Or Just Over Two Feet

Bill: How long are the legs of the
world's tallest man?

Tow: How should I know.

Bill: All the way down to the ground,
at least.



Hay

Tenderfoot: A donkey was tied to a
rope six feet long, and 18 feet away
there was a bundle of hay, and the don-
key wanted to get at the hay. How did
he manage to?

First Class Scout: He gave up.

Tenderfoot: Oh, no. He just walked
up to the hay and ate it.

F. C. S.: But you said it was tied to
a rope six feet long.

Tenderfoot: So it was. But you see,
the rope wasn't tied to anything.

Think and Grin

Too Short a Notice

Father (to Sammy, coming home in a bedraggled condition): Great Scott! how you do look!

Sammy: Yes, Pa, I fell in a mud hole.

Father: What! and with your new pants on.

Sammy: Yes, I didn't have time to take them off.



Looking for a Bite

Tramp: Can you assist me along the road, mum?

Lady: Personally I cannot, but I can unchain my dog and I know he will be pleased to do so.

Father + Joe un = Answer

Teacher: Joe, this algebra is 'deplorable; I'm going to call up your father about it.

Joe: Better not; he 'does it' for me.

Caught On

Pa to Bill: Don't you know it's wrong to fish on Sunday?

Bill: I'm not fishing. I'm only teaching this worm to swim.



The Difference

Smart: What's the difference between a hairdresser and a sculptor?

Slow: I dunno, what?

Smart: A hairdresser curls up and dyes and a sculptor makes faces and busts.

Couldn't Do As He Chews

Johnny, with his feet sprawled out in the aisle, was sitting at his desk industriously chewing gum.

Teacher (severely): Johnny! Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in.



Not Yet

Johnny, to Jim, on his way home from fishing: Did you get anything?

Jim (thoughtfully): No, I ain't been home yet.

He Knew

"Now," said the teacher, "you have named all the domestic animals but one. Who can tell me what that one is?"

Silence reigned.

"What?" he cried. "Does no one know? Now think hard! It has bristly hair, is fond of dirt, and likes to get in the mud."

A timid little boy at the end of the class raised his hand.

"Please, sir," he admitted bashfully, "it's me."

Think and Grin

Plain

"Give me a plain soda without any flavor."

"What kind of a flavor would you like it without?"

"Oh! I'd like it without vanilla flavor."

"Sorry, sir! I am out of vanilla. You will have to have it without chocolate, sir."

A One Man Quartette

A celebrated singer was in a motor car accident one day. A paper, after recording the accident, added: "We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening in four pieces."

Two of Them

First Tenderfoot: I don't like that chap, Jenkins.

Second Tenderfoot: Why not?

First Tenderfoot: Well, he's one of those people who turn round and stare after you.

Second Tenderfoot: Is he? How do you know?

First Aid

Tom: Quick, call a doctor, Jack drank some ink by mistake.

Jim: Oh, that's nothing, let him eat some blotting paper.



He Wanted to Make Some

Native: Sahib, I saw a lot of tiger tracks about a mile north of here—big ones too.

Hunter: Good! Which way is south?

No Longer "Down in the Mouth"

Teacher: Dick, why were you absent, yesterday?

Dick: Because I had a toothache.

Teacher (sympathetically): Does it still ache?

Dick: I dunno.

Teacher: You don't know? (her suspicion growing)

Dick: Why, no, I left it at the dentist's.



Ask Dad

Farmer's scout son: Don't you like short tramps?

Farmer: No. Nor tall ones either.

A Rare View

Joe: If you could see a dog's lungs what would you see?

Jim: I dunno.

Joe: Why, you would see the seat of his pants!

Think and Grin



Ruins

First Tourist: Well, how did you like the ruins?

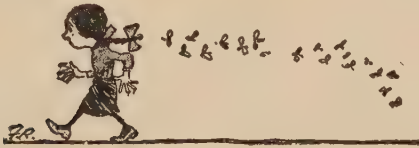
Second Tourist: Oh, fine; but, say, don't you think they're badly in need of repair?

A Point

"Do you keep fountain pens?" inquired the timid looking man.

"No," snapped the clerk, "we sell them."

"Anyway," the man replied, as he strolled toward the door, "you'll keep the one you were going to sell me. Good morning!"



B-EE-Z-Z-Z-

Mary had a swarm of bees and they, to
save their lives,
Must go wherever Mary goes,
For Mary has the hives.

An Example

A teacher giving a lecture on the rhinoceros found his class not giving him all the attention it should.

"Now, boys," he said, "if you want to realize a true hideous picture of this animal you must keep your eyes fixed on me."

Understand

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster to the geography class, "I want you to bear in mind that the affix 'stan' means 'the place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan, the place of Afghans—also Hindustan, the place of Hindus. Can anyone give another example?"

Nobody appeared very anxious to do so until little Johnny Snaggs, the joy of his mother and the terror of cats, said proudly. "Yes, sir, I can. Umbrellastan, the place for Umbrellas."

Handy

"So you can use either hand cutting," said the Scoutmaster.

"Yes," said the Tenderfoot, "when I was a boy my father told me to learn to cut my fingernails with my left hand for some day I might lose my right!"



A Dry Joke

Wit: I'm pitcher on one of the league teams now.

Bit: That so?

Wit: Yes, I carry the water.



Think and Grin

Breath

Second Class Scout: A remarkable statistic here, old chap, showing that every time I breathe some one dies.

First Class Scout: Great Scott, boy! Why don't you chew cloves?



No Laughing Matter

A dear old lady once visited the Zoological Gardens. After wandering about for some time she went up to a keeper and tapped him on the shoulder.

"I want to ask you," she said, "which of the animals in the Zoo you consider the most remarkable?"

The keeper scratched his head for a while. "Well, mum," he said at length, "after consideration, as you might say, I've come to the conclusion as the prize goes to the laughing hyena."

"Indeed!" said the old lady. "And why do you consider the laughing hyena so remarkable?"

"Well, ma'am," the keeper replied, "he only has a sleep once a month, an' he only has a drink once a year, so what he's got to laugh about is more than a mystery to me!"

Helpful Hints

There are several ways of using baked ham. One of the best is to eat it.

Spaghetti should not be cooked too long. About ten inches is right.

A cold bath will be found more pleasant if made with hot water.



A-A-A-Chool!

Tom: I tore my expensive handkerchief yesterday.

Sam: That must have been an awful blow.

He's Footing It Now

"The doctor said he'd have me walking again in two weeks."

"Well, didn't he do it?"

"He did, indeed; I had to sell my auto to pay his bill."



Behind In His Work

Scoutmaster (to troop): How did I get my education? Dad used to take me across his knee. He made me smart!



Scratch as Cat Can

Bob: What is all the noise down there?

John: I got hold of a wild cat.

Bob: Can you hold him?

John: I can hold him, but I don't know how to let go of him.

Think and Grin

"To what do you attribute your long life, Uncle Mose?" asked a scout of a colored centenarian.

"Becuz Ah was bo'n a long time back," replied the old gentleman.



A Catastrophe

"What became of your little kitten?" asked the visitor of a small boy.

"Why, haven't you heard?"

"No. Was it drowned?"

"No."

"Lost?"

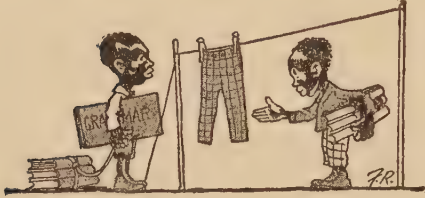
"No."

"Poisoned?"

"No."

"Then whatever did become of it?"

"It growed up into a cat!"



It Is Also a Definite Article

Sam: Rastus, is pants a common noun?

Rastus: Pants am an uncommon noun.

Sam: How come uncommon noun?

Rastus: Pants is singular at de top and plural at de bottom.



Hops Off

First Scout—You're a first-class scout, aren't you?

Second Scout—Yep, why?

F. S.—Do you know anything about tadpoles?

S. C.—Sure, I do. But why?

F. S.—Well, what happens to them when they grow up?

S. S.—Why they turn into frogs, of course.

F. S.—Nope, they croak.



A Shadow of Doubt

Slim: Say, Bill, can you sprint very fast?

Bill: Can I! Why yesterday I ran around a half-mile track so fast that my shadow was just starting out when I got back.

Caught

Jim: Here, guess this one, Dick. What part of a fish is like the end of a book?

Dick: What part? The end of the tail?

Jim: No, the fin-is, of course!

